MIEJOUR

OR THE LAND OF THE FELIBRE

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MIEJOUR;

OR,

PROVENÇAL LEGEND, LIFE, LANGUAGE, AND LITERATURE,

IN

THE LAND OF THE FELIBRE.

22.408

BY

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"C'est icy un livre de bonne foy."—MICHAEL DE MONTAGNE.

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Inscribed,

WITH MUCH LOVE,

TO

MY DEAR WIFE,

ADELAIDE CRAIG.

PREFACE.

THIS book has been chiefly written with the hope of inviting attention to the remarkable literary phenomena which the Provençal Languages at the present day afford—in the great number of poems, some of exquisite beauty, which have been written in them by the Felibres of the South.

An acquaintance of more than twenty years with Provence and the Riviera, and the different dialects of that sunny shore, has convinced me that a wide field for philological research exists in these grand old dialects, and in their affinities with the Phœnician, the Greek, the Celtic, and—perhaps to us more generally interesting —the English language.

The whole Southern land of France seems to have suddenly become vocal with song.

The Felibres or Troubadours of our day have stirred the very hearts of the people with their spirit-stirring strains. I trust that we shall ere long see some earnest effort made to give to these fiery Southrons, in their own loved dialects—in the mother tongue of their hearts—that precious book which is able to make us wise unto salvation through faith that is in Christ Jesus.

It may be said that the French Language is sufficient for the wants of the people. If so, why did Mistral write "Mirelle" and "Calendau"—these noble epics—in the Provençal? Why do Roumanille, Mathieu, Aubanel, and a host of other Felibres, compose their sweet poems and lyrics in the dialect that millions love?

Nor need there be any jealousy on the part of the statesmen of Northern France, when they view this spontaneous, unaided, irresistible growth of Provençal nationality of language and literature.

Despite the predictions of Nostradamus of Selon, there will be no more a Southern kingdom, with Avignon as

capital. This dream of other statesmen besides those of France will never have existence.

But instead of endeavouring to crush the Provençal language, let it but have fair play. And should any reader who may glance at these lines be induced to bestow upon Southern France that best gift, the Word of God in its own Provençal tongue—whether in dialect of Marseille, Avignon, or of Languedoc—I shall not regret that this work was written, should it be the means of giving to Provence that Book which teaches love to God, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and loyalty to the Government of the land.

J. DUNCAN CRAIG.

18 Vesey Place, Kingstown,
Dublin, *April*, 1877.

CONTENTS.

Chap.		Page
1.	Marseilles and the Felibres	1
2.	Louis de Marolles, Martyr	10
3.	The Villa Millaïa	20
4.	The Quai St. Pierre	24
5.	A Stroll through the Cours	29
6.	Monsieur Gardane	33
7.	How the Pont de Gardane got its Name	38
8.	Isle St. Honorat	44
9.	The Monk of the Isles of Gold	53
10.	The Legend of St. Marguerite	58
11.	The Pharo of Antibes	65
12.	Frère Richard	73
13.	The Drummer of Arcolo	79
14.	Septentrion	87
15.	The Cap d' Antibes	95
16.	The Story of the Old Chateau of the Cap d' Antibes	100
17.	Lou Bast Bagno	106

CONTENTS.

Chap.		Page
18.	Fort Bacon	110
19.	Fifty Years After	113
20.	Lou Mot de Santo Claro	121
21.	Friends Abroad	125
22.	French Pastors	133
23.	'Neath the Olive Trees	144
24.	La Cabro de Moussu Sequin	158
25.	The Aubergè of the Esterel	165
26.	The Hunter of the Esterel	177
27.	The Vernons and De Ravenels	182
28.	A Strange Visitor	188
29.	The Struggle for Life	194
30.	Rescued	200
31.	A Sinister Rendezvous	204
32.	Raoul to the Rescue	210
33.	The Spanish Pedlar	215
34.	The Monk	222
35.	Victory	227
36.	Isle St. Marguerite	235
37.	From Cannes to Agay	245
38.	The Roman Quarries of Agay	251
39.	About Insects and Scorpions	262
40.	Paraoulos de Vouloun	268
41.	Orange Flowers	273
42.	The Tenant of Villa Bertrand	284
43.	The Grand Pine	293
44.	Le Montagne des Incourdoules	304
45.	The Golden Goat of Les Incourdoules	308
46.	Taragnigna	311
47.	Rosette at Home	320

Chap. Page
48. The Treasure Seekers 326
49. The Cabanoun on Fire 334
50. Nice, and the Var 342
51. Villa Franca 350
52. Thunny Fishing 355
53. The Wicked Host 364
54. Horrors of Monte Carlo 369
55. The Dying Student 374
56. Mentone 381
57. Origin of the Provençal Language 384
58. Provençal Literature of the Past—Its Predisposing Influences 401
59. The Troubadours 408
60. The Crusade against the Albigenses 415
61. The Troubadour in Catalonia 423
62. The Provençal Troubadours of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries 427
63. The Troubadours of our Day 432
64. Provençal Word Hunting 448
65. Three Provençal Poets of our Day 462
66. La Tour de Barbentano 470
67. At Avignon with the Felibrige 476
68. Lou Tian 484

ERRATA.

Page 22, for Curlo read Carlo.
Page 136 and 137, for Aisle read Asile.
Page 283, for Ευ-καδύπτω read Ευ-καλύπτω.
Page 397, for πεαᾶγος read πελᾶγος.

MIEJOUR.

CHAPTER I.

MARSEILLES AND THE FELIBRE.

"One lesson I can leave you for every day :
Be good . . . and let who will be clever.
Do noble deeds, not dream them, all day long ;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand sweet song."

—*C. Kingsley.*

An advertisement in the *Guardian* met my eye as I was pondering wistfully where to go. The charge of a very large congregation, almost single-handed, had made it necessary that a change should be had. Incessant speaking had made rest incumbent for the throat, and a residence either at Mentoni or Nice suggested itself as being very desirable. Old associations connected with the latter place had almost induced me to endeavour to renew them, when I read the announcement of a villa to be let, a quarter of an hour's walk from Cannes, sheltered from the Mistral, situated in an elevated position, with bracing air—the season extending from the 1st of October to the end of May.

It was truly a great matter to know that after a few day's time we had a home before us, and the first day of November saw us *en route* from Kingstown for the Villa Millaia.

It is certainly advisable when going south not to defer departure till December. When we arrived at Marseilles, the weather was still summerlike, but in a few days it changed materially.

I had been in the great southern metropolis when the city resounded with the tramp of troops marching for embarkation for the Crimea. Now it seemed quiet enough. The Cannebiere, thronged with its sunburnt citizens, displayed its magnificent warerooms, filled with the choice productions of the East.

An itinerant astronomer, bearing a huge telescope, offered a pleasing prospect of the moon for two sous a-head. It was really worth the money, when the glass revealed the mountains thereof, and so the crowd around seemed to think, as they pressed forward to avail themselves of this notable opportunity of seeing remote places.

To Napoleon III. Marseilles owes very much—the Rue Imperiale stretching from the Quai Napoleon through the old town, connects the port with the docks of La Joliette, and is a souvenir of his zeal for the adornment of the great city of the south. But although there are many modern buildings to be seen, it is really wonderful how little of historic monument Marseilles can show.

In other days, upon the façade of the Hotel de Ville, a Latin inscription used to be deciphered :—"Marseille is daughter of the Phoceans, she is sister of Rome; she was the rival of Carthage. She opened her gates to Julius Cesar, and defended herself gloriously against Charles the Fifth."

And now, out of all the monumental riches that might reasonably be expected to remain in such a time-renowned city, what exists to recall the past?

M. Mery tells us that the house 55 Rue des Grands-Carmes is the house of Milo—the very Milo who slew Claudius, and

whom Cicero defended so badly in his manuscript, and so well in his after pleading—but alas! the proprietor of No. 55 some thirty years ago deemed it to be too antique for modern taste, and so the house of Milo was thrown down and a new structure erected on its site. Did Milo, when he wrote to Cicero, and told him, "Had you defended me as well before the Judge as you have spoken for me afterwards, I would not now be an exile," ever contemplate that his house should have lingered eighteen hundred years?

The old city of Marseilles—the real Massilia—has no love for the *Franciots*, as it terms in derision those who speak the French language. "*Sieu Sanjanen*"—I am of (the quartier) St. Jean—is the boast haughtily spoken of the poorest of its sons. The provençal spoken in Massilia is the purest of all the dialects of this grand old tongue, and its inhabitants cling to its use with a loving fervour—the greater as they behold the efforts made by Government to supplant their mother tongue by the introduction, into all the schools, of the French, as the language of instruction. It is almost touching to witness the devotion with which, all through the south of France, the people cling to their loved provençal tongue. The child may learn French in school, but he uses his mother language when he plays with his comrades, or when at evening, seated by the logs on the hearth, he hears the old legends of *Loup garou*, or watches the revolving *coulougna*[1] which his sister holds.

Since the last fifty years a noble band of troubadours have again re-appeared in the south, to show us that the grand old provençal has not lost its power to charm the mind.

Jacques Jasmin of Agen, whose charming Françonette and

[1] The Coulougna is the staff covered with flax, which the southern maidens almost invariably carry when they move about, and keep on spinning as they go.

inimitable *Mes Soubenis* place him, warm-hearted Gascon, among the greatest poets of any day.

Frederic Mistral, whose glorious epics, Mirelle and Calendau, and sweet minor poems of L'Isclo del Or, or the Isles of Gold, have worthily and by common consent placed him as chief of the poetic band, known as the Felibres, whose works have already won an European fame.

Joseph Roumanille, whose warm-hearted grasp of the hand still lingers in my recollection, and whose obras, both in poetry and prose, have assigned him one of the chiefest ranks among the *Felibrige*, or society of the Felibres, of which band of poets he is the Grand Chancellor.

Anselme Matthieu, whose exquisite lyrical poems betray all the grace of the scholar and the refined poet, and whose generous welcome shown to me at Avignon I cannot easily forget.

Theodore Aubanel, whose poems show great power of melody; and

Buonaparte Wyse, the Felibre, whose wondrous command of the provençal, as shown in his charming book, "The Blue Butterflies"—*Li Parpaionus blu*—has placed this generous Irish gentleman in a high station among the Felibrige.

It is strange how comparatively little is known as yet in England of the great poems of the Felibre.[1] Mirelle has found a worthy translator in M. Crichton, who has entered with

[1] The word *Felibre* is a singular one. My friends Frederic Mistral, Anselme Matthieu, Joseph Roumanille, and some four others were assembled one evening in a garden of roses, 'neath the shade of a trellised vine, to form an association of poets using the provençal language. Suddenly an old wrinkled woman appeared, and as she looked upon the band, exclaimed thrice, "Felibre—Felibre—Felibre"—and then this aged sybyl vanished from the garden. "Let us call ourselves Felibre," cried Frederic Mistral—and so the name began. I forgot to question Roumanille as to this story when at Avignon. At all events *si non e vero e ben trovato.*

real poetic power and ardent sympathy into the conception of the great Felibre.

Grant has translated it into prose with much spirit, but although nearly every great foreign University has its professor of the provençal language, and although German and Russian literature has been much enriched of late years by translations from the provençal Felibrige, and by investigation into their different dialects, still but little attention has been paid to these noble languages of the south by English philologists. Although Longfellow has many years ago given us his exquisite rendering of Jasmin's "Blind Maiden of Castel Cuilhe," he has not that I know of translated any of the more modern works of the Felibrige.

The Felibre are not confined to poets. Artists, sculptors, painters, provençal philologists, are enrolled also in their number; and every year a great demonstration takes place in one of the old cities of the south in honour of the society.

At Nimes, this year of 1876, some eighteen thousand persons congregated to hear Roumanille pronounce his oration on Jan Reboul, at the great fete held in honour of the deceased poet.

Among other passages of beauty there is one in which the orator thus speaks :—

"Dison que li paret an d'auriho. Ah ! se, coume an d'auriho, avien uno lengo e parlavon. Li paret dou legendari chambroun de Jan Reboul, soun soulas, soun refuge e soun ouratòri, qu' an vesita tant e di mai ilustre pelegre di beu e grands art,—se parlavon ! e se disien tout ço que nous cantaro e nous countavo aqui lou Felibre, dins sa lengo naturalo, e se l' ausias, n' en sarias mereviha, M. M, e n' aurias pas proun de man per aplaudi !"[1]

[1] This is in the dialect of Avignon, which differs somewhat from that of Marseilles. I will translate it for the benefit of the reader who may

The mercantile sailing marine—*La marine a voiles*—of Marseilles, represents a total of 524 vessels of all tonnage and classes, and measuring 77,398 tons.

Now, every year this mercantile marine, impelled by canvas, is giving way to steam vessels.

Now, as Marseilles is considered the Liverpool of France, it will be perhaps interesting to observe that in the year 1875, belonging to Marseilles,

Beneath	. . .	30	tons	there were	262	vessels	of total	1,852 tons.
From	30 to	50	,,	,,	5	,,	,,	202 ,,
,,	100 to	200	,,	,,	41	,,	,,	5,839 ,,
,,	200 to	300	,,	,,	59	,,	,,	14,806 ,,
,,	300 to	400	,,	,,	52	,,	,,	17,528 ,,
,,	400 to	500	,,	,,	34	,,	,,	15,135 ,,
,,	500 to	600	,,	,,	12	,,	,,	6,588 ,,
,,	600 to	700	,,	,,	12	,,	,,	7,824 ,,
,,	700 to	800	,,	,,	4	,,	,,	2,907 ,,
,,	800 to	1000	,,	,,	2	,,	,,	1,665 ,,

Out of this commercial fleet 193 vessels, amounting to 737 tons, are employed in what is technically termed *la petite pêche*, or coast fishing.

The coasting trade employs 76 vessels, representing 3,162 tons. The European and Mediterranean waters employ 72 vessels (total tonnage thereof, 6,469), and 183 ships of a total tonnage of 67,030 tons, and occupied in long voyages in all parts of the world.

This fleet is manned by 3,845 sailors, and in a few years

not have studied the *lengo d' O* :—"They say that walls have ears. Ah! if they have ears, they have a tongue and speak. The walls of the legendary little chamber of Jan Reboul—his solace, his refuge, and his oratory, which so many illustrious pilgrims of the beautiful and sublime arts have visited—if they would speak, would tell us all that the Felibre sang and said there; and if you heard it, you would be so astonished that you would not have hands enough to applaud!"

steam ships will have superseded very many of this mercantile sailing fleet.

The same complaint of lowness of freights is heard at Marseilles as it is in our own leading seaports.

The French mercantile marine labours under a great disadvantage—the difficulty of procuring sufficient freight. In every ten ships that arrive at French quays at least four have to depart in ballast trim.

The manufactures of a country may be exceeding rich and prosperous, and yet its mercantile navigation may be in a state of decay. The value of its exports may be immense, and yet all the time its merchant navy and seamen may be diminishing.

French exports, such as silks, may be very valuable; they may employ thousands of workmen at Lyons to produce their rich tissues, and yet they will not employ in their sea transit by any means the amount of tonnage or of seamen that much inferior in value cargoes of coal, iron, or wood would require. If, therefore, a French ship has but a small outward bound cargo —say to India—it must charge for its homeward voyage some five pounds a-ton for freight.

Whereas a British ship of same tonnage can always take out a full cargo of coals, for which it will receive two pounds per ton, and thus be enabled to charge at least thirty shillings a ton less freightage for the return voyage.

The decay of seamen along the French shore of the Mediterranean is beginning to be felt severely. The railways have absorbed already a great amount of the old coasting trade, and freight which used to be slowly wafted along under the triangular canvas of the Tartanes is now conveyed speedily to its destination by the coast railway.

Another great cause of the decay of seamen is the diminish-

ing of *la petite pêche*, or the fisheries conducted along the coast, which fisheries were the nurseries of the mercantile marine.

If the reader will refer to a good map of the Golfe de Lyon, he will observe that along the coast line there are many *Etangs* or *Estang* in the Provençal, which large lakes are connected with the sea by narrow channels. These passages are termed *Graus*, a name derived from Latin *Gradus*. The passages sometimes admit feluccas, or *lahut*, into the Etangs, and sometimes are so shallow that they gradually dry up, and form, by accumulation of sand driven in by the waves, a barrier instead of a passage to the sea water, which would season the Etang. Sometimes, when the Etang is low in the dry season through deficiency of rain, the *graus* become choked with reeds, and the water finds difficulty in penetrating. It is easy, then, to see that fever and ague become perpetual around these Etangs, thus denied communication with the sea. And the fishermen who used to fish their waters are obliged to desert their dangerous shores.

Hence a great decrease has arisen in the number of these hardy *Pescaires*, as they are termed in the Provençal; and, of course, the supply of seamen falls short, which used to be largely recruited from the fishing population of these now marshy and pestilential lagoons.

If the world lasts so long, a century or so more will see these dangerous marshes transformed, no doubt, into fertile fields of maize and pine forests and wildernesses of fiorin grass. And that which is now a source of danger will then be changed into one of greater profit to the inhabitants of the south.

The sponge commerce is a very remarkable branch of the Marseilles traffic. The fishers on the Barbary coast of the Mediterranean denominate their sponges, "sponges of Marseille;" and these come strung in chaplets or rosaries weighing about

twelve or fourteen pounds each, and twenty-four of these chaplets are grouped together like a large ball. The sponges are of large tissues, and are used for domestic purposes. The rarest sponges arrive at Marseilles from the Syrian coasts, and sometimes from the islands of the Greek Archipelago. The perfumers, by a chemical process, whiten these, thus rendering them more valuable, but insalubrious to the user.

Sixty or seventy thousand kilogrammes, or about 160,000 pounds weight of sponge, are annually imported into Marseilles from Turkey, Greece, Syria, Barbary, Italy, and even Malta. About 60,000 pounds weight of sponges are exported from Marseilles yearly, after being picked and washed, to the United States, Russia, Italy, and even as far as to China and Japan.

The importation of sponges into all the ports of France in 1875 was 246,666 kilogrammes; in round numbers, 540,000 pounds, representing a value of three millions of francs, as against two millions of francs in 1873.

The exportations, however, which amounted to one million and a half of francs value of sponge in 1873, only arose to a quarter of a million francs value of sponge in 1876.

We can see then, very clearly, that the use of the sponge is becoming an institution in France.

CHAPTER II.

LOUIS DE MAROLLES, MARTYR.

"We implicitly believe that none fear men less than those that fear God most."—*The Times on Havelock.*

THE Etang de Berre, or the great inland sea, which derives its name from the village of Berre, situated some nine miles from Marseilles, forms a conspicuous feature in the scenery around the southern metropolis. When one comes upon its broad expanse—hovered over by sea-gulls, and dotted with white sails—you can scarcely realise that you are not gazing upon the Mediterranean itself.

The formation of these Etangs is interesting. The sea in the vicinity of the flat shores of some portions of the Gulf of Lyons is so shallow, that in some places a man might wade out several hundred feet without being out of his depth—a striking contrast to the Mediterranean bathing the Esterelles, the mountain alps and the mountain shores of Les Maures, where at once very deep water is gained.

A heavy sea at once arises when the wind increases in the shallow waters, and the sands are carried by the waves and deposited off the mouth of the curving shore bays. In course of time other matter, kept in solution by the sea, is thrown up on the sand lines, and sea-weed and drifted debris—shells and pebbles, floating wood, and dead animal matter, all combine to form the rampart which the sea forms against its own progress.

Thus the Etang de Berre has evidently been formed—its waters running through one narrow channel into the Mediterranean. It must be apparent that navigation is dangerous in the shallow portions of the Mediterranean, such as the waters before Cette, those which wash the shores of Aigues-Mortes—that inland city of the dead mariners—and along the Camargue, trodden by the fleet hoofs of the wild horses, snorting fire as they gallop in vast troops along the salt plain. The tartanes and feluccas of the coasting seamen have oftentimes many a perilous storm to encounter when the mighty sea rolls along the shallow reaches, and thunders upon the low flat shore. Cumbered as they too often are with a piled-up deck-load, they sometimes are exposed to imminent peril.

The Gulf of Lyons well deserves its name. Guillaume de Nangis, in his history of Saint Louis, says: "The sea of the Lyon is so called because it is ever rough, tossed with waves, and cruel." And two marble lions which decorate the portal of the façade of the Church des Saintes-Maries, situated on the south-east extremity of the Isle of the Camargue, at the mouth of the Petit Rhone, which M. Charles Lentheric describes as one of the most striking types of the fortress churches constructed in the twelfth century upon the shores of the Mediterranean, seem to favour the derivation of the name of this turbulent gulf, in opposition to those who would deduce it from the city of Lyons.

The unpleasantness of the harbour of Marseilles is well known, but it may not be as well known that this very ill odour of the waters prevents a great danger to the shipping which have escaped the perils of the Mediterranean.

Some fifty years ago an effort was made to purify the waters of this port; and the Marseillais delighted in the fragrant sea odour, so unwonted and strange to them. Alas! ere long,

swarthy sea captains began to perceive that the hulls of their ships were being perforated by thousands of sea-worms, whose ravages the foul water had kept at a distance; and before the danger to the vessels lying in the port became so great that at last the purification of the harbour had to cease, and the foul waters returned to taint the atmosphere, but to banish the destroying worms. In fact, in other harbours of the Mediterranean this plague of maritime worms is dreaded also.

The line of railway from Marseilles to Cannes, being only a single line of rails, seems to be cautiously worked by the officials thereof. Long delays, with red flags floating to tell of danger, encountered us as we swept along.

The last time that I had come up from Marseilles to Nice, I had lively recollections of the miseries of being shut up in the coupé of the diligence, cramped into a middle place between two slumbering natives, who, when they did not sleep, smoked away as we wearily moved onwards.

How sad a romance might not each carriage tell of this long train, in which we swept past La Civitat, built underneath the Eagle's Beak rock, with coral fishers' feluccas drying their white canvas in the sun, and the deep blue Mediterranean gleaming with innumerable sheening rays of dancing light!

It is a mistake for those who are unhappily in confirmed decline to go far from home. It is so sad when every kilometre of the journey seems to add another iron link to the long chain that forms behind, dragging back the mournful sufferer to the loved ones at home. And yet how true are the words of an earnest divine of the last century: "I have never felt greater comfort than when I have been in the deepest affliction." And, truly, many an hour in a distant land I have felt more consolation, more joy in the realised presence of God when, in the solitude of one's room, the heart has gone forth

in prayer to Him who loves us, than when strong and well at home one has almost forgotten the times of illness.

How singularly at times a single verse will impress the mind. I never pass through Heidelberg since without a grateful remembrance of the old church, the aged minister, the faltering voice that read forth the prophetic utterance of Jeremiah—"Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him: but weep sore for him that goeth away: for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."

That quiet autumnal Sunday evening—how it lingers in memory still—the Gasthaus zum Ritter, with its ancient legend carved on its façade in Latin—"Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain who build it." Quaint old edifice, unharmed amid the sieges and ruin of the town, bearing forth its inscription as though to tell the truth of the Divine Word by this earthly displayal of it.

And then the sad text that came home to my heart, as I mournfully fancied that alone and friendless I should die and never tell again the glad story to troubled hearts, of the love of the divine Saviour who had bought them with the price of His precious blood.

I am firmly persuaded that the best way for an invalid to enter on the path of recovery of health, is to have the happy consciousness that the burden of sin is removed from off the troubled heart, by believing in the only Sin-Bearer, the Lord Jesus Christ, and thus realising that He has already paid our debt, and that we are free from condemnation for ever. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Grand testimony of St. John the Baptist to the Saviour's mighty power of giving life eternal to even the chiefest sinner.

The convicts of Toulon are now a recollection of the past. The yellow sleeves and red caps and green caps and red

jackets with yellow trousers, that marked the chained forçats when last I remained at Toulon, are no longer to be met with. They have all been exiled to New Caledonia, and the inhabitants of the white *bastides* will no longer anxiously bar their doors, when the boom of the cannon tells of the forçats' escape.

The Tower of Constance at Aigues-Mortes, and the Hopital des Forçats at Marseilles and Valence, are the three dread prisons in whose dreary cells the Huguenot martyrs used to be confined.

One of the saddest pictures in the sufferings of the professors of the Reformed faith in France is connected with Marseilles and the Mediterranean. Concerning Louis de Marolles, confessor and martyr—a distinguished mathematical scholar and king's counsellor—there is an old history, now little known, which gives the sad recital of his sufferings.

This brave old soldier of the Cross we see in this history chained as a gallerian to the long iron chain to which, two by two, all the forçats were attached. Worn down with fever, ere entering into the boat, he fondly embraces his children, and when placed on board the armed galley La Fiere, we find him bravely witnessing for the Lord Jesus.

"I am lodged," he writes to his wife, "in one of the extremities of the galley, which is called the prison or beak, in a little cabin which is about seven or eight feet square. Its ceiling is so high that I cannot stand upright in it. We generally lie four of us therein, two galleriens and two (Turkish) slaves. I commonly boil the saucepan twice or thrice a-week, in which is put not a full pound of our country weight of mutton. As to the rest of the food, that which the king allows the galley-slaves is always, and for the whole day, a good half porringer full of beans dressed in oil. I eat none at all of it, so my

usual food is bread, with a few dried raisins, a pound of which costs me eighteen deniers, and that serves me for three or four meals. I lie upon a mattress, which they call *strapontin*. It is made of three or four old coats; and I had it from a gallerian belonging to my bench, who went off with the first embarkment for America. It cost me four sols and a half. They have lent me a quilt; and this, with my greatcoat, serves me for a coverlet. I have bought coals, which are very dear, and I make a little fire in our apartment."

In a very rare and curious "Account of the Torments which the French Protestants endure aboard the Galleys, by John Bion, Chaplain to the Superbe Galley in the French Service," the author speaks of the number of the French galleys as being six afloat, and twenty-four at Marseilles. They were used to keep off with their shot, being armed with a long gun called the Coursier, the enemy's fire-ships, and also to tow away any of the larger ships that might become disabled in action. They were also used to convey merchant shipping when they were in danger of being attacked by the fleet brigantines which the Duke of Savoy kept anchored in Villa Franca, Oneglia, and St. Hospice, and ready to loose their white canvas in pursuit when the French merchant feluccas were descried from the watch-tower or telegraph-station.

This Coursier must have been a very formidable piece of artillery in those days, as it carried a thirty-six pound ball. Besides the long gun, there were upon the fore-deck four smaller cannon, either six-pounders or eight-pounders.

These galleys were swept along by the long oars, five slaves bound to each oar—one of these being generally a Turk, who sat at the hilt of the oar—and all the rowers, of whom there were some three hundred in each galley, rise and fall back again at each stroke of the oar, while running along a gang-

board which extends the whole length of the galley, three comites, or boatswains, with a long wand, beat the naked backs of the poor flagging chained slaves, whenever they do not pull a stroke sufficiently strong enough to please them. As the galleys are only built for fair weather—being long and flat—they cannot show canvas from their two masts when it begins to blow hard, and then even the awning, which runs from the cable suspended from stem to stern, has to be taken down for fear of upsetting, "so that," says Chaplain Bion, in anno 1703-1704, "during the two winters that we kept the coasts of Monaco, Nice, and Antibes, those poor creatures, after hard rowing, were exposed all night to the winds, snow, hail, and all other inconveniences of that season."

Clad in coarsest canvas shirt, and a little jerkin of red serge, slit up on each side to the arms, with open sleeves descending to the elbows, their closely shaven heads covered with a little cap, chained night and day, we see those martyrs of the faith sleeping at night on a board only one foot and a half broad, tormented by the mosquitoes and other far worse insects of the southern clime; and yet such of these unfortunates as slept near the officers' quarters dared not so much as to stir their hands lest they might rattle their chains, and, awakening them, should draw upon themselves a far worse punishment than even the insect torture.

In the year 1703, several Protestants out of Languedoc and the Cevennes were put on board our galley. They were narrowly watched and observed; and I was mightily surprised on Sunday morning, after saying mass on the *Bancasse*—a table so placed that all the galley may see the priest when he elevates the host—to hear the Comite say he was going to give the Huguenots the bastinado, because they did not kneel, nor show any respect to the mysteries of the Mass, and that

he was going to acquaint the captain therewith. Chaplain Bion thereupon earnestly begged him to defer the punishment until he should expostulate with them. They nobly answered, "The King is indeed master of our bodies, but not of our consciences." "At last the dreadful day came; the Comite narrowly observed them to see the fruit of my labours. There were only two out of twenty that bowed their knee to Baal, the rest generously refused it; and were by the captain's command stretched, divested of all their clothes, upon the long gun called the Coursier, and then so held that they could not stir, during which time there is a horrid silence throughout the whole galley. And it is so cruel a scene that the most obdurate, profligate wretches cannot bear the sight, but are forced to turn away their eyes. The victim thus prepared, the Turk chosen to be the executioner, with a knotted rope's-end or tough cudgel, unmercifully beats the poor wretch, and that, too, the more willingly because he thinks it acceptable to Mahomet. But the most barbarous of all is, that after the skin is flayed off their bones, the only balsam they apply to their wounds is a mixture of vinegar and salt. After this they are thrown into the hospital, which is a close dark room in the hold, the air being admitted only by the scuttle, about two feet square, which is the only passage into it. At each end there is a sort of a scaffold, called *Taular*, on which the sick are laid promiscuously, without beds, or anything under them. When these are full, they are stretched all along the cables. In this horrid place all kinds of insects gnaw the poor sick creatures without disturbance. Indeed, a slave, though never so weak, will sooner tug at his oar, and expire under his chain, than retire to this loathsome hospital. "I went thither," says Bion, "and could not refrain from tears at the sight of so much barbarity. They quickly perceived it; and though scarce

able to speak, through pain and weakness, they thanked me for the compassion I expressed, and the kindness I had always shown to them.

"I went with a design to administer some comfort, but I was glad to find them less moved than I was myself. It was wonderful to see with what true Christian patience and constancy they bore their torments—in the extremity of their pain never expressing anything like rage, but calling upon Almighty God, and imploring His assistance.

"I visited them day by day; and as often as I did, my conscience upbraided me for persisting so long in a religion whose capital errors I long before perceived, and, above all, that inspired so much cruelty.

"At last their wounds, like so many mouths preaching to me, made me sensible of my error, and experimentally taught me the excellence of the Protestant religion."[1]

Louis de Marolles, after five years of languishing in the prison of Marseilles, whither he had been removed from the galleys, and after having suffered terribly from semi-starvation, being fed only once a-day, and that at eleven o'clock at night—oppressed with a severe attack of his lungs, and almost blind from extremity of illness and suffering—from cold, hunger, want—at last peacefully expired, blessing and praying for, at the very last, even his torturers. He was laid in his grave by six Turks, as it was the custom at Marseilles to bury those who remained faithful to their Saviour.

How wondrous a change from the cruel irons of the galley, and the dark gloom of the dungeon, to the golden streets and sweet cadence of the angels' harps in the paradise of God!

Frejus, with its amphitheatre and exquisite ruined Porte Dorée, met the eye—a solitary palm-tree rising alongside. In

[1] Chaplain Bion embraced ere long the Reformed faith.

ancient time it was garrisoned by a colony of Roman soldiers of the 8th Legion, and thus was known as the Colonia Octavinorum. Augustus Cesar, who had quartered these veterans there after the battle of Actium, despatched to its harbour whose waters he had illuminated by a light-house, two hundred captured galleys from the combat at Actium. In 1555, Frejus had an Admiral of its own waters; but now the city has no communication with the sea, except a little canal which runs, some 1600 metres in length, to the Mediterranean.

CHAPTER III.

THE VILLA MILLAÏA.

"I saw the waves of life roll up the steps
Of great cathedrals and retire; and break
In charioted grandeur at the feet
Of marble palaces, and toss their spray
Of feathered beauty through the open doors,
To pile the restless foam within."

J. G. HOLLAND.

I HAD telegraphed from Marseilles to M. Gimbert, the most obliging and kind landlord of the Hotel Beaulieu at Cannes, to send a couple of carriages for our party to the Gare. It was therefore with a sensation of great relief that I saw all the luggage, which had cost so much in extra weight, piled up on one of his vehicles, and found our party, five in all, whirled along rapidly in the gloom of the evening up a long winding hill, with frequent turns, not unaccompanied with danger, as the unguarded cliff beneath was passed by.

It was, in truth, pleasant after our long weary journey from Kingstown to Cannes, to find ourselves safely located in the handsome saloon and comfortable rooms allotted to us.

Surely there is much reason why we should be deeply grateful for preservation while travelling. A delay of a couple of minutes has before this saved me, by this apparently accidental retardance on my train's part, from being the victim of

a dread catastrophe—and as I have heard the alarm whistle, and seen the engine and carriages of the advancing mail train strewn along the route a ghastly spectacle of ruin, I have thought what horror of collision, two minutes has, in God's gracious mercy, saved me from.

The Villa Millaïa rises immediately opposite the Hotel Beaulieu, separated from its grounds by a narrow road, and as I entered its garden a bright sunshiny day gleamed pleasantly around. The Mediterranean, distant some miles as the crow flies, shimmered in the morning light, the island of St. Marguerite, with its legendary fortress of the homme de masque a fer, and its recent souvenir of Marshal Bazaine's escape thence, rises from the blue waters with its pine woods shadowing themselves in the sea that bathed their worn crags, from whose crevices tree after tree shot forth, twisting their gnarled roots around in search of earth and nutriment.

Behind St. Marguerite, the Tour St. Honorat loomed forth guarding the sister isle of the same name. And in front of the aged fortress, the long, low point of the Croisette ran out from the mainland, with the golden wealth of orange trees marking the sultry garden of the Hesperides, and the ruined round tower at its end, from whence the French men-at-arms watched the swarthy Spanish soldiers, who for years kept possession of the two islands, between whose low shore and la Croisette a deep channel runs.

To the other side the blue mountains of the Esterelles extended their serrated peaks into the Mediterranean, and the white Pharo of Cannes in bold relief stands out upon the pier, that forms one side of the exposed harbour.

The Eucalyptus rose in the garden of the Villa Millaïa alongside of the red cork tree, and fringed with many a rose tree, the house itself well deserved its name—*Millaïa.* It was

built by a Russian Prince, and called by this title, which means in Russian, pleasant—agreeable. Unfortunately its proprietor paid a visit to Monte-Curlo, at Monaco, and there commenced to gamble; and in a short time he lost all he had, and the Villa Millaïa became the property of the banking house of La Croix, at Nice.

It had been let for three years to the Reverend Thomas Bacon, the Rector of Kingsworthy. A deep affliction had befallen him during the first year of his tenancy in the death of his accomplished wife, and he had let it to me for the second year of his lease, and resided himself in the Hotel Beaulieu. A long residence abroad, and experience of military life in India as an officer of the Royal Horse Artillery, and lengthened ministerial labours in his important parish—which he had recently resigned—besides a profound knowledge of European countries, caused the conversation of my worthy landlord to be ever a great profit and pleasure to me.

Champfort says, that the experience of the world either breaks the heart or it steels it. But it is truly delightful to see those who have had great sorrow, at the same time acknowledging how good God has ever been, and faithful to His covenant promises, in the support graciously rendered them in hours of trial. The Villa Millaïa has two balconies in front, from which a delightful prospect unfolds itself. The Maritime Alps on one side guarding the olive woods by the lower spurs of the Grand Pine Mountain, and its wooded sisters running into the sea over the Croisette, which seems a continuation of their range. Cannes in front fringing the sea, and the Esterelles to the other side.

The agent had gone through the inventory, a most important matter in taking a French furnished house; and we endeavoured to arrange ourselves in our new habitation.

Musquito nets adorned the beds, for these autumnal torments had not as yet departed for the winter season, to recommence their attacks in April.

Marseilles had been mournfully remembered by fierce onslaughts of these tiny creatures. The parade bugle had been blown night after night in my weary ear, when just dropping off to sleep, by some fierce musquito charging in his wrath. Paper steeped in creosote had been burned with doubtful efficacy. There was no remedy but patience. Not to have a bedroom fire, however cold it might prove, and thus to get rid of them the sooner.

"At Old Calabar," says a missionary friend of the United Presbyterian Church, "we had no musquitoes, for we had salt marshes around; but we could have them if we pleased, or get rid of them, too, in a moment. If a water cask were allowed to get foul, they at once were born, and the first musquito in my study was the signal to clean out the water cask. But not even in Africa," said he, "did I find them as troublesome as on the Nice and Cannes and Mentoni shore."

A branch of the Eucalyptus is said not only to induce sleep if hung over one's head, but also to ward off musquitoes. It certainly preserves clothes from the ravages of moths.

CHAPTER IV.

THE QUAI ST. PIERRE.

"Ne pot estimar sa nacio,
Qui ne estima sa provincia."
—*Mila y Fontanals.*

THERE is not very much, certainly, to be seen in Cannes itself. When you have wandered along its main street—that long, monotonous route de Frejus, and route d' Antibes—and looked in at the inlaid wood-work, which meets your view on every side, speculated a little in palm or olive or orange sticks, invested in photographs, and bought a book at Ferran's or Robaudy's—when you have gazed upon the waters of the Mediterranean, and looked towards the blue Esterelles, and marked the feluccas spreading their triangular sails, as the fishers glided off past St. Honorat in search of their prey—one feels as though they had well nigh-exhausted the resources of Cannes to amuse them.

But there is a pleasant stroll to be made along the busy Quai de St. Pierre, towards the lighthouse, which will pass away a quiet evening hour.

There is something very picturesque in the way in which all the craft are moored stern on to the quay. A long space is taken up by the fishing boats, which contain curious brown nets and corks with a branch of myrtle waving in them, as

beacons and buoys combined, to support and mark where the nets are sunk in the deep blue waters. Occasionally a small bell is fixed upon a staff, and its tiny tinkling sound attracts the fisher's ear at night, as the corks float upon the waves.

The fish of the Mediterranean affords not that great variety to the fisherman of the littoral, which is to be found in our home waters, and in the far west and south of Ireland. Sardines play an important part in the collection of the finny tribes which may be seen for sale 'neath the green trees of the market-place.

The mackerel—or, as the Provençals call it, Auruou—sweeps in in grand "schools" in the spring, but it is not much esteemed by the southrons as an article of food. The fishermen along the coast-line towards Marseilles have two kinds of fishing—one which is called *art menu*, or lesser fishing, which requires only small boats for its exercise, and whose votaries keep along the cliffs, creeks, rivers, of the shore; and *grand art*, or great fishing, which is prosecuted by the tartanes or *Lahut*, manned by eight men, and having large trains of nets, and which keep the open sea. These nets are called *tartano*, *gangui*, and require care and much toil to man them.

The fishermen of the Provençal coast are united together in a singular organisation, which is recognised and sanctioned by Government itself. About ten thousand of these hardy sons of the deep are subjected to the jurisdiction of twelve Prud'hommes, or maritime judges—an institution dating from the year A.D. 1431. At Marseilles the Prud'homme wears the antique dress—a mantlet of black cloth, a frill round the neck, a round hat adorned with plumes and gaiters. A large sword by the side is carried also. The parties who may have a dispute arrive at the audience of the Prud'homme by mutual agreement—not being summoned—and each first places in the

box of Saint Pierre, an obolus—ten centimes—a relic of the ancient Roman procedure.

Then the case proceeds, and witnesses are heard, and the Prud'homme delivers judgment.

It is pleasant to stroll along the quay and mark these boats with their short oars, each man pulling a pair, and beneath the awning—screening them from the fierce heat—the water jar and gourd lying; and upon a mattress stretched aft one views the wearied fishermen slumbering tranquilly, unheeding the rocking of the little craft.

This mattress recalls the custom of the fishermen of the sea of Galilee vividly to mind. Often as I have viewed the tired fisher lying asleep 'neath the triangular awning—composed of sails suspended over a spar, supported at each end by two cross staves—have I thought of the storm on the dark night on Galilee's sea—the toiling mariners—the waves bursting over the labouring craft—and the terrified ejaculation as they waked the wearied Saviour, crying, "*Didáskale*" (Teacher), "Carest Thou not that we perish?" And then that blessed form arising —"Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have not faith?" —as He rebukes the wind and says unto the sea, "Peace, be still," and the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. "Who, then, is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him?" the disciples cry to each other in the greatness of their exceeding fear.

Wondrous secret of power, that faith, without which it is impossible to please God. That faith—

> "Bold faith, which His promise sees,
> And trusts to that alone—
> Laughs at impossibilities,
> And says—They shall be done."

That simple, earnest, childlike faith, which is the clue through

the perplexing labyrinth of life, and which answers the cry proceeding from the troubled heart—"What must I do to be saved"—with the joyous message of peace, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Large tartanes, with vast yards composed of two spars spliced together, and spreading a great extent of white canvas, succeed the fishing boats at the quay. Seated aft on camp stools round a little table, we can see the crew engaged at dinner—patron and men apparently eating together in full terms of equality.

Then some full-rigged English ship, laden with coals, alternates with the glancing copper or painted iron of a steam-yacht, likewise manned by Englishmen, and whose proprietor is engaged in a Mediterranean cruise, or has friends living in Cannes.

A taut sparred cutter, with knife-like entrance and snow-white deck—a bright brass cannon gleaming in the sun-light, and a yacht club burgee fluttering aloft—is moored alongside the steamer.

And standing out in white projection against the blue Esterelles rises the white Pharo of the pier—the morning waves washing over the rocks and masses of concrete at its base, and the white-winged feluccas stealing along as the breeze fills their drapery.

The solitary *douanier* smokes his cigar, and inspects with jealous eye the various contents of the long two-horsed carts, which the sun-burnt stevadores are loading alongside the tartanes.

Little boys angle for blue sardines with long bamboos and pendant hooks. Bronzed faced fishermen bait their hooks, and place their long lines in baskets, preparing for the evening captures. And pale invalids steal along, enjoying the sunlight,

and looking with a wistful glance at the sun-burnt faces and merry glances of the *gamins* of the Quai St. Pierre.

Inland, the mountain peaks ascend on high, the olive sea rising in leafy billows, wave over wave, along the hill slopes—red-tiled bastides peeping forth amid the grey leaves; and along the curved shore the gaily painted pleasure boats, drawn up in line, with light cotton canvas set and floating ensigns. While the ruined round tower of La Croisette rises sentinel over the still blue waters; and Fort St. Marguerite, with its mournful prison vaults, and recollections of the lone prisoner of the masque-au-fer, towers in solitary grandeur amid the aloes and cactus of the rock-bound island shore. While the fishing-boats glide away towards the reefs of the islands, and prepare to cast their nets.[1]

[1] The French sardine fisheries upon the Atlantic coast annually require, as bait for the sardines, some six or seven thousand tons of roe, which is imported chiefly from Norway, and represents a value of about four millions of francs. This roe, chiefly extracted from the cod-fish, is worth about one hundred francs the barrel of 300 lbs. Doctor Morvan has succeeded lately in forming a paste of locusts, dried in the sun, or in a furnace oven at a low temperature, and sprinkled with salt. This paste is of a brown colour, and is highly acceptable to the sardines. In fact, in one day 57,000 of these fish were captured by its use; whereas the greatest number ever taken in a net, even with the allurement of Norwegian roe, was 42,000. Thus we see these dread devastators of the Algerian plantations turned into a profitable source of revenue to the State and of bread to the fishermen. Might it not be well deserving the attention of our fishermen to use some such bait to attract "round" fish?

CHAPTER V.

A STROLL THROUGH THE COURS.

"Pode pas vires lou dire senso lou passa i balanço."

It was a fortunate epoch for Cannes when Lord Brougham —stopped at the Var by the Sardinian Carbineers, posted there to prevent travellers coming in from France, then afflicted with cholera—turned back to the little fishing town, and built for himself the charming chateau, Eleanore-Louise, so called after a beloved child.

The Cannois love the memory of the great statesman. It needs not his marble bust, erected in the Square Brougham, or the lofty cross which marks his tomb in the English cemetery, girt around by the everlasting hills, to recall to their minds what he did for their town.

Mr Woolfield, too, is one to whom the south of France is greatly indebted: constant work and food have, by his generosity in the evil days of scarcity, been afforded to thousands who might almost have perished without such assistance.

The price of land has greatly risen since Admiral Pakenham, and benefactors like him, laboured so much for the spiritual and temporal benefit of Cannes and its inhabitants.

Land that might have been purchased for two francs a metre has now risen to ten or twelve francs. Rents are rapidly

increasing. High as hotel charges are they will soon become advanced; and it is indeed very difficult now for persons of moderate means to spend the season at Cannes should their party consist of four or five members.

One of the most interesting sights of Cannes is the daily fair, which gathers every morning beneath the trees of the Cours.

Peasants from the mountains of the Moors—those wild, rough inhabitants of these mountain valleys, who are traditionally reputed to possess many of the characteristics of Saracen blood derived from their forefathers, who dominated for centuries as lords in the acrial chateaux perched in well-nigh impregnable cliffs, over the dwellers of the mountains, and afterwards lingered as vassals amid them for many generations.

Brigasque farmers, with their antique cabriolets, filled with the produce of their lands.

Fruit-sellers, with baskets heaped with the small grape of the Cannese vineyards, the acid oranges of the country, tomatoes, apples, pears, figs, olives—all in rich profusion.

Itinerant booksellers, with rudely illustrated works for popular circulation: Treatises on "white magic," and "red magic" likewise; almanacs for the garden, farm, work-shop; romantic tales, with wondrous illustrations; song books, and ready reckoners—gaudy prints, stamped with the license of the Prefêt of the Seine, enabling them to be sold in all France.

Basket vendors, with curiously wrought specimens of their art. Market gardeners, with all manner of produce.

Fowl merchants, with wild duck, partridges, pheasants, doves, pigeons, and various specimens of beautifully plumed birds—robins and linnets of all kinds, snipe and plover, rabbits and hares, venison and goat flesh; feathers that would make a fly inventor's heart rejoice in anticipation of glorious piscatory

results. *La Boundassiera*[1] lying side by side in death with *La Noustrala.*

The costumes are very varied of all these good folk of the fair. The sharp Parisian, with his counter filled with bijouterie, Algerian and French, has a notice erected that it is useless to bargain. The itinerant boot and shoe seller, and the wandering haberdasher, with wondrous neck-ties — the toy merchant and the bon-bon seller—all are interspersed amid the tent covered shops, whose canvas swells out as the Mistral looms up with clouds of eye-blinding dust from the mountains.

The wandering photographer, with ghastly trophies of his art; and in the rear the shooting gallery, where rifles are discharged at revolving pipes, and hideous iron birds dependent from the roof.

Then behind again, hauled up on the beach, rise the tall spars of some old weather-beaten, wave-tossed felucca, whose paintless side tells of many a conflict with the elements, and which would sadly require some local Plimsoll to forbid going to sea again. The rusted iron hooks by which, attached to a tackle, she has been hauled up, seeming almost to be starting from the nails which bind them to her quarter aft. But it strikes eleven, and down come a posse of gendarmes, and orders the fair to be cleared at once for that day.

It is not easily accomplished—clearing away all these varied stalls—and yet it is wonderful how soon the shopkeepers of the town remove the stores of sticks in all varieties from the wild

[1] *La Boundassiera* is a species of linnet which keeps always to the forest of the valleys; and *La Moustrala* is another kind of linnet which is only to be met with in the mountains. This latter is the true linnet, and also is eagerly sought after—not on account of its singing powers, but as a great dainty. The *Bouscarla* is a linnet which passes in August; there is also a Languedocian linnet, *La Grossa Bouscarido*, which is called "The Nut Cracker."

bigarrat[1] to the polished *caroubia*, and chestnut sapling, mingled with the palm branch baton, which in a few minutes may be seen occupying a new and more aristocratic station before their boutique windows. Wonderful how rapidly the celery and radishes, cabbages and artichokes, fruits and vegetables, are packed up in the vehicles for the return homewards.

The last basketful has been removed; the stall occupants have swept away all the rubbish; the gendarmes give a complacent glance around; and the hot sun beams forth as the day advances, and the little shops are closed, and notice is exhibited that they will not be re-opened until two o'clock, while their occupants indulge in dinner and siesta.

The carriages which occupy the stands at Cannes are remarkably well horsed, and even elegant in appearance. Some of these drawn by two horses descend from Lyons or Chambery, Switzerland, or even from further distances still; their owners either drive them, or hire them out and take posts for the winter themselves as coachmen at the hotels. When the season is at an end, they drive home *a la Vetturino*, and often take parties of travellers, who may prefer a four or five days' journey to the speedy transit of the rail, in order that they may see the country the better.

[1] *Bigarra* is the wild orange tree.

CHAPTER VI.

MONSIEUR GARDANE.

"Lou bonur, pecaire !
Es un flour que duro gaire."
—*Curat Aubert.*

MONSIEUR GARDANE was the owner of a large boat which, strange to say, was never yet known by the oldest *douanier* of Cannes to have been seen in the blue waters of the Mediterranean, but which was always hauled up in dock, and always seemed to require either painting, caulking, or refitting.

M. Gardane wore the attire of the eighteenth century—buckled shoes, square-cut waistcoat, ditto coat, frilled chemise and sword, and broad triangular chapeau; and he dwelt in an old house in the narrow street of the oldest quarter of Cannes, which is called Le Suquet.

M. Gardane always appeared as if he never had anything to do; and yet, strange to say, he was a most accomplished smuggler, although the douane never yet was able to accuse him of a single infraction of the law.

The *receveur des douanes* and M. le Maire were brothers—the latter had a son who was very fond of a cruise. M. Gardane accosts him one beautiful summer's day as they both meet on the Cours. "What a delicious day for a sail!" quoth M. Gardane. "The *bouillabasse* would be delicious to-day on St. Honorat," replied his friend.

"Let us take a couple of days on the island," said M. Gardane; "but all the same, I have no boat available, for mine is hauled up on the *chantier*, and is under repair. I never knew such a craft," he continued, with an injured air as he handed his tabatiere to his companion; "she has cost me a half fortune since I bought her; and what is worse, there is her crew eating me out of house and home, and receiving wages for never doing a day's work. Well, let us make up a party at all events, and perhaps we can get the Josephine, which has good beam, and is a safe craft when the mistral blows. I dare say we could hire her for a few days' run."

The party of gentlemen were arranged; the Josephine was hired; plenty of ballast was carefully laid in her ample stowage room by the four old sea dogs of Monsieur Gardane, who personally superintended the process, and smiled his approval. "Catch me going out without lots of ballast, and a good broad beamed craft under my feet. Ah no! the last time that I was near capsized off La Croisette, I registered a vow to that effect; and now, lads, have we fresh water enough? are the provisions all *en regle*? Now then in with you; out oars, and ho for St. Honorat!

The first day passed most pleasantly upon the island. A tent was pitched under the shade of the grand old pines, and the evening rapidly came on. Then M. Gardane, as he whiffed his long pipe, suddenly exclaimed, "There are no fish for the *boullabasse* to-morrow!"

"O never mind the *boullabasse*," they all cried in chorus. Pere Gardane, we are very comfortable; can't you let us alone?"

"Won't do, lads. Must have fish. It is a fine night for it: get the torches ready, and the spears, boys. You can stay here if you will; but I am caterer, and fish I shall have for breakfast."

Accordingly the Josephine spread her huge sails, for she carried an enormous breadth of canvas ; and M. Gardane smilingly leaped in, and took the helm.

The evening had become dark, quite suited for the sport of *le fasquier*, or spearing fish by torchlight.

The men arranged themselves forward, each holding a bright torch in his hand ; and as the felucca stole along the creeks of the winding shore, the light shone upon their brown faces, and gleamed upon the still Mediterranean beneath.

"Now, *mes enfans*, out with your spear-hooks. Bah, stupids! you have missed him ; there a loup de mer gone that weighed ten kilos, if he weighed a grain."

"The old fidget would waken all the fish between here and St. Marguerite," grumbled the receiver of customs, as he gazed at the receding boat.

"Ah, bravo bravissimo!" again thundered the deep bass of Monsieur Gardane ; "there you have him. Ah, bah! why don't you strike old Nica.[1] *Tapa la soupa che non si refreje*[2]—forward there ; you are making such a *remoun*[3] on those thawts that you'll scare the fish from the sea. Now then, be alive, lads. Bravo! *Ah! se lou picava au pous restava sec*[4]—Bravo! there he is at last ; and then amid a confused noise the torches slowly disappeared along the shore ; but from out the gloom the deep tone of M. Gardane were occasionally heard, growing fainter and fainter as the felucca glided out into the night, while the party ashore tried to slumber despite the fierce assailing muschitoes.

The Josephine floated slowly for about half an hour along the

[1] Nica, abbreviation of Dominique.

[2] Cover the soup before it becomes cold, used as a reproach to a lingerer in action.

[3] Remoun—noise, uproar.

[4] If he had been struck on the head he would have been dead.

pine shaded-creeks of the island; but scarcely had the lights of the Cap d'Antibes opened up across the point of Isle St. Marguerite, and the chateau of St. Honorat gleamed astern, than the captain bore away with a rattling breeze filling his sails for the Pharo, which marked the long tree-covered granitic cliff of Antibes.

The tartane seemed to fly through the waters, and as now the revolving light of Villa Franca became clearly visible, giving the Cap d'Antibes a wide berth, he steered for Villa Franca, the boat lying over as the land breeze filled each inch of white cotton spread aloft.

Running in round the Cap Boron, the tartane glided along past the old fort guarded by Sardinian soldiery, and, lowering his canvas, at last Monsieur Gardane leaped upon the quay, where two men were waiting to receive him, and several weighty packages of goods, prohibited in France, were piled up ready to be transferred to the broad hold of the Josephine.

"Now, mes enfans, out with the ballast, stow away the *salabre*,[1] Lissandri; the night is going fast; and then the captain enveloped himself in his *roupa*, or old great coat, which had witnessed many a similar expedition, and smoked tranquilly while his crew laboured assiduously in replacing the ballast with the valuable merchandise of the Sardinian States. Towards morning all the cargo was safely delivered to agents in a little creek of the mountains of the Esterelles.

The party ashore, when, after a night of conflict with the musquitoes, they had succeeded in snatching a disturbed slumber, were awakened by the cheerful tones of Monsieur Gardane's deep

[1] The *Salabre* is a hand net formed like a sugar loaf, hooped and mounted on a handle, much used in fishing, and sometimes a similar shaped one, but smaller, is employed in catching buterflies. *Lissandri* is diminution of Alexander.

bass voice, as he moved about superintending the preparation for breakfast.

"Voyez mes garçons—there's a *bouillabasse* for you; it's well worthy of a month's sojourn on the island;" and surely the fresh caught fish were most excellent. So thought the nephew of the receiver of customs, as he helped himself a third time to the far-famed Provençal dish; so said all the party as they eulogized, by action and word, the contents of M. Gardane's *plat*.

That worthy individual preserved as complacent and respectable an air as though he had not defrauded the customs of France a single sou in his whole lifetime..

And so the excursion passed off very pleasantly, and all were satisfied; and when floating rumours affecting M. Gardane's respectability were heard, *Monsieur le receveur des douanes* affronted his old sergeant, who had hinted something detrimental to the most respectable Gardane, by flatly telling him *Sies un Toni*,[1] which affront caused that old warrior to growl out some inarticulate words of wrath, and to determine him that he would, in one way or another, find out the secret of M. Gardane's success as a contrabandist—for the old douanier had for a long time grievously misdoubted the smiling citizen of Le Suquet.

[1] "You are a goose." Toni is short for Antoni. Touana and Tonin are also used as abbreviations for the same name. The Provençal language is very rich in diminutives; and some of its dialects are singular in using the name of familiar objects as depreciatory terms—*i.e.*, Gandaula is a little bolt for a door, *una vieja gandaula* means an old lady who is a busybody.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW THE PONT DE GARDANE GOT ITS NAME.

"Marrido annado ! ah ben marrido annado !
E que mestié fasès, se sien pas trop curious ?
Sieu contrabrandisto, per vous servi brave ome !"

THE quarter of Cannes known as "Le Suquet" is well deserving of a visit. In fact, if one only confines their rambles to the boulevard de Croisette, with its varied equipages and miscellaneous pedestrians wandering along towards the Jardin des Hesperides, and its prim orange allies, looking so matter-of-fact—each tree precisely resembling its neighbour, just as the golden oranges lying for sale in the gate lodge resemble each other ; or, if one were to think that all Cannes was comprehended in the route d' Frejus, with its palm trees carefully stayed over the railway with an iron wire, and its rose-scented gardens and dust-covered villas forming the chief English colony of the town—then one would after all carry away an inadequate conception of the quaint old ville, which rises with narrow gloomy streets—the houses leaning forward as though desirous of touching one another—and curious old shops, in which maccaroni and vermicilli—country wines and oils—silken wares and saddlery—captive caged birds—green frogs and rabbits, alternate with monkeys and fruit—old garments and wooden sabots —swords and fire-arms—cobblers' stalls and cabarets—albergos

for the peasants, where to the tune of a creaking barrel organ they dance in the shade—and old-fashioned hotels, which keep to the primitive style of the past, and look with disdain and distrust on the palatial edifices, which tower along the sea shore and remain open only for the season—when the last of their guests depart, closing their louvres and shutting up till September arrives again.

But in Le Suquet you see nothing of the grandeur of the modern Cannes. Truly its quaint old-fashioned hostelry knows nothing of that spirit of innovatory enterprise, which succeeded in raising a grand hotel with marble staircases for the cook of the Hotel Beaulieu, and enabled him, without a sou, to build amid the olive groves and orange blossoms a palace for the reception of M. M. les Anglais.

When one rambles up the steep ascent leading to Notre Dame d' Esperance, ascending the narrow ruelle paved with sun-attracting stones, ranged in stairs, and views from the platform —sheltered by an aged wall—the singular old church, which lies south by north, and is swept by the stormy mistral and by the bitter easterly winds, and is scorched by the ardent sunbeams—one realises what a vast improvement Lord Brougham's compulsory detainment at Cannes has caused in the state of matters pertaining to the town.

It is pleasant to ascend to the old tower of Cannes, built for Aldebert II., abbot of Lerins, by Pisan and Florentine artificers, who, in the eleventh century, raised those huge square blocks of stones, and secured them without mortar, in the ancient Roman style—stones which, undressed in front, are only cut around their borders—and from whose lofty battlemented square tower summit the watch fires by night shone forth, and when danger came, were answered from Grasse lurking amid the mountains—Antibes to seaward; Frejus far

away; and San Raphael, from its blue waves, responding by means of an intermediate beacon on the crest of the Esterelles, and swarthy men-at-arms and fleet galleys were concentrated fast for defence against the fierce Saracen or scarcely less dreaded Genoese.

Monsieur Gardane's house in the Suquet is not known to fame. You might wander daily through the dimly-lighted old streets, and no one could show you his habitation; but he has still bequeathed his name to another and a more interesting locality—and thus it happened.

It chanced one evening after sundown, when the shades of night were looming over the Mediterranean, that Monsieur Gardane found himself running out of Villa Franca harbour, in his own boat, with a valuable freight on board, bound for his usual haunt in the Esterelles. The sun had set in a lurid framing of fiery clouds, and the wind had gradually increased in force, so that it became necessary to take in a couple of reefs as the tartane staggered along close-hauled with a heavy sea commencing to rise.

They were sighting the Cap d' Antibes, and were dashing along—Gardane holding the helm—when a cry from the man at the bow struck on his ear—"The felucca of the *douane* is to windward of us, Monsieur lou patron."

Gardane lifted the leech of the sail and looked out. A long, steadfast gaze he gave to windward, and there, running parallel to their course, a couple of knots away, he saw the felucca evidently in full chase after him.

"A paouro! aiço anara maou,"[1] sadly said the seaman who had first spoken. "Hush, old *tartarasso*.[2] *Bono suco et milïouna maisso*,"[3] growled the captain, proverbially.

[1] "Ah! I fear this will turn out badly."

[2] Tartarasso is a bird of prey. Metaphorically, old grumbler.

[3] Good head and better tooth.

"If it were only a little darker, we might have some chance of escaping, for we might then haul down our canvas and drift past him in the gloom; but now, we will soon eat soup at Toulon" — and as the gloomy anticipations of convict life swept through the old seaman's mind, he gave a vindictive glance at the douanier felucca, which now, secure of an easy victory, was foaming along, every inch of sail cloth swelling before the breeze, and the old sergeant smoking a cigarrito with an air of triumph as he held the tiller and watched every movement of the chase.

To add to the dismay of the chased mariners, the moon beamed brightly out from behind a bank of drifting clouds, as the lighthouse of Cannes appeared on their starboard bow, while they tore madly through the waves. Occasionally the old sergeant would give a significant gesture indicative of his delight in overhauling his wily antagonist. Still on with undiminished speed both feluccas held upon their course towards the blue Esterelles—the seamen wondering how their patron could posssibly hope to escape from the douanier felucca, which kept tenaciously to windward, and must ultimately drive them upon the sharp crags that rose before them, washed by the moaning sea.

"There's the Galére before us," said one of the seamen; "we must soon go about now, or there won't be much left of the tartane."

Going about, however, formed no part of M. Gardane's plan. Right before the bows of the felucca an opening appeared, pierced through the mountain—a deep fissure, which has been worn out by the action of the waves in the porphyritic rocks, and which opens out towards the north, forming the haunt of hundreds of seals, which moan and live in the deep water. On through the labyrinth of red rocks M. Gardane steered the tar-

tane—the men held their breath as they saw the danger in which they were.

"Now, lads, quick! Down with the canvas." In a moment the tall yards came down, and the fluttering sail-cloth covered the deck.

"Lower away the masts," cried the patron; and the next moment the tartane lay level with the rocks around.

"Moussu Gardane! Moussu Gardane!" came the old sergeant's voice through his speaking trumpet; "surrender yourself. We have you at last."

M. Gardane stood up in the stern sheets of the tartane, and with an air of injured innocence, replied, "Non es tout or che relus, moun cer moussu. Es una maraviglia che non si sau a cu creire? Acaben sta partida embe 'Achi es;'"[1] and with these enigmatical words the tartane glided on, inside the dark shades of the cave, and in a very few minutes all the contrabrand articles on board were dropped into the deep waters of the grotto, and the boat, lightened of her cargo, was steered out of the other mouth of the cavern, while the douaniers, whose unmoveable masts forbade their attempting to follow M. Gardane, saw with indignation that astute smuggler re-appearing; and as he raised his canvas again, and settled himself complacently down aft to steer homewards for Cannes, heard him, as he waved his hand in adieu, shout out—"Bauma, bauma, sortons li braja netti de nouostra affaire"[2]—and then, with wide

[1] "All is not gold that glitters, my dear sir. Is it a wonder that one does not know whom to trust? Let us finish the game with 'Here lies.'" This speech of M. Gardane's, who uses here the Nice dialect, shews the impress of the Spanish language upon that variety of the provençal. "*No es todo oro lo que reluse—es una maravilla que no se saber a qui en creer, acabemos esta partida con a qui yace* would be the Spanish equivalent of the above.

[2] "Grotto, grotto. We have come out with clean jackets from our little affair." The word braja means literally culottes—breeks. *Frema puorta li braja*—"The wife is the commander-in-chief"—is a well-known proverb at Cannes and Nice.

triangular wings of white canvas spread to the wind, M. Gardane bore away for the gleaming light of the pharo of Cannes, while the disconsolate douaniers sadly sailed homewards, baulked of their prey, and M. Gardane, from that day forth, bestowed upon the grotto his own name, by which it is still famous as one of the curiosities of the environs of Cannes.

It is not recorded whether M. Gardane, after this so narrow escape, abandoned his lawless life; but it is certain that the episode which we have endeavoured to record, is well known amid the sunburnt seamen of Cannes and its vicinity.

The douaniers, at all events, patrolling with guns thrown over their shoulders, seem as vigilant as though the shade of M. Gardane were still in the offing, endeavouring to run his phantom craft along the hiding places of the Esterelles; and as they lie down in their little reed huts, and gaze along the Mediterranean beneath the open door, they abstain as vigilantly from slumber as though that well-known *contrabrandisto* were hovering off his so much loved haunts as in days of yore.

CHAPTER VIII.

ISLE ST. HONORAT.

"'It is a certain and undeniable maxim, that what is the true interest of England, is the interest of every particular Englishman."—*John Cary, Merchant in Bristol* (A.D., 1696).

DAY after day the two islands—Marguerite and St. Honorat—lay before us, as we opened our windows in the morning or unclosed them at evening.

Many a time, from the balcony of the Villa Millaia, we would gaze upon the white fortress battlements, where the hapless prisoner—the man of the iron mask—used to linger out his wretched life. Day after day, these green woods seemed as though inviting us to cross the channel that sweeps between La Croisette and the walls of St. Marguerite; and when some lovely sun-lighted morning would seem to entice us to enter into one of those brightly painted luggers or feluccas hauled up on the sea-shore, and with white canvas spread and ensigns floating, to cross 'neath the auspices of the weather-beaten patron and crew of one man, over to St. Marguerite. But when also, about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, a strong blowing mistral would set in, and the waves would come in booming upon the shore—and the feluccas, like sea gulls, came in driven before the gale, or sometimes their passengers would be detained for the night on the island—then one would

be glad that they had not yielded to the enticement of setting sail for the Isles of Lerins.

The Quai St. Pierre one morning seemed to have become greatly excited. A small, bluff-bowed steamer, bearing the name of *Le Progres*, of Marseilles, ran in under the Pharo, and anchored stern on to the quay.

Presently it was rumoured that the new arrival intended carrying passengers to the Isles of Lerins; and when the boatmen saw the little craft, not much exceeding twelve tons in register, with tricolor floating, bearing the first consignment of travellers, then great was the indignation of these swarthy-faced mariners. Some four francs was the charge made by the *Progres* for the voyage out and home; whereas the fare of the feluccas was twelve. Then a circular was printed by the *patrons* of the boats, in which they earnestly entreated the strangers at Cannes not to patronise the cause of steamer *versus* boat, and contrasted the advantage and comfort of having the boat all to one's own self for the day, with two experienced mariners to take care of one, cook the *boullabass* ashore for their passengers, while they wandered about at their leisure, act as guides if necessary, and show a general, courteous supervision of their interests—with the hurried and unsatisfactory stay which the steamer allowed its passengers; appealing also to the fact that these patrons were men of large families, and struggling hard to support them.

The first visit that I paid to the Lerino islands was by the *Progres*. The evening was fine, but there was a sufficient amount of sea on to make it pleasant. The captain, impressed evidently with his dignity as commander of such a craft, stood near the foremast—the engineer was at his post below—the steward cast off the stern-ropes, and the plank by which the passengers had come in over the taffrail was hauled ashore by

a small *mousse*, who evidently looked upon his position as one demanding much resolution and fortitude—left alone and unsupported amid the not at all sympathising standers by of the Quai St. Pierre.

The Isles of Lerins, towards which the round bows of the *Progres* pointed, when the rolling waves that beat upon the rocks beneath the white light-house struck against her stern, form one of the greatest ornaments of Cannes. A celebrated Greek naval chieftain—half pirate, half hero—named Lero, gave his name to the larger of the two islands, now known as Isle St. Marguerite; and the smaller island, now called St. Honorat, was then known as Lerino for the same reason.

This Lero—whose galleys swept along the shores of the maritime Alps, and greatly troubled Antibes, and even dared to show their white canvas and long oars as far as Marseilles—in due time faded away as regards fame before St. Honorat, who, in the early portion of the fifth century, founded on the island called after him a celebrated monastery.

Attracted by the great fame of St. Honorat, very many holy men flocked to the island, and among them the great St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland.

It is well known that Ireland is said to have been delivered by the latter from the serpents, vipers, toads, and other noxious reptiles that used to infest it; but it is not generally known that St. Patrick learned this great art of banishing such venomous creatures from his master St. Honorat. It is interesting to know that one of the greatest of the Troubadours of Nice—the celebrated Ferald Raymond, who lived in the second half of the thirteenth century—amid several poems composed in the Provençal dialect of Nice, has left a very singular "*Vida de Sant Honorat.*" In the second book thereof, there is a curious history of the wonderful manner in which, at the

saint's prayer, the island called after him was cleared from serpents. It begins thus :

"Aqui fom una barca d'homes de fellonia,
Plens de gran malvestat e de folla heregia
Cant an vist[1] lo cor sant venir per lo sablon,
Cascun met a son coll mantenent un baston.
Ar' prennon lo cor sant, qui per pes qui per testa,
A las serpentz de l'isla dison qu'en faran festa
E devoravan lo, que jamays non n'estorza.
En la barca l'an mes e vogan a gran forza,
Sabar deves, Seynors, que l'isla Auriana
Nomavan li antic, que es suas e plana.
Lay on le monestiers es aras el maraje
Morir a mala mort es donar a serpentz !
Totas son entorn luy que martellan las dentz ;
Siblan tant fort e cridan que non es de pensar," etc.

"Here then comes a ship of men of felony,
Of evil malice full, and maddest heresy :
When they saw the [1] holy man come walking on the sand,
Each one on his shoulder grasped tightly now a brand.
Then seized they the holy man by his feet and by his head—
'To the serpents of the island now we'll give a feast,' they said;
'He never can escape, for they 'll soon devour him quite.'
Into their bark they bore him, then rowed with all their might.
So flat and rich this island—good sirs, you ought to know—
It was named Auriana, by those of long ago.
There the monastery now stands by the border of the shore—
To give him to the serpents' death, the holy man they bore.
The serpents gnashed their teeth, hastening on in such a crowd,
You never could imagine that serpents hissed so loud !"

The old chronicle goes on to relate how the pirates taunted St. Honorat, as they gazed upon him from their ship, while in vain he cried—

"Seynors, adjudas mi per la merce de Dieu ?"

with this sarcasm—

"Las serpents ets dragons auziras mantenent
Am lo seynall de Crist ; non n'aias espavent."

Lo cor sant. Literally, "The holy heart."

"The serpents and dragons you had better now to slay—
With the sign that is divine, you need not know dismay."

Then Honorat begins to pray earnestly, and the sea at once rises upon the shore and covers the island; while the saint, climbing up a palm-tree, beholds the destruction of all the serpents, snakes, and reptiles that infest it:

"Vay s'en en miey de l'isla e puaia en un palmier.
E li mar a cubert l'isla de mantenent,
Que non i a layssat colobra ni serpent,
Pueys s'en tornet li mar suan en son estaie,
C'anc pueys non la passet plus que sol lo ribaie.

"He walked the isle half way, then clomb up a tall palm-tree,
While with the sea the island was covered instantly!
In a moment there was left neither serpent nor yet snake.
Then the sea, retreating back, its quiet course did take,
And evermore, on island shore, its rippling waters break!"

There are a couple of fine old palm-trees upon the island, and the peasantry of the mainland state that one of these is a scion of the celebrated tree which St. Honorat ascended.

The serpents seem now, however, to have returned in full force to the island; for, some years since, an inhabitant, wishing to keep rabbits—which form a profitable part of the southern small farmer's stock—laid in a goodly number thereof, but found that in a short time they had all perished from the fierce assaults made upon them by the island snakes.

Our little steamer ran up the channel between the islands, and alongside the roughly finished pier; and we descended alongside a few boats sheltered in the little cove, and passing along the magnificent pine trees, knocked at the abbey gate; and a white robed monk came with us—a mixed party of French and English—to show the old chateau.

The great square tower, into which we had now entered, was

constructed by the monks as a refuge against the piratical incursions of the Saracens and the Genoese.

In the year 890, these fierce Saracens had built upon a perpendicular cliff, called La Fraxinet,[1] their fortress, whose craggy base was washed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and from whose lofty battlements the crescent flag streamed in defiance of the barons of the Litoral.

The Gulf of Grimaud sheltered their galleys, and from thence they used to sweep down upon the terrified inhabitants of the sea-shore, and bear away booty and captives to their impregnable castle. On the very day of Pentecost, A.D. 1107, these fierce Mussulmen attacked the island of St. Honorat. The monks were engaged in chanting the psalms appointed for the holy day, when suddenly the wild war-cry of the infidel was heard—the abbey walls were circled with assailing fire—the gates were burnt down, and the horde of barbarous assailants swept in, cutting down the terrified ecclesiastics, who died, bathing the church floor with their blood. Many of the monks were carried away captive to the lonely dungeons of La Fraxinet—less happy than those who perished. Some of these succeeded in making their escape, and hid themselves in the gloomy caverns of La Sainte Baume—the Holy Grotto—which St. Honorat had occupied before his departure for the island. After a time they contrived to regain the desecrated shrine; and, henceforth, a number of men-at-arms lived on the island to defend it against attack.

The Mountains of the Moors were so called from this Saracen garrison of La Fraxinet. The Christian barons, after a brief struggle, found themselves compelled to abandon their castles

[1] Fraxinet is derived from the Latin *Fraxinus*, an ash tree; many of these trees growing formerly in the mountain valleys around this fortress.

situated in this mountain group; and the infidel reigned supreme among the wild cliffs of Les Maures.

At last the Christian barons proclaimed a crusade against them. William the First, Earl of Provence, Gibelin de Grimaldi, and other lords, united their forces; and one of the Saracen officials having betrayed his comrades, by the path up the cliffs which was indicated to them, and through an undefended part of the battlements, the Christian soldiers poured in, and all who refused to renounce Islamism were put to the sword, and the women and children reduced to slavery. The formidable walls of the great fortress were razed to the ground, and the other villages and minor fortresses of the Saracens were carried by storm; and thus ended the tyranny of the Moor over the mountains around, although for centuries afterwards their descendants still served as slaves those whom their ancestors had ruled with imperious sway.

The chateau in which we now found ourselves was built in A.D. 1148, in order that upon the first appearance of danger the inmates of the abbey might resort to the shelter of its massive walls.

A never-failing well of fresh water is inside its court; and when you enter into the cloister, placed in the centre of the donjon, you perceive four galleries with Gothic arcades, surrounding a small square court, in whose dark recesses the fountain hides its still cold waters.

The massive columns which support these arcades are, some constructed of red or white marble, others of granite. The angular one towards the entrance was marked by an ancient inscription. Some illegible characters at first appear. An E Ĭ M V can be deciphered with difficulty; but I could not succeed in discovering any more perfect letters until the next lines occur:—

CONSTAN
TINO
AUG

The fourth line seemed to resemble the characters

WVLL

Then come

DIV
S

It was very difficult to trace out the lines, owing to our want of time, and also the darkness of the cloister itself. This part of the column was evidently a portion of some ancient Roman pillar, taken from the numbers of such remains that once were to be found upon St. Honorat.

The chateau itself abounds in gloomy cells and winding staircases. We passed from an upper cloister into a court open to the air, from whence we had a fine view of the blue Mediterranean slumbering at our feet, and the sea-washed Esterelles rising, peak over peak, in the distance. A reef of rocks extended, parallel to the chateau, a short distance seaward, and upon the sharp crags lay a portion of the red iron bow of the hapless emigrant ship, *La Normandie*, which had been wrecked during a dense fog—a melancholy beacon to the Mediterranean mariner.

"Here are two cannon balls fired by an English frigate during the war," said the monk. One was lying on the flags of the court, the other embedded in the wall.

The view from the chateau is in truth enchanting. The abbey, with its arcades, cloisters, and palms beneath—the green shade of the magnificent giant pines around the island—the noble semicircle of the Esterelles, melting into Les Maures on one side, and, behind the Grand Pine mount and the Pezou, you see the snow-white range of Maritime Alps extending, their crests transmuting into a roseate glow when tipped with

the golden sunbeams—the sheer wild precipice of the Saut de Loup rising in lonely grandeur on the flank of the white walled town of Grasse, and then Antibes standing, with its Roman towers, sentry over Golfe Juan; and, in the haze of sunlight beyond, the wild rushing Var, the red-tiled houses of Nice, and the serrated mountain peaks trending far away towards St. Remo.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MONK OF THE ISLES OF GOLD.

"Y vosotros, immortales
Comentadores eternos,
Que al veros en pergamino
Hoy quien os quite el pellejo—
Hoy risa escatan (o nefas!
Vuestros sublimes conceptos,
Y vuestras doctas columnas
Sirven á envolver unquentos."
—*Don Joaquin de Mora.*

The Abbey of St. Honorat, founded by the illustrious saint, is remarkable, not only for having given many holy men as bishops to different far-distant dioceses, but also that for many centuries it possessed the finest library in Europe. In the cloisters of this great library, precious illuminated manuscripts were to be found, which had been presented to the monks of Lerins by the generosity of the noble Counts of Provence—those fosterers of literature and art, of poetry and sculpture, in the middle ages. The Kings of Naples sent many a goodly tome to add to its treasures; and Sicily contributed many an acquisition to its well-filled shelves.

If a sensation of melancholy is felt, when a reflecting mind gazes upon a great library—when it realizes the sorrows, the joys, the ambitions, and the obscurity of many of those who had spent countless nights in the composition of these white calf bound folios—how much greater the feeling of sorrow

becomes when we reflect upon the dispersion of these same libraries, and their invaluable contents.

The library of St. Honorat existed to the very epoch of the first French Revolution. It remained until, in 1788, only seven monks lived in the abbey, and that only for a certain season of each year. The descendants of the early monks have sadly degenerated.

"These cloisters," says an impartial writer, "which once resounded with the eloquent words of the learned preachers of the faith, only re-echoed orgies and wild mirth. To holy ecstasy succeeded the indolence of drunkenness; and the scandal was so great that the monastery was secularised in 1788, and its revenues united to those of the bishopric of Grasse.[1]

The bishop of that see, M. de Pruniere, bestowed upon Cannes the magnificent vermilion and silver-chased shrine, which Francis I. had bestowed upon the abbey, and which disappeared during the evil days of the Revolution of 1793. It included a tomb of some very hard wood, which still exists in the parish church of Cannes, and which bears graven upon one of its sides, as the foregoing authority mentions, the following inscription :—

CORPUS S. MI HONORATI
LERINENSIS EPISCOPI ARELATENSIS IN HOC
RECONDITUR, SACELLO QUI
SI QUIS APERIRE PRÆSUMSERIT.
ANNI FINEM NON VIDEBIT.

THE BODY OF THE VERY HOLY HONORATUS OF LERINO,
BISHOP OF ARLES, IS LAID IN THIS
SHRINE, WHICH,
IF ANY ONE SHALL DARE TO OPEN,
HE WILL NOT SEE THE END OF
THE YEAR.

[1] Cannes et ses Environs, par J. Girard et A. Bareste. 1859.

It appears strange, however, that the head of St. Honorat was sent to Grasse, and that Mougins and Cannet received each one of his arms; while Auribeau was obliged to be content with the jaw bone of St. Anthony enclosed in a beautiful Gothic silver shrine, which is borne in procession upon his feast day round the village—he being the patron thereof. But the worthy bishop, to make amends, perhaps, gave to them of Auribeau a great dish of brass, which bears the face in relief of Cicero, and upon the exerque these words—*Julius Cicero*—a relic, doubtless, of as much authenticity as the others.

The great library was divided by the seven monks among themselves. It was true that centuries of neglect had done much to injure the contents of the shelves; and that Genoese buccaneers, carrying the chateau by storm in A.D. 1400, did not much improve the literary treasures; or that the bombardment, in 1524, by the Spanish fleet, and the occupation of both the isles of Lerins by the same people in 1636, and heroic combats of the swarthy Spaniard against all the Provençal chivalry while endeavouring to retain them, could not have been of much conservative influence. The English and Austrians, who held St. Honorat in 1746-47, do not seem to have done much harm to the books, but they certainly did to the venerable old trees, which they cut down with unsparing hand, and devoted the giants of centuries to the construction of defensive works of war.

Still, there must have been many a treasure in these old cloisters, when these self-same seven monks—pensioned off—parted the chattels and the books among them. One manuscript, in two volumes, grand folio, is recorded as having then left the island. It consists of the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament; and is historically remarkable as having been the copy of the Sacred Scriptures which was brought to the Council

of Constance, and also to the Council of Trent, and which was consulted on both occasions by the ecclesiastics present. It belonged in 1859 to the Ricord family, and is said to have been presented by them to the Imperial Library.

One can almost fancy the far-famed ancient librarian of St. Honorat, the monk of the Isles of Gold,[1] wandering amid these deserted cloisters, in the midnight hour, and wringing his shadowy hands in the pale moonlight, and sighing o'er the destruction of these dispersed treasures, whose curator, in days of yore, he lovingly had been.

Methinks we can imagine this noble descendant of the illustrious Genoese barons de Cibo, flitting, with shadowy form and burning eye, through these historic arcades, throwing back upon his brow that monk's cowl—for which he had abandoned the sword—and gazing in vain for many a precious manuscript, illuminated by his skilful hand.

To Cibo, monk of the Isles of Gold, we owe almost all that we know of the life and work of many an earlier Provençal troubadour. In this library he transcribed and illuminated, in an exquisite manner, his copy of the manuscript collection of the Provençal poets, with their biographies. In this abbey he died in 1407, after executing many a beautiful work of art. A book of hours, among others, which he gave to Iolande, of Aragon, the mother of the famed King René.

The isle St. Honorat was sold to Mademoiselle de Sainval, of the Comédie Francaise. Afterwards, an Englishman possessed it; and now a colony of monks occupy it again, who have formed an industrial school for boys—left orphans—and who are bound by a vow of silence themselves. They work at different trades inside the abbey walls. As we pass through the cloisters, a printing press is seen, and specimens of works

[1] *Lou Monge dis Isclo d' or* is the Provençal title of this legendary being.

published therein. A large volume, "The Life of Petrarch," by the Abbé F. Fuzet, reflects much credit upon its author.

In the lavatory, which tradition represents as the scene of the massacre of five hundred monks by the Saracens—being the ancient refectory—I marked a very ancient inscription engraven where the lavatory stands. It is cut upon a marble slab, and runs thus :—

CHRISTE TUA DEXTRA QUÆ MUNDAT
INTUR ET EXTRA INTERIOR MUNDA
MUNDARE QUOD HÆC NEQUIT UNDA.

O CHRIST, LET THY RIGHT HAND WHICH CLEANSES
INSIDE AND OUTSIDE, CLEANSE WITHIN
WHAT THIS WATER CANNOT CLEANSE.

How pure the faith of these ancient saints of God, when such an evangelical inscription was thus carven. There is a modern device or motto in the monk's refectory, which is very beautiful—

Leave all for God,
And you will find all in God—

—but which is to be taken in a far grander sense than merely resigning outer life for a monastery seclusion.

CHAPTER X.

THE LEGEND OF ST. MARGUERITE.

"No es bien hecho
Desbaratar una ilusion suave
Que abrevia el padecer.
—*Joaquin de Mora.*

THE peasantry of the Litoral tell a singular legend of the first founder of the Abbey. They say that when St. Honorat arrived on the island shore that he was accompanied by his sister, St. Marguerite, who had a number of nuns as her companions.

The mind of her brother, however, was not satisfied at seeing thus the island occupied by the female portion of the community; and yet he did not know what to do. The two islands at that distant period formed but one. However, he thought much upon it, and at last he proposed to his sister that she and her companions should betake themselves to the farthest shore, near where the fortress of St. Marguerite now stands, and that he and his monks would retain the abbey.

Still he did not feel happy about it; and at last, after a restless night, during which loud peals of thunder reverberated among the mountains, and lightning flashes played along the snow-girt peaks of the Alps, and the tall pines were torn up by the roots, and the fierce waves moaned around the Abbey shore, —when St. Honorat went forth at dawn, he saw to his amaze-

ment that a deep broad channel now intervened between the islands—the island having been rent in twain.

For a time St. Honorat was content. He used to pay a visit occasionally to his sister; and as he dearly loved strawberries, he chiefly then, when this fruit was in season, went to his sister's isle, where, in the sunny shelter of this the warmest spot of the Litoral, the fruit used to grow abundantly.

At last his over scrupulous mind began to question whether it was even right for him to visit the island at all. Many a restless night the saint passed, his mind oscillating between affection for his sister and the over-strained dictates of a morbid mind.

When St. Marguerite, who had no such manner of scruples, perceived that her brother came not as often as before, she reasoned with him; and at last he agreed still to continue his visits as long as the strawberries should bear fruit, but for the rest of the year he determined never to visit St. Marguerite.

And now his sister despatched messengers to all the countries round, and charged them to bring back the earliest and the latest flowering strawberry plants that they could find. In fact, she managed so well that one quarter of the island became an immense strawberry bed.

The saint knew nothing of all this. He wandered up and down along the shaded shores of the isle St. Honorat, among the seven churches which he had built thereupon, and which demonstrated the Eastern origin of the faith of their founder, and that he had come originally from the Eastern, and not from the Roman Church.

Little did he think that the Spaniard would, in after years, sacrilegiously transform these little churches into redoubts for their swarthy master gunners to plant their artillery in.

Many an anxious hour was spent by St. Marguerite on the

other island, as she superintended the work of strawberry planting in the sunniest spots of the myrtle-shaded shore.

St. Honorat had now been a long time without paying her a visit. And as she paced along the margin of the blue waters, and gazed towards the white crests of the Maritime Alps that towered far inland, and marked the grey gnarled olive trees, that like a woodland sea extended beneath the nearer heights of Pezou, Grand Pine, and the crest on which Mougins lifts its walls. Many a time she grieved that her brother should have listened to the too rigid suggestions of an ascetic mind, when she would have rejoiced in listening to the holy counsels and loving admonitions which flowed from his lips.

The winter passed away—the spring came on—the mistral came blowing fiercely from his caverns in the Esterelles ; and at last a messenger announced to Honorat that the season for strawberries had arrived.

Gladly he passed over to see Marguerite, and to pick the fruit. The next day he came again ; a week passed, and still he came ; a month was over, and still more strawberries. Three months passed, and lo ! daily a fresh supply of rich fruit was witnessed. Half a year passed, and yet the strawberries came on without cessation, and at last December saw some coming freshly in ; and when Honorat witnessed spring again bringing its ripe fruit, he was constrained to tell Marguerite that such a wondrous plenty of strawberries was a plain manifestation that he was wrong in coming to the decision of only visiting her rarely, and that henceforth he would come to see her, without let or hindrance, from day to day.

While I wandered along in thought, it seems strange that, Dean of St. Patrick's, with thy sarcastic jests and dread mocking tongue, thou shouldst have come into my mind ! Perhaps the local position of my far distant Church—the dear old

"Molyneux"—close to the shadows of thy venerable Cathedral, may have recalled Swift—and Swift standing amid the sceptics by his side in the crowded graveyard, as with his foot he tramples the grave, and cries, "Fools, what know ye of this mystery?"

> What a life was his! What contradictions!
> What sarcasms! and what tenderness!

One can realize him bending over the curling lock of hair in his desk, and dropping it again with the words, muttered through tears, "Only a woman's hair!"

> Only a woman's hair!
> One curling, rich, brown tress;
> And yet what a sad despair,
> And moan of deep distress,
> Though but a woman's hair!
>
> Only a woman's hair!
> Come to life again! oh dead!
> Again that face so fair,
> Again that gentle tread.
> Thou dost wake the buried past,
> And call back days of yore;
> And oh! how tears rain fast
> As I dream of the years before;
> And all that is left, mid woe and care,
> Is only a woman's hair!
>
> Only a woman's hair!
> Oh, purpling summer time!
> Oh, face so pale, so fair!
> 'Neath the aged belfry chime.
> Oh, voice of loving prayer,
> Amid the ransomed throng!
> She dwells where the sun sets ne'er,
> She sings the immortal song
> Still! Then my heart be strong!
> Though 'tis only a woman's hair!

There is a curious votive altar dedicated to Neptune, which bears the following inscription:—

NEPTUNO VERATIA
MONTANA

and which is a souvenir of the Roman occupation of St. Honorat.

There were in olden days two churches and seven chapels built upon St. Honorat; and one of them, which was called *La Sainte Chapelle*, sheltered the relics of St. Honorat himself, and those of other saints, as a very ancient inscription in Gothic characters sets forth. This, unfortunately, having been chipped away by curiosity seekers, no longer remains. It ran as follows:—

Hæc est capella sancta ✠ quæ appellatur
Sancta sanctorum, propter reconditas inibi
Reliquias sanctorum, videlicet Honorati,
Caprarii, Venantii, Antonii, Aygulphi
Martyris, et plurimorum aliorum
Sanctorum.

M. Mérimèe thinks that the walls and cloisters of this church are of a very remote antiquity—that the employment of ancient materials, and especially of tumulary stones, both announces a time of barbarism and an epoch when the respect which had been given to the ancient sepulchres had entirely disappeared. He also thinks that this church had been laid waste and burnt, and most probably that the principal nave had been rebuilt in the Gothic style about the middle of the fonrteenth century.

M. Mérimèe dates the epoch of the first building of this chapel to about the seventh or eighth century. This he deems to be the case from the incrustations of the coloured stones, the absence of bell tower, the barbaric pillars of the cloister, and the ancient style of the mouldings. I do not believe, he says, that we must attribute it to St. Honorat—that is, to the

beginning of the fifth century. But he recommends a search to be made, and excavations to be effected, in the vicinity, for the absence of monuments which might serve as standards of comparison, must render conjecture as to its precise date very uncertain, so that the church may have been coeval with St. Patrick. Now, if the other seven chapels were re-built upon the site of as ancient ones as this, it is very reasonable, nay, most probable, to suppose that the seven churches were on the island of St. Honorat at the very date of St. Patrick's having been resident there; and that the seven churches of Wicklow were built even as they, being copied from the seven churches of the Revelation in each case.

In the year 1535, Don Ludovicus de Maynier, a monk of Lerins, drew a map of the Isle St. Honorat, in which he places the seven chapels, and gives their names respectively; adding to them two churches, which stood more in the centre towards the chateau itself. M. Mérimèe speaks of a species of ancient edifice, in a kind of star-like form and octagonal, which he considers to have been intended for a baptistry. Its diameter being only twenty feet, its height but twelve; neither moulding nor ornament are to be found upon it. An altar of stone in the form of a table, pierced with two holes, and with a ledge around it, supported upon a single baluster, occupies the end of the apsis. The holes, he says, seems to have been intended for the running off of liquids, without doubt to render the table more easily to clean.[1]

[1] St. Patrick's dwelling at Isle St. Honorat will explain how it was that our Irish Church derived her origin from the Eastern Church, and not from the Latin—the monks or eremites of the Isles of Lerino being Easterns, who sought refuge there. Probus says—"Præcipuè Lirinum meam honore complector;" some say that the island in which St. Patrick lived was one of the Tyrrhenian sea, which would even better account for the Church of Ireland having an Eastern origin.

This building he considers very ancient, as, perhaps, the first church erected in the island.

These facts are interesting when taken in connection with St. Patrick,[1] who says in his confession—

"I, Patrick, a sinner, the rudest and the least of all the faithful, and an object of the greatest contempt to many; and the son of Calpornius, a deacon, the son of the late Potitus, a presbyter, who lived in Bannaven, a village of Tabernia, in the neighbourhood of which he had a small farm; and here I was taken prisoner," etc., and who, knowing nothing of a purgatory, thus writes—'Thanks be to God, ye believers and baptized ones have departed from the world to Paradise—I behold you, ye have begun your journey to that region where there shall be no night, nor sorrow, nor death, any more.'"[2]

[1] St. Patrick never mentions the Bishop of Rome, never says one word of his having been sent by him; but, on the contrary, introduced the Oriental usage of the tonsure. The Eastern Church and the Irish were alike in mode of celebration of Easter against the Church of Rome. Many of the Bishops of Gaul were Asiatics; the celebrated Irenæus, towards the end of the second century, was in union with the Eastern Church. It is supposed that by one of these Bishops of Gaul—by Amathorex, Bishop of Auxerre, St. Patrick was consecrated.

[2] "The Epistles and Hymns of St. Patrick," edited by Rev. Thomas Olden, B.A., Member of the Royal Irish Academy. Dublin: Hodges, Foster, & Co. 1876. A very valuable work.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PHARO OF ANTIBES.

"La ribiero d' Asso,
Noun la counèis que quan la passo."
—*Provençal Proverb.*

"The river d' Asso none can know,
Before across it he may go."

"ANTIBO—Antibo"—called out the porter, as he ran along the platform, looking at the same time as though he did not expect any one to respond to his summons. Opening the double bolts which every French railway carriage possesses, we descended, and as the train rolled away along the route towards the corniche, soon found ourselves walking towards the hill upon whose crest the lighthouse is erected, between the aged chapelle of Notre Dame de-la-Garde and the Semaphore, whose black flagstaff rises high in air, and telegraph wire stretches with a mighty curve over the giant oaks and red cork trees, down to the fortified ramparts of Antibes.

The road ran first along the walls of the town—a deep foss and strong fortification running all around the aged Antibes. Presently we reached the drawbridge, and could see the scarlet and blue uniforms moving about inside the old archway. Gradually skirting the fortress, we came down to the sea, and kept along the margin of the shore. The peninsula of Antibes stretched out into the blue waters on one side—the pines and

chene liège trees mingling with the oaks and olives along the white foam-fringed shore—a few little rocky islets rose almost level with the water in the offing—a fishing boat drifted across towards the isolated fort of Vauban's planning, and along the zig-zag route across the hill-side leading up to the chapelle so famed for its pilgrimages—white oratories or stations of the cross appeared amid the myrtles; and as we turned off from the shore, ascending the pilgrims' road, the humming of wild bees and sweet singing of birds, mingled with the singular whirring noise of the grey locust's flight, as he darted from tree to tree in the sunlight haze.

The road up which we were now toiling was paved with stone blocks very worn and slippery, presenting the same aspect now as it did during the Middle Ages, when it used to be trodden daily by pilgrims' feet. Along these well-worn stone ledges the white clothed penitents from distant Grasse have climbed, and pilgrim thousands from Nice, hoping to obtain rain thereby for their olive and vine yards.

We diverged from the route and sat down beneath the mighty horizontal stretching branches of a venerable oak. Rocks of quaint, fantastic forms, covered the ground. Black ants, of immense size, ran amid the withered leaves, or crawled along the huge trunk of our leafy canopy. The tree itself might have formed a study for the painter. An immense bough ran off sheer into air, parallel with the ground—a bough large enough to form a stately tree in itself. Around, massed up, were worn cliff rocks, perforated with cavernous holes, through which the lizard darted swiftly at the sound of coming footsteps. We rested for some time, and then I removed a stone, and looking closely I saw a black scorpion lying on it. He seemed dead at first, but as I held the stone he commenced to move—evidently recovering from his winter's sleep—then he

darted off, holding his claws open, and presenting his envenomed sting from his tail, held upward as though to screen his head. A miniature black lobster he looked like; and as we turned up some other stones, two more rustled off amid the leaves. We despatched the poisonous and dangerous creatures, and determined to inspect stones more narrowly ere again sitting on them. Centipedes wriggled along from out the stones—huge hornets buzzed past—and a gecko lizard, held in dread by the peasantry—darted into a recess between aged stones, and left only its tail visible. The *Gecko* or *Taranto* or *gramua*, is especially dreaded in the county of Nice. If it ventures inside a house, the whole community thereof chase it, and make it a victim. Mistral, in his poem of "Calendau," says of it—

> "Deja, pèr li draio viranto
> Escalon coume de taranto."[1]

Numbers of these very large and unpleasant-looking reptiles are to be met with in the Esterelles.

A large yellow bird, resembling a canary in plumage, and about the size of a crow, darted through the leafage of our branching oak—its wings glistening like gold in the sunlight.

We now began to re-ascend the pilgrims' way, and at last reached the summit.

The panorama was one of the most beautiful that I have ever seen.

It is a grand spectacle at Pau, upon a summer night, to gaze upon the vast chain of the Pyrenees. I remember one still, breathless night, when not one single sigh of air seemed to fan the roses clustering in the garden beneath my window. Suddenly a loud peal of thunder rolled overhead, and then another,

[1] "Already, by winding paths,
They ascend like the taranto."

louder still; and then, along the whole indented mountain-line of the Pyrenees, a deep lightning glare flashed with baleful splendour—lighting up forests and cliffs, peaks and crags, with strange and startling vividness. Then came an interval of deep silence, broken only by the rattling of billiard balls, as gamblers across the street, with open windows, plied their unholy traffic—and then a perfect storm of fiercest thunder peals rolled amid the mountain crests, and peak after peak glowed with awful distinctness of outline in the yellow lightning flashes that played amid the dark caverns and giant trees of these great mountain summits.

But dreadful as such a prospect was in its dazzling grandeur, for magnificence of view, the panorama which now greeted our eyes as we stood before the chapel, was fully as remarkable.

A few weeks before, when I had ascended this hill for the second time, a few companies of infantry were scattered skirmishing through the rocks and brushwood; some kneeling behind the crags with presented rifles, and long bayonets gleaming in the sunlight; others lurking behind the low trees of the hill-side; officers directing their manœuvres, and buglers waiting to sound instructions, as the scarlet kepis gleamed amid the rocks and foliage of the hill-side.

Now, all was still, save when the quarrymen engaged in excavation close by the Pharo, prepared for a blast, and ran out to seek shelter, and warn spectators of danger. A solitary hunter, with a gun across his shoulders, and brown knapsack, leaned against the light-house wall, as he smoked his pipe and gazed upon the view.

Beneath us lay the Cap' d'Antibes — the Bacon battery guarding its shores. A forest of low gnarled pines and oaks, which for ages have battled with the mighty mistral, and the no less dreaded East wind, rising from its crags and underwood.

To one side, in wondrous curves of beauty, extended the Gulf of San Juan, guarded by the serrated Esterelles; and behind their blue crests, trended out in bolder yet fainter sweep the mountains in whose shadows the feluccas of San Tropez creep along. Then to the other side, the vast giants of the snow-crowned Maritime Alps towered on high, with the mountains laving their bases in the Mediterranean, and guarding Nice and Mentoni, Verstimillia and San Remo in their ravines. Monaco, with its soil reddened by the blood of suicides, who had lost their all in the accursed gambling salons of Monte-Carlon, and its bleak, treeless, soilless mountain rising above its little peninsula and aged fortress. Biot behind Antibes—that strange Biot, whose sons still speak the dialect of distant Genoa, and retain yet many Genoese customs, souvenir of the distant time when they belonged to La Superba. Then Cagnes, and behind it, perched on a mountain peak, Vence, that quaint old town of many memories, and 'neath the mountain shades the Saracen village of Al-bar.

Wondrous curving shores of beauty, across whose blue waters feluccas steal with snow-white wings expanded. Gleaming snow peaks glancing in the sun; olive-shaded valleys, vines mingling with roses, and convoluted fig-trees, with gnarled branches, bowed unto the ground, clustering around the red-tiled *bastides* and palm-surrounded houses of the Cornice road and inland valleys.

The mountains of the Moors, where once the Saracens for centuries held possession, and where still the inhabitants are of Saracenic blood, and are dreaded by the quiet citizens of Cannes, join the Esterelles to those grand Maritime Alps. As I gaze upon this lovely succession of views, Eugene Emmanuel's charming "Canson doou Conscriç Nizzart" comes into my mind. I will translate it from the dialect of Nice—

SONG OF THE NIZZARD CONSCRIPT IN LOMBARDY.

Oh, Nice, so fair to me,
To thee in thought I fly ;
'Neath rows of olive trees
My red-tiled home descry.
Pleasures my sad heart fill,
A thousand mem'ries thrill.
And happy years come back to me
Of childish life and glee.

When through the meadows bounding
I leaped the brook resounding ;
The butterfly on flower besprinkled tree,
Or sparrows chirp, were ecstasy to me—
Like to some little wanderer on I stray,
Laughing and strong the happy summer's day.
Oh, happy hours ! Oh, Nice, so fair, so sweet !
To thee I fly in many a longing dream ;
Thy red-tiled roofs in fancy oft I greet,
And orange groves that fair for ever seem.

I hail each mountain brow
Which wears an eternal smile ;
I feel thy sea breeze now,
Blue skies my thoughts beguile.
Unto my home in reverie I turn
There, there's the stove—the aged copper urn—
The kneading trough—the table that has stood
Inside so long, of carven olive wood.
I see the cart—I mark the iron hoe,
The axe I've swung for many a woodland blow,
And hear my very dog, who waileth forth his woe !
In yonder corner see my cradle lie,
I hear the sound of mother's lullaby ;
Oh, little one, she cries, with soothing tone,
Sleep on, my babe, sleep on !

Oh, happy home ! Oh, Nice, so fair, so sweet,
To thee I fly in many a longing dream ;
Thy red-tiled roof in reverie I greet,
And orange groves that fair for ever seem.

Liberty ! Hark the war cry
Which Italy has raised on high ;
To thy banner now I fly ;
  Each peasant, soldier, now appears
Through the whirling battle-dust ;
On we march, in God our trust,
  Nor muskets now nor bullets kindle fear ;
For we are veterans grown
Who call the Seguran our own.
But when at night I rest my head on knapsack,
Tasting the sweet repose of bivouac,
From far away I hear it come again
Floating upon the breeze a sweet refrain,
Which says—Oh, Nice, so fair, so sweet,
  To thee I fly in many a longing dream ;
Thy red-tiled roof in memory I greet,
  And orange trees that golden ever seem !
Upon the battle plain
The gold lace stripe I'll win ;
Return to home again,
With medal enter in ;
I'll cry to my native land—
For you my blood was shed by foreign hand,
When Italy rang out her battle cry
                Of liberty !
Then at my very door I see
The wife, the babe who comes to welcome me.
    Oh, I grasp in my very heart
    This sweet hope, ne'er from it to part ;
That I may, when grown old and weak,
These words to my child then speak—

Oh, fair sky ! Oh, Nice, so fair and sweet,
  To thee I fly in many a longing dream ;
Thy red-tiled roof in memory I greet,
  And orange trees that golden ever seem !

"Piglia garda messiè." Look out, sir ; take care—the quarrymen came running out of their excavations ; and in a few moments a loud report was heard, and then another, and a shower of stones was sent high in air ; some of them struck the red-tiled roof of the light-house keeper's residence.

"We are more fortunate to-day than a few days ago, when, as you see them, the shutters were broken by a volley of stone bullets." The light-house keeper came out on his roof to inspect damages.

It was time now to return ; but ere departing, we proceeded to examine the old chapel of the pilgrims, from whence a strain of sweet music was borne upon the ear.

CHAPTER XII.

FRÈRE RICHARD!

"Pensativo està don opos,
Doctor en ambos derechos,
Catedratico de prima
En el mismo claustro y gremio."
—*Don Jose Joaquin De Mora.*

THE strains of music that floated on the ear were exquisitely sweet. We stood and listened at the ancient iron grated door that guarded the entrance to the chapel.

Presently a monk, clad in brown serge, came forth—a man of mild, benevolent aspect, whose hair was grey with years—and courteously invited us to enter.

The chapel was a large, plain, unadorned structure. Architecture had done but little for it; time, apparently, had passed over it without leaving many traces of its progress.

The walls were hung with many votive tablets—chiefly relating to the sea, and dangers escaped therein.

One painting represented a felucca running from Antibes to Nice in a heavy gale of wind—a terrific sea is sweeping madly along, and the rent canvas flutters from the long yards as the terrified seamen try to head her to the waves.

Another marine view depicts a schooner in a state of mutiny, and her crew anxiously looking over the bulwarks towards an English frigate, that lies with her maintopsail to the mast, to windward, while relief comes from her fast approaching boats.

Another rescued seaman has posted up a large engraving representing a cyclone in the West Indies; and while ocean steamers, despite their engines, are driven ashore, his craft holds on by her anchors.

Then crutches and old sou-westers are to be seen suspended —a Madonna, with lace garment hung over it, and that curious mixture of the tawdry which is to be met with even in the grandest cathedrals, which follow the Roman rite, and which Ritualistic worship is fast succeeding in introducing into some of our most venerable churches.

The old monk led the way to a small organ, which was simply painted, and afforded outwardly but little evidence of artistic finish or adornment. "I made it all myself," said he, with a manner half deprecating, half inviting your opinion of the instrument.

He was a benign, kind-looking ecclesiastic, whose worn features might have reminded you that he had seen sorrow, and yet whose simple, kind glance through his spectacles told of unaffected cheerfulness and kindness of heart.

"I made it all myself," he repeated; and then sat down before it and began to play. The strains were exquisitely sweet. I retreated a few paces, and stood by one of the massive pillars, and a flood of melody was borne around me as the old monk played. His whole heart evidently went forth into that music—it was evident that that organ had become almost a portion of his own life.

As he played a wild, sweet, dream-like strain, it seemed to me as though Frère Richard's music recalled to me the Cathedral of Lucerne—the evening twilight shades—the darkling gloom of the aged cloisters, and the music of the grand organ, anon wailing forth the piteous cries of travellers lost in the Alpine snows and mountain storm, and then melting into

the angel voices sweetly sounding from the walls of Zion on high.

The old hermit, with a quiet smile, then ascended a little gallery at the far end of the church, and played a little upon another organ, also made by himself. There was something very singular in the richness and depth of the tone of these instruments. They were comparatively small, and yet they filled the chapel. The old man now ascended the stairs to his own apartments, and re-issued thence bearing two violins, which he had also fabricated.

It was evident that music was the absorbing idea of the old man's life. "I would go anywhere," he said, "to build organs for the glory of God."

I think that if Frère Richard were to be invited to visit some of the great organ factories of Paris, London, or Dublin, he could suggest some improvements, and would build an organ unrivalled for sweet mellowness of tone.

We went out into the air again, and the old man placed some chairs for our party to rest; and then he handed us the large *long vue*, with which often he had swept the distant shores of the Riviern, or gazed through at the foaming waves of the Mediterranean.

See how clearly you can perceive Nice and the mountains of the Alps, and Villa Franca with its lighthouse, and the coast line towards Monaco and Mentoni. "Ah, how many a wild storm I have seen surging over the blue waters below!"

Leaving Frère Richard and his chapel behind us, we descended slowly on our way towards Antibes, so full of interest in more ways than one.

The celebrated *Brèche osseuse d'Antibes* deserves the visit of the traveller, who may find himself upon the platform before the Hermit's Chapel.

The first time that I entered it, the keeper of the Pharo acted as my guide. It is difficult of access, as you have to scale some rugged rocks and crags, worn by the action of the weather into the most fantastic shapes, perforated and grooved by the ceaseless assaults of time. These cliffs, fringed with myrtle, rise in the noon-tide heat, affording shelter amid their cliffs for the wild bees to deposit their honey-combs, and commanding a magnificent prospect over the Cap d'Antibes, with the wind-swept trees below.

Keeping along the ridge of rocks, as though descending towards Nice, after some difficulty—even though led by the resident official—the narrow crevasse was found. It would be a great gain if a staff were fixed to mark its locality—as a pole is fastened to the crest of the Grand Pine inland; for when I had left the cave, and my guide had departed, I, upon returning in a short time to it, could not succeed, amid the perplexing similarity of rock, in again re-entering it.

Upon a subsequent visit to Antibes, I was more fortunate however.

The *brèche* is situated but a short distance from the light-house, in a direct line. Its width is only about two feet and a half, and its length, roughly measured with an umbrella as standard, some twelve feet. Between the vertical walls of the cavern a great quantity of bones has been discovered. These bones are bedded into the rock walls in a species of hard plaster. The *savant* pronounces them to be bones, but the uncritical eye would certainly challenge his decision.

I succeeded, although unprovided with hammer or chisel, in breaking off some fragments with the steel spike of my olive-wood stick. The plaster is of a white-yellowish tinge. These fossils are certainly very rare, and of much interest in a scientific point of view.

There is a strong tendency on the part of many geologists to leap to a conclusion from data that cannot warrant it if sifted—which data may be either suspicious in themselves, or may be explained by some other supposition. The Troglodytes, or cave men of Gaul—which have for some few years past been supposed to have been so ancient in origin—have to my mind been rendered exceedingly doubtful in point of antiquity, since the discovery that their skulls possess an exceeding resemblance to those of the aborigines of Australia.

A very singular fact occurred in 1864, when the Bishop of Nancy, having ordered a complete revision of the relics of his diocese, an examination was made of the skull of St. Mansay, who was an Irishman, and Bishop of Toul in the sixth century.

His skull, after a minute examination made by the physicians, presented, even to excess, all the characters of this so-called first fossil race of Troglodytes.

The race of Cro-Magnon, who seem to have lived in caves also—so called from the locality of that name in Department de la Dordogne, when, in 1868, several specimens have been found, especially at Mentone—shows that a race of very high stature once existed in the Maritime Alps, and that artists possessed of much skill lived among them, as appears from the bone upon which was found graven the likeness of a rein-deer. This race worked apparently with bone and stone.

Now all these races will yet be found, I believe, to be of much more recent antiquity than geologists would fain suppose. The icy cold of a cavern—the action of the weather—of sea air—as at this cave at Antibes—the circumstance of inequalities of civilisation occurring at the same time, as at the present day, when the stone arms of the South Sea islander and the weapons of precision of civilised nations meet together in active

use—all these matters are left out of account, and upon slight premises indeed a great theoretical race is constructed.

Lacustrian habitations are supposed to be of the age of stone arms and bronze weapons; yet Gaulish medals found among them prove that they are more recent than is imagined.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DRUMMER OF ARCOLO.

"The dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns,—
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."
—*Hamlet.*

I FOUND much pleasure in my visits to Antibes—daughter of Marseilles. She has preserved more Roman antiquities than her parent.

Few travellers apparently come to see the old town, and yet it is deserving of inspection.

It is singular to observe the fortified rampart which runs round the whole extent of Antibes, and to enter in, amid the roll of drums that the little drummers are beating in the ditch, and past the blue-coated soldiers, through the old archway with drawbridge and ancient gate that leads into the town.

We are told that the figs of Antibes are especially renowned. The vines also bear wonderfully, and the olive trees afford a better profit to their owners than upon the Cannes, or perhaps even the Nice side of the Litoral.

The tartanes of Antibes bear away deck loads of pottery, and cargoes of cut stone. Tobacco also is much exported, as also fruits of many kinds.

The quaint old shops in the town contain little—candied oranges and thunnies, preserved in oil, lying cut up in pieces in small pails—dried ling and maccaroni. Cafes filled with officers —for Antibes is a garrison town, thus holding an advantage over Cannes—and barracks, whose long rooms, occupied by soldiers, remind one of similar institutions at home. If you enter you see the men engaged in polishing their Chassepots, or lying on their beds—some reading, others writing. In our barracks you would see many men engaged in making curious quilts out of divers pieces of coloured cloth—an art which the British soldier excels in, although latterly it is very difficult to obtain the necessary fragments of cloth for the purpose.

If you enter the barracks at Antibes and consult the sergeant at the guard-house, he will send a picket with you, and you can visit the rooms—precisely similar to the regulations in our home barracks.

The type of the French soldier has certainly improved since the Franco-German war, when, during the earlier part of that great contest, I had opportunity of witnessing the dread horrors of war, some of which I have recorded at the time in a volume called by a provençal title.[1] I saw with surprise that the men who were hastily going to the front, or being sent off for rapid drill, were physically far inferior to many who were wildly singing the *Marseillaise* in the streets, and yet had no idea of doing anything themselves, with the exception of cheering the mob-lots who thronged in in companies waving the tricolor, and shouting hoarse battle songs. These soldiers were fine muscular young men for the most part. In a military point of view, Antibes is subject to the jurisdiction of a Commandant de Place, of the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. As a place of war it

[1] "La Debonado: Scenes, Sketches, and Incidents in France and Germany during the War." James Nisbet & Co., London.

belongs to the first series—that is to say, it has three zones of service like great cities, and it is comprised in the *circonscription* of the 15me Corps d' Armée, whose seat is at Nice.

The fishermen of Antibes are subjected to the jurisdiction of the *Prud'hommes pécheurs*, as in other ports of the Mediterranean belonging to France. Their decisions are regulated by the *décret* of 19th November, 1859.

The pilotage of Antibes is effected by an old naval captain. There is no fixed tariff for his services. The harbour is a very safe and sheltered one for vessels of moderate tonnage—having an average depth of from eighteen to twenty feet.

The square fort built by Vauban to the north of the Aux de St. Roch looms over the still waters of the picturesque little bay, on the lower side of which the lighthouse on the mole is seen, and the spars of the shipping in the port, and then the town of Antibes itself, with its famed Roman towers, erects itself; and lower again, towards Cannes, the wind-swept peninsula, with its white bastides and conical mount of La Garoupe.

Passing along the high road from the *gare*, a shepherd lying on the dried-up grass is overtaken—his sheep scattered all around—and the narrow streets of Antibes are reached, through the old archway guarded by soldiers of France.

There is a fine poem by Frederic Mistral, in which he has painted one of the most affecting episodes of the wars of the Republic. It is called *Lou Tambour D'Arcolo*—"The Drummer of Arcolo"[1]—and tells of the heroism of a little provençal tambour who followed the standards, *a la coucourdo*—the coucourdo or gourd being the emblem of the provençal democracy, both in 1789, and also in 1830.

[1] The drummer of Arcolo was named Etienne (Stephen), and came from Cadenet (Vaucluse).

It describes an incident in the campaign of Napoleon I. against the Austrians, and is written in his loved provençal, in varying metre. I shall commence with translating *La Bataio* —the battle—which thus begins :—

A l'armado Italico
I' a' n pichounet tambour,
Que pèr la Republico
Boumbounejo d' amour.

Es un verme de terro,
Sourti de Cadenet ;
Mai aro van en guerro
Li grand e li nanet.

I.

In the army of Italy
A Drummer small there came,
His heart for the Republic
Glowed with a manly flame.

A little worm was he,
Crept out from Cadenet ;
But enlist in war you see
Dwarfs and giants on same day !

Like lilies tall they go,
The world, amazed, looks on—
The world hates them so,
For liberty they've won !

They sound the loud chamade,
The ravens, famished, soar ;
Host against host displayed
Their eagles on the shore.

Wide rivers—mountains high—
Asunder kept them long—
But now they meet to try
Whose will be the victor's song.

Pour out across the track
From cannon flame and fire ;
But gallant hearts aspire
To hurl the white coats back.

Alas! the first files low
Have sunk beneath the flame—
And, mowed down as they go,
The Brigade is but a name.

Pile upon pile of dead,
Glitters Napoleon on—
The flag has grasped, and said,
"By us shall this bridge be won!"

"Grenadiers to the front!" he cried,
But the bravest hung his head.
Oh France! thy soldiers tried,
The word "Retreat" have said.

But midst shot-torn soldiers there
A child bends o'er his drum—
The rappel beats 'mid the stifling air.
To the front the child has come!

Beating the loud rappel—
Beating, and marching on
With running pace; the fierce sounds swell—
To Napoleon's side he's gone.

He's but a linnet—true,
But his loud deep drum resounds.
It speaks so loud
To the soldier crowd,
While on that pale child bounds.

Each roll speaks of liberty,
And conscripts weep as the child they see,
And veterans growl unitedly—
And they dress as fair
As though they were
Man and man, with Catogan hair,
Marching—that mass of chivalry,
To roll of drum, with banner displayed—
Marching upon parade.

On—on! 'gainst gun and lance—
On—on! their files advance—
On—on! with mien of pride—
On! against the dread broadside—

On ! amid the flame and smoke,
See ! the leading ranks have broke—
Driven the Austrians one by one—
Charged them—driven them from each gun.
'Mid the torrent of reddest blood :
'Mid the smoke that shrouds the flood :
'Mid the whirlwind of death :
'Mid hurrahs of dying breath
The Marseillaise
These black lips raise.
On—on—running they come ;
On ! hurrah ! list the roll of the drum.
Ere sets in clouds the sun,
Arcolos bridge is won !

II.

Ah ! the drummer small has won great fame—
There's not a soldier but who boasts his name—
There's a star on his breast,
And—what he thinks best—
Napoleon, to crown his glory,
Two drumsticks of gold and ivory
Has given himself, with inscription too,
That he drummed the charge—the Austrians through !

The papers about him began to write,
And poets even in praise unite.
The boys in school make him their boast,
His name resounds from coast to coast ;
His image—his picture—in shops they show,
Each one the story tells, you know—
Brave drummer of Arcolo !

From sunny Tagus to Russian ice,
French eagles have fluttered their dread device.
Napoleon sat on the Bourbon throne,
Ruling the people from sea to Rhone—
Alas ! 'mid the glories of Napoleon's fame
They soon forgot the poor drummer's name.

" The King of the Swedes, they have made Bernadotte
Murat of Cahors Naples' sceptre has got.
Napoleon on throne—here am I, in the street,

A worn-out drummer, no shoes on my feet;
This ragged capote scarce keeps out the cold—
My tunic is tattered—my kepi is old."

But Napoleon was gone—still the old drummer there,
In the proud streets of Paris, oft was moved to despair.
"'Twere better for me had I kept to my home—
Dug away at the fields—to war never come—
This wound-scarrëd frame, how it feels this fierce frost"—
The wind from his dim eyes the bitter tears toss'd.

III.

With tottering, feeble step, the old man's gone,
Bending o'er staff, until the Pantheon
His weary steps have won.
"Why look thus sad? Why grieve,
Old grey moustache, this eve?"—
Jests a young soldier to the aged comer,
Who sinks, exhausted, till the steps receive
His bowed frame, and bends his head in pain.
Hungry and cold—despair lurks in his brain.
"What ho! old drummer,
See the setting sun
Light up these statues on yon column's brow—
I'll read the legend now,
Your eyes, mayhap, are dim.
This Pantheon you see
These glittering words on high proclaim.
This noble pile a nation great did raise,
To show how grateful France will praise
The bravest heroes of her country's chivalry,
And with perpetual fame
Will celebrate their name.
Look up, thou drummer old,
Hast known these statues, shining now like gold?"

And then the drummer raised his tear-dimmed eyes.
One long—long hungering glance he gave on high,
For there, with wild surprise,
These weary eyes descry,
Rising so plain against the sunlight clear,
His statued form—his drum in bandoleer—
Beating the charge—his very hands appear.

Across the bridge his feet run pressing on—
Beating the charge—'longside Napoleon !
Beating the charge in glory of sunlight—
Beating the charge ! thro' darkness of the night—
Beating the charge through tempest-lashed sky.

And then a wild deep throbbing grasped his swelling
breast—
A surging wave of long-expected joy :
He reels—he totters ! then, in death's still rest,
Lies the old veteran—once the drummer boy ;
And the wind breathes its mournful music low
O'er drummer hero of famed Arcolo !

Soldier of Christ ! your record is on high.
You too may fight a weary strife below—
Oft may you wander 'neath the lurid sky,
Heart stung with many a ceaseless, burning woe.
Blest hour, when trump shall sound, and you shall rise
To greet your Captain, and receive the prize—
Feel His blest hand your burning tears efface,
And chant for e'er the wonders of His grace.

CHAPTER XIV.

SEPTENTRION !

"I wandered long on Doubt's dark dismal road,
Sick at my heart, while gloomy fear was mine ;
Then Thou didst shine upon me ; O my God,
I now am Thine ! I now am Thine !"
—*Old French Huguenot Hymn.*

It has always seemed to me that the contemplative mind will find a signal aid to faith in the attentive consideration of the monuments and memorials of the ancient Roman empire, which are to be found in Southern France and Italy.

I have never passed over the ancient Roman bridge, which spans with its three arches the torrent of the Riou at Cannes, without a reflection somewhat similar to this entering my mind.

This aged bridge, some eighteen centuries in existence, has seen the conquering Roman legions pour across its arches in battle array. Perchance it may have been crossed by even one of our Lord's own Apostles. Truly it has felt the footsteps of the Christians of the earliest age, and perchance been the scene where some martyr has been cast headlong into the stream beneath. And yet it looks as recent as though it were only erected some fifty years ago.

Time has passed its hand lovingly over its old arches, and if well nigh two thousand years have here shown no sign,

what are two thousand years, that they should weaken or impair our holy faith? Just as the day when the old Romans built this bridge seems but a few years removed—it looks so modern and so strong—so with similar remembrances of the first Christian age around us, even apostolic days appear as though not far removed from us. These days stand out more vividly—appear more real—when we behold so many contemporaneous monuments.

It has been thought by some that lapse of years must impair the evidence and strength of the Christian revelation. They might as well imagine that when, in obedience to the captain's hoarse command, more cable is veered out from the gale-tossed ship—riding with top-gallants struck and yards apeak—that her security is impaired the greater the number of these iron cable links that run into the deep black waters beneath, and increase her distance from her anchors.

And so we might say that those linked years that bind the Scriptural Church of God to its great anchorage—on the Rock of Ages—as they run out into the dim past tide of time, are only securing the more firmly the labouring barque of the Church; while each link affords a fresh proof of the loving faithfulness and compassionate preserving power of the Great Master, until that hour when the Captain of our salvation shall command the running out of the cable of time to cease, and will cause His tried, tempest-beaten, yet exultant followers to enter into the glorious city—Zion on high—to live with Him for ever.

The Town-hall of Antibes, or Hotel de Ville, was sought by me in the anticipation that, if Roman antiquities were to be found, they would there be most probably located. The outside of the building was not very remarkable. As I entered, a tall moustached individual very courteously pointed out in

the second hall a Roman tomb, which I straightway set to work to decipher.

It was hard work trying to make out the inscription; but presently the *concierge* appeared, and, with a good-humoured smile, brought down from the upper story a pail of water, which he dashed over the letters, and then gave them a good rubbing. Still, despite all efforts, when I had placed some paper upon the inscription, and rubbed it with a pencil, I found that only a few words were legible.

The name *Sicilia* was very plain; the word DEO was easily deciphered. *Provincia* followed.

I was commencing to understand the inscription, when the restless movement of the *concierge* began to warn me that he thought I had spent time enough over this tomb.

If *Moussu* would come out, he would show him much more interesting inscriptions.

I reluctantly complied, hoping to return afterwards; but, unfortunately, did not succeed in any of my visits to Antibes in being able to return and complete my investigations. I give it as far as I could unravel it:—

VILIV FLAVINIVS
DEO NRIONIS TVLVS
DOMO CATI IAEXPR
OVINCIA SICILIA N

Vilius Flavinius appears to have been a centurion from the Province of Sicily, and to have lived in the days of Nero.

The church of Antibes is a singular looking, low structure, of an indescribable form of architecture. On either side, the celebrated Roman square towers are to be seen, composed of massive rectangular blocks of stone, roughly chiselled in front, but set without any mortar, as though reposing through their

own weight. They rise high in air; a gnarled plum-tree, with white flowers, growing out from the corner summit of the one which I stood before.

A curious inscription, graven on a stone set in the tower, attracted my attention.

Dom.
Pueri Septentrionis
an xii
Qvi Antipoli
In Theatro Bidvo
Placvit et Saltavit.[1]

How touching this sad memorial, after some eighteen hundred years, this poor child's transitory appearance on the stage, chronicled as freshly as though it were but yesterday! The theatre itself—demolished in 1691 to make room for a *parc d'artillerie*—no solitary vestige of it remaining. And here the poor boy's two days—the *biduo* of his weary life—chronicled for ages! How wondrous a scene that will be when the Chronicle of all the past events of life will appear—when the child's few days and the old man's many years will yield their history! No need then of granite or of marble inscription, when the past will come to life again.

As when some old familiar melody of days gone by, once played by hands now mouldering in the grave, will fill the eyes with tears and heart with sad remembrances, because it brings with every note the past around thee once again.

[1] To the Manes
of
The boy Septentrion,
xii years,
Who, in the Theatre of Antipolis,
Pleased and danced
Two days.

So when that first sweet yet awful melody, breathed forth from archangel's trumpet, will float around the graves of the churchyard—mingle with the wild music of the sea—waken the echoes of the mountain crests, and call the sheeted dead to stand before their God—how every note will cause a wondrous resurrection then in every heart ! How buried faces, buried thoughts, and hidden acts, will then come forth to life ! and all the past of life, wakened up by that wild ghastly music strain, will appear once more ! Thrice blessed he whose past of sin has been pardoned by the atoning blood of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us !

There was another inscription a little distance off, which gave me a good deal of trouble to decipher, and which I only partially succeeded in ascertaining the meaning of.

An old archway under a house is covered with a tomb inverted, whose inscription being, of course, inverted also, and the stone itself being black with age, and the lettering defective —although I took much pains in copying it—I could not succeed as I would have wished.

It is truly rather unpleasant to stand, pencil and note-book in hand, before a small but admiring crowd of Antibeans, who would volunteer the valuable information that it was a Roman inscription ; that it was very ancient ; and who, by guesses of their own as to the letters, and muttered comments on your rendering of them, made one wish them anywhere but in your vicinity—

LAIBUCIO S : CAIU. ANO AI.
BACIA CHRYSIS
MATER ET SIBI POST EPIS OAE. SVIS
FECIT.

Which would seem to be that for S. Caius Laibucius, his mother Bacia Chrysis made it for herself and her descendants.

Strange how this old Roman lady, resident in a distant land, far from the yellow Tiber's shore, should have her name thus perpetuated.

What a book might be written on these ancient Roman inscriptions. That old tomb which, dedicated to Tiberius Claudius Secundus, has these keen words written upon its front—

Here with himself he has his all.

At Rome there is an ancient inscription graven on the tomb of an infant named Speratus—

For eight months only I, Speratus, lived.
For me the household—for me dear parents weep ;
By fate caught now, I slumber 'neath this tomb,
Who will not grieve at my untimely doom.
If you had seen me on my funeral throng,
Tears you would pour the weary way along,

At Naples there is a marble tablet with five receptacles for catching the mourner's tears, and this inscription—

If piety exists breathe forth your sighs,
And fill, oh, friend, with me this marble void.
For beauty's model vanished when my Lyda died,
Whom either men or gods have caused to die.

There is at Rome a Greek inscription on a tomb—

Σιμιλις ενταυθα κειτα,
Βιους μεν ετη $\overline{N}$.
Ζη (ας δε ετη $\overline{Z}$.

Similis lies here,
Who existed for fifty years,
But lived seven years.

If this be a heathen inscription, how striking a comment it gives upon the words of St. Paul's—"But God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved)."—EPHESIANS ii. 4, 5.

Similis looked upon his life as being only seven years ; all the rest was death.

Alas ! how many a one is living a life like the forty-three years of Similis.

But the touching hopelessness that breathes in old Roman and Greek heathen inscriptions is contrasted with the Christian's hope.

In the tomb of Aurelia Florentia, a Christian, there are two perpendicular lines of letters between which the inscription is enclosed. These lines read thus—

Florenti Aei In Pace—Always flourishing in peace.

There is a touching inscription—

Primitius in pace qui post multas
Angustias—Fortissimus Martyr
Et vixit Annis XXXVIII.

Primitius in peace, who, after many tortures, (died) a bravest martyr, and had lived for thirty-eight years.

In another inscription, also Roman—

Primus qui bixit annos dexodeci requiescit in pace—

we may observe the use of b for v in the *bixit* instead of vixit, and also how different the old primitive Scripture faith of these ancient martyrs was, to the doubtful dread faith of Rome in the "rests in peace," instead of the prayer "may he rest"—*requiescat.*

The touching dread hopelessness of the heathen Roman inscription is truly beautifully contrasted with the hope-breathing words of the Christian's epitaph.

How terrible is death to those who have no Saviour. How awful the grave to those who believe that the spirit perishes with the body. But how impossible to paint the ghastly horror,

the anguished despair, of those who see their loved ones depart, and, alas! know of no better land, no summer clime, no city Heavenly, where the weary are at rest.

There was a painting in the Louvre which thrilled me with a profound sensation of gloom when first I saw it.

A beautiful maiden form lay upon the bed of death. An old man sat by her side. One rigid arm lay across the coverlet, and his clenched fingers were fastened round its snowy wrist; but, oh! the dread, unutterable horror that seemed as though frozen in his eyes. It was as though all the poetry and the joy of his whole existence had for ever faded away, and despair had come instead.

"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Even in the chamber of death, even with breaking heart and weeping eye, the poor child of God rests assured of this.

"The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away."—Isaiah li. 11.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CAP D' ANTIBES.

Encars cantarèu
Dins moun desaire,
Nous salude, souleu
A zur de' l'aire !

—*W. Buonparte-Wyse.*

It is very pleasant, on a hot spring day, to wander along the shore of La Garoupe, when one has gained a shelter 'neath a red cork tree, to turn one's view upon the still waters rippling around the bow of the fishermen's boat, as he drops coil upon coil of brown nets into the waters of the bay; and then looking beyond the massive ramparts of Antibes, to gaze upon the snow-crowned Maritime Alps purpling in the golden sunlight, or to sit upon some one of those sharp crags which rise above the water line, and to watch the sardines flashing blue and green by turns in the depths below, as they dart in and out from the rocks.

You may improvise a rod from one of those long floating canes which lie upon the shore, or drift in tangled with sea-weed, and you may drop a fly over the wary fish below; but it will take time and pains to persuade one of these little tenants of the deep to change his freedom for the shore. My children have tried it very vigorously with all manner of devices, and still the tiny fish darts about the hook, and still goes free.

Some years ago a yacht, with cloud of snow-white canvas, was often seen for days together anchored off the Cap d' Antibes.

Rambling along the shore ladies belonging to her were seen, and her owner, an English gentleman, used to spend days together with his family upon these rocks. At last the Mayor of the ancient town and a deputation of the council waited upon the Englishman, and having announced that they had been struck with the fact of his evidently admiring their bay, and that they prayed his acceptance of a piece of ground along the peninsula, upon which he might build a chateau for a winter residence.

The Englishman thanked them for their kindness, but said that he could not accept it as a gift; that he would purchase the ground, and build the house, as he liked Antibes exceedingly. Thus it came to pass that the foundations were laid of a splendid residence, and day after day saw it progressing towards completion. One day the Englishman called in at the meeting of the Town Council, to consult them relative to procuring a supply of water for his chateau. They noticed that he suddenly leaned his head upon his hand, and when they went to assist him, to their horror the English gentleman was dead.

His family erected a mansion not as large as the one which he was building, and the tomb of the English gentleman is to be seen inside their ground in that beautiful sunshine garden which he loved so well.

Upon the Lord's Day divine service is celebrated in the villa; and now a splendid Hotel du Cap—the Villa Soleil—offers ample accommodation to the sojourners at Antibes. If a few handsome villas were erected in sheltered spots, Antibes might share in the prosperity of the Riviera.

It is to be hoped, though, that Antibes will not put forth such a doubtful attraction for popular favour as Doctor Francesco Lemeria has done, when pleading for Bordighera. A new cemetery has been erected there, divided into compartments, for the convenience of those of different religions. Persons who would wish to build there tombs or mausoleums have only to address a demand to the Commune, and they will obtain a piece of land in the cemetery at a reasonable rate.

Truly Bordighera, after such an attraction as this, must soon distance all its rivals.

There is a singular-looking old fortification known as Fort Bacon, erected on the end of the peninsula or Cap d'Antibes, on that side which looks towards the town.

A line of rough outer works, disposed in military formation, and built up of rough round stones and blocks of rock heaped upon one another, forms an outer defence for some rude semi-cottages, which might be occupied by troops in case of necessity, and before whose shuttered windows nothing now moves save the glancing lizard as it basks in the sunlight, and rapidly glides into its den when it sees danger approaching.

The douanier, with gun upon his shoulder as he paces his round, alone enters the lonely courts, through whose wind-blown precincts the mistral moans its mournful chant; and beneath the rocks, overspread with myrtle jungle, the deep blue sea washes into the clefts and crevices, and casts aloft its fleecy foam.

The view from this strange old fort, which seems as though giants in play had rolled together these round, perforated granite blocks to guard the hill-side, is singular enough. To one side, the pines swept by the East wind and stormy mistral, rise a perfect ocean of gnarled branches and rustling leave fronds, spreading their long roots over crag and rock. Beyond,

again, the dim blue Esterelles fringe the distant sky with their serrated peaks ; and far as the eye can reach the great blue sea extends towards distant Corsica, dotted with triangular sails of coasting feluccas, while haze-covered Alps trend into the Mediterranean far away towards Monaco, and from the fishermen, standing as they row, some melodious song floats upward in the dialect of Antibes.

The fishermen of the Gulf of Nice complain much of the want of fish, and attribute the scarcity thereof to the numbers of porpoise which frighten away the smaller fish. Others believe that the destructive nets which these fishermen use, and the quantities of fry that are taken, are the causes of this want. In March and April the *Poutina*, or small sardines, are conserved in vast quantities. All the year round the fishermen capture the *merlan de la Mediterranèe*, which is called in the Provençal *marlus*, and which differs in flavour from the merlaw of the ocean. This *marlus*, or whiting, is more especially captured in October and February.

The *loubas*, or *loup de mar*, or wolf of the sea, may be taken when trolling with a spinning bait ; sometimes they weigh between forty and fifty pounds, and are much esteemed as an article of food.

I sat down upon a stone bench alongside one of the rude low houses which comprised the interior quarters of the Fort Bacon. Large barrels, filled with fœtid water, were placed at each angle to catch the rain that might fall from the roofs.

Two douaniers in blue uniforms, with muskets slung across their shoulders, ascended the hill-side, and sat down inside the old fort, casting a careless glance towards a black hulled craft which was slowly making its way along the Cap. A large square sail set on the foremast, and a solitary forestaysail, with a white mainsail occasionally fluttering in the gentle breeze,

and a tricolor drooping from the peak ; while the crew, with red phrygian bonnets, gazed o'er the bulwarks as the rippling foam flashed around the sharp bows.

I wandered along the rough fortification, with its huge granite blocks gleaming in the sun, and then striking down amid a jungle of luxuriant myrtles, mingled with pines and lentisques, which covered the rocks in whose clefts the wild bees hummed, and over whose wild flowers the orange-coloured butterflies floated, and the green and grey locusts chattered their wings as they fled from tree to tree disturbed by my advancing step. At last I saw a chateau rising from the vine-clothed grounds, whose appearance amid the grey olive trees and cork trees was singularly picturesque.

A garden, fringed with luxuriant aloes and dense prickly pears, with rich geranium flowers, and a few old gnarled fig-trees spreading forth their pendant branches covered with green leaves, completed the picture.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STORY OF THE OLD CHATEAU OF THE CAP D'ANTIBES.

"A reverend pile,
With bold projections and recesses deep,
Shadowy, yet gay, and lightsome as it stood
Fronting the noon-day sun."

—*Wordsworth.*

THE good people of Antibes were keeping holiday. A great procession had swept upward along the worn, glistening stone ledges of the pilgrims' track to the aged chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde. Banners and music waved and sounded in the still summer air; and as the undulating line of the long procession moved on through the ascending path amid the myrtle bushes, and upward through cork trees, stately oaks, and lofty pines and larches, onward beneath swept reinforcements of the town's people, chanting in their local dialect a melodious hymn.

The old Fort of Bacon held but two inmates amid its ruined walls. One a maiden form of some eighteen years, over whose pale face drooped a Spanish hat and long white feather, and who seemed deeply engaged in conversation with a young man of grave and noble aspect, tall and manly in form, and wearing the costume of the French Protestant pastor of the last century.

There was a strange indefinable charm in the face which that Spanish sombrero overshaded—a wistful, yearning glance

in the lustrous sad eyes, which looked up so fondly into those of her companion.

Blanche de Villeneuve was the only child of the Comte de Villeneuve, who was the descendant of Arnaud de Villeneuve near Vence, and who is supposed to have discovered alcohol in 1314. This celebrated professor of medicine taught with great *éclat* the students of the University of Montpellier; and beneath the ancient portrait which was preserved in the chateau, these singular lines might be deciphered, graven in the Provençal:—

"Acò 's d'enguènt de mèste Arnaud:
Se fai pas beu, fara pas mau!"

"This is the ointment of Master Arnaud:
If 'twill do no good, it won't work woe!"

Whatever might be the secret of this renowned salve of the old Professor, it certainly was a safer remedy than those of many of his modern confreres.

Arnaud de Villeneuve, father of Blanche, was a recluse—he lived only amid his books. Old Elzevirs bound in white—rare Aldine editions from the Venetian printing press—singular folios, with characteristic printers' monograms—were to him the solace of life. Blanche was taught by him many a singular piece of ancient lore. She was a good Greek scholar, and Latin had been long imparted to her by the care of her father. She used to delight in improvising wild, dream-like music—hour after hour, strange reveries, alternating with wild, barbaric clangour, and anon with sweet, delicious, low strains that stole into the heart, were heard proceeding from her harp.

Amid all the ladies of the grand old race of the Villeneuves, Blanche might have fairly held her own; and, strange to say, among the old portraits of the knightly de Villeneuves, there was one—the painting of a beauteous, albeit wild and scornful lady—which resembled Blanche exceedingly.

This Saracen countess wore an oriental head-dress, and was painted in a strange, weird looking garb; the handle of a poniard was grasped in one tiny white hand, and a certain mingled air of dread and haughtiness played around the lovely face. It was one of those unfathomable expressions which the painter had caught as it flitted past, and had handed down to succeeding time—which, had not the painting been a portrait, one might have looked upon as a mere caprice of his art.

There was a tradition in the family that the Saracen countess had been the daughter of a famous chieftain, who held his stronghold in the mountains of the Esterelles. That upon one occasion the Comte de Villeneuve, being arrested by his wild cavalry, was thrown into a prison cell, but that he had been rescued by the daughter of the Saracen Emir; and when he had succeeded in reaching his own chateau, he had induced her to become his bride. And there were old tales told of the undying hostility that rankled in her father's heart ever after. How that he had often attempted with fire and sword to destroy the dwelling-place of his daughter; and at last, disguised as an itinerant musician, was slain in a ferocious effort to murder her, whom he looked upon as a recreant from Islam.

Strange, in truth, how this startling likeness existed between these two faces, separated by so long an interval of time!

The de Villeneuves, Comtes of Vence and of Trans, although deprived of much of that wealth and family estate which they once enjoyed, still clung to the traditions of their proud race; and many a time Arnaud de Villeneuve would turn to that passage in the sixth canto, in which Dante speaks of Romieu de Villeneuve, the celebrated minister of Raymond Beranger III., Count of Provence:

> "E dentro alla presenta margherita
> Luce la luce di Romeo, di cui
> Fu l' opra grande e bella mal gradita."

The young Pasteur who now stood by Blanche's side was of an origin fully as ancient as her own. Guy de Barras was sprung from the noble family of Barras, a race who had their ancient chateau in the Basses-Alpes at Barras, and of whom the old proverb of the Provençal peasants uttered this encomium :—

"Noble coume li Barras
Autant viei que li roucas."[1]

Guy, when living a life of intense gaiety, was suddenly led to renounce his follies, and to devote himself to the preparation required for a Southern French pastor's college course. He had passed through the college, and was now looked upon as a wondrously awakening and earnest preacher, possessed of much eloquence, heightened by the charm of a singularly sweet yet deep voice.

He accepted no salary, and had no fixed post of duty : he preferred to wander through the south of France as an ordained Evangelist, endeavouring to waken up the congregations professing the Reformed faith.

At the present day there is a room in which the few French Protestants of Antibes worship together. A notice outside informs you that pastors come across from Cannes on certain Sundays to conduct Divine service there.

Guy, when preaching in the old town one day, noticed a sweet pale face, and eyes in whose lustrous light a deep, intense anxiety was painted. The Pasteur stepped forward as the lady slowly retired ; and it needed not much questioning on his part to elicit the fact that Blanche de Villeneuve had awakened to the deep, unutterable importance of eternity.

In her case, being a member of the Roman Catholic Church

[1] Noble as the Barras,
As old as the rocks.

she had been under the impression that she had to do something to gain her soul's salvation; and many an anxious night she had wept and moaned, feeling the burden of sin, yet not knowing how to get rid of that sad, weary load.

De Barras had been preaching on the words of the Divine Saviour—"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

And he had painted the old prophet-warrior standing on the projecting crag, holding aloft the standard-pole, upon whose summit the brazen serpent was coiled, while all the dying Israelites, bitten by the fiery serpents, when they looked unto that brass serpent were saved.

"I wish—oh, how I wish that I could feel that my sins are thus forgiven me, by my looking unto the Lord Jesus!" And Blanche burst into tears.

The young Pasteur, with his grave compassionate gaze fixed upon the poor troubled face, answered—

"Nay, lady—God requires of you to believe that your sins are forgiven you, even without your feeling it. Remember, if you felt that they were forgiven, you would not be exercising faith. You show your faith when, lost and polluted with sin, you simply lay all your weary burden of sin upon Jesus, and believe that He has graciously accepted you, and washed it all away in His own precious blood." And he read from the fifth of St. John's First Epistle: "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life."

"Now," he said, "here is another sweet thought from the first chapter: 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth

from all sin. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' And now just read here in God's Word, in this same 21st chapter of Numbers, the only qualification required of those who were to be healed: 'It shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live.'

"Dear lady, look away from yourself—look away from your sins. Look unto the crucified Redeemer, and thou shalt live."

CHAPTER XVII.

LOU BAST BAGNO!

"Oh, Robin, what is in thy note
To fill mine eyes with bitter weeping?
Why doth each ripple from thy throat
Recall the buried past from sleeping?"

Mademoiselle Blanche de Villeneuse returned that evening to her own home, in company with her young maid, Marguerite, who had been the means of inducing her to attend the service in the temple. The words that she had heard had produced a profound impression upon her mind; but it was some time before she was able clearly to realise that she had peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord. When, however, she had begun to feel that her own works had nothing to do with winning her soul's salvation; that that salvation had been wrought out for her perfectly by Him who died on Calvary's cross, that His precious blood had effaced her guilt, and His all-sufficient righteousness had fulfilled the law of God for her which she had broken: then she began to work for God with loving earnestness, through love of Him who had given Himself for her.

She used to delight in visiting the *cabanouns* of the peasantry around, and while attending to their temporal wants, would read the sweet story that had done so much for her own self.

Guy de Barras had seen her a few times in his visits to the

Maritime Alps, and had much encouraged her to bear up against the forms of trial which had been her lot since she renounced the Church of Rome.

Her father was greatly displeased at the change in her religious belief. It was to him almost intolerable that a Villeneuve should leave the religion of her ancestors. He stormed a good deal at first; and the Abbé, who was then Curè of Antibes, with his two Vicaires, after exhausting every inducement to cause Blanche to desert the path of what they called heresy, finally gave up speaking to her, and crossed themselves with horror as they met her out of doors.

Arnaud de Villeneuve was, however, too fond of his antiquarian studies to take a very active part in troubling Blanche. He was a quiet, easy-going man, who, above everything, hated to be annoyed with anything domestic going wrong.

There was one, however, in the chateau who viewed with the deepest abhorrence the change in his young lady's mind. This was the steward, Laurent Cadaracho, who was a bigoted devotee, and who, at the same time, was more than suspected of having made himself very comfortable at his master's expense, who implicitly trusted him with the management of the whole lands of the chateau, as well as with that of a large farm a few kilometres nearer Vence.

It was a favourite expression of Cadaracho's when speaking to his friends concerning the chateau—"*Lou bast bagno*," thus proverbially intimating that there was danger awaiting the young lady thereof.[1]

Cadaracho was not popular among the people of the neighbourhood; he was looked upon as too fond of driving a hard

[1] *Lou bast bagno.* Literally, "the saddle is getting soaked," alluding to travellers on muleback or horseback crossing a stream, and getting into deep water.

bargain. When the olive gathering took place, his jealous eye constantly superintended those whose duty it was to *acane* the fruit, or beat them down from the lofty branches with long wands. When this operation was concluded, he used to grumble if a few berries were to be seen upon distant boughs.

Then when the rich ripe fruit was borne to the oil mill, and when the *destrê*, or *pressoir*,[1] had done its work, after grumbling if each olive tree did not yield the crop of a *bassaquier*[2], he would usually contend with the proprietor of the oil-press,[3] and endeavour not only to secure the superfine, fine, ordinary, eatable, clear red, oils, which are extracted, and thus classified according to quality; but would even grudge him the *ressence*[4] oil and *huile d' enfer*, which he received according to custom instead of payment for the use of his mill.

And then how he used to grumble if the oil was not abundant—if he did not receive for every eighty quarts of olives at least fifteen pounds' weight of oil; and still, for all this anxiety on his part, his master was not a sou the richer, but then Cadaracho was known to be worth many a full bag of silver ecus.

And so we come back to that lovely evening when Guy and

[1] *Destrê*—Press.

[2] *Bassaquier*, an olive tree which yields a sack of olives The Provençal rich in terms for the olive. A fallen olive is *oliva fachouila*. Songs sung by olive pickers, *oliveya*. An olive field is *oliu*. An olive gatherer, *olivaire;* feminine, *olivusa*. The olive harvest is *olivadas*, &c.

[3] In the *forço moulin*, as it is technically termed, above the *destrê*, in some parts of Provence, a small statue of St. Ceri, who is the patron of olive mills, is to be seen—

"E que Sant Ceri ris dintre soun bole
En Vesent giscla lou jus aboundons,"

writes F. Martelly in his crowned poem called *L' Oulivié*.

[4] The *Ressence* oil is used in the preparation of woollens, the *Huile d' enfer* for lighting. The last oil is the product of the skimming of the reservoirs.

Blanche were once more seated together, on a stone bench, within the rough walls of the old Fort Bacon.

It was a period of great trouble in the land. Even in the quiet region of Antibes, so far removed from the distractions of political life in Paris, a rumour was afloat of much unsettling of men's minds around.

The old nobility and the people had learned to look upon each other with feelings of distrust on the one hand, and hatred on the other.

The opposition also of *la classe bourgeoise* against the privileges of the nobility, and the continual arrival of intelligence of the success of the American arms, aided by Rochambeau and Lafayette, against the British troops; the financial crisis which, despite all the efforts of Turgot and Baron Necker, threatened the nation—all these combined influences conspired to make men's minds gloomy and unsettled.

When the Comte Arnaud occasionally drove to pay a distant visit to some other noble, it was only the appearance of Blanche's sweet pale face that more than once prevented the cry of "*a bas lou aristocrato*" from greeting the carriage as the stately old coachman whirled it past the gates of Antibes.

Guy and Blanche had never breathed a single word that would intimate that they loved each other. Perchance such a confession might have been unrequired, for very probably each had gained that knowledge before the evening in which they sat together, looking down along the myrtle-shaded rocks towards the great blue sea, that murmured gently amid the hollow caves and seaweed-covered creeks beneath the fort.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FORT BACON.

"*The Herald.*—Why weepest thou? Dismiss these useless tears!
The Chorus.—When mournful things I see, I hear, must I not weep?
The Herald.—If death is to be wept, then mourn the dead,
Whose hope lies buried with the body low.
Who after ending of this shortest sleep,
Think not their dust will live—another life,
With ecstacy of glorious joy, be theirs.
Alas, ye wretched! ye may weep such dead,
For they in truth are hopeless!
Chance makes none wretched:
For innocent and guilty may remain
Same terminus of life.
Ignoble he dies not who has lived well:
For if from mode of death you deem men wretched,
You will esteem so many martyrs so,
Whose vital breath the sword and flame dismissed.
But he who dies defender brave of truth,
For Jesus' sake, and His sweet Scripture law:
With omens fair, we'll follow to the grave,
And pray for such like ending to our days!"

I HAVE translated from a rare old Latin poem, written by George Buchanan, entitled "Baptistes," the noble passage which heads this chapter—one whose spirit Guy de Barras could well appreciate, as could also many a sore tried Huguenot.

It was singular that this evening Guy de Barras felt, despite the presence of Blanche, a strange unaccountable depression which he could not cast off. It might have been, he fancied,

the result of the intention which he was to carry out upon the morrow of starting for a long mission tour, in a distant part of France, which would necessarily involve his absence from the south for a lengthened period. And as he gazed upon the sweet pale face, shaded by the drooping plume of the broad Spanish sombrero, he found out then how hard it was to leave her.

As Blanche listened to his detail of the long season of work which he had undertaken, truth to tell, her heart, too, sank within her.

But it was only when Guy honestly told her how he loved her, and when, amid her broken, stammering utterances, that she too shared that mutual love, that then—although feeling so happy, she knew not why—her tears began to flow. It was so soon to go away, when first they felt certain that each other's heart was beating in true unison.

And so they sat upon the stone bench alongside the old caserne window, and so the evening sun tinged the distant mountain peaks with carmine and purple and golden hues, as he sank to rest behind the serrated Esterelles. And so, while hushed in joy and drinking in the beauty of the scene—the sun-crowned Alpine ranges clouded o'er by fast-coming night—the roll of the distant drum wafted from the fort—the nightingale breathing out its delicious melody from the myrtle on the crag—so it chanced that neither Blanche nor yet Guy perceived the pale, ghastly face of Cadaracho gazing cautiously from the partly opened window behind them, or caught the triumphant exclamation which issued from his thin lips, as he clenched his emaciated hands in triumph—"*Viedase! viedase! es lou mot de Santo Claro!*"[1]

[1] "Hurrah! hurrah! Here's the word of Santa Clara." That is, the discovery of the mystery—finding out of a secret.

And then he placed his pale face closer to the window, with sardonic smile wreathing his lips, and showing his great canine teeth, as he strained his ears to catch the slightest whisper from the two who sat beneath.

"*Anen avans e veiren Berro*,"[1] he whispered to himself. Indeed, one could scarcely, if they had seen the old man thus bending eagerly upwards, and absorbed in gazing outwards from the little window, have refrained from comparing him to some hideous grey geiko of the Esterelles, clinging to the rock and darting forth its fangs to seize the hapless flies that murmured by.

At last Cadaracho perceived that the meeting was at an end; for Blanche and Guy sadly parted—the voices struck no more upon his ear; and he prepared to come forth from his hiding-place, covered with dust, and giving free scope at last to the cough, which he had tried to restrain while engaged in his evil work. When he had issued forth, the forms of Guy and Blanche had disappeared in the twilight gloom.

[1] "Let us advance, and Berre will appear." The people of Aix use this expression to denote that by going forward the light will break out at last; for as they travel out from the mountains which surround Aix, Berre shows itself.

CHAPTER XIX.

FIFTY YEARS AFTER !

I said, I will forget my sorrow and be strong :
I will forget the past !
I will forget the sadness that so long
Its shadow o'er me cast.

The old chateau of the Cap d' Antibes had seen many a change since the evening on which Blanche and Guy had parted.

The family of the de Villeneuves was represented now—and this *now* means half-a-century after that evening—by a solitary, aged, and yet erect lady—the Countess Blanche de Villeneuve.

Since that evening Guy de Barras had never set a foot in Antibes, and had never exchanged a word with Blanche again.

About a month after that evening a peremptory letter from Arnaud de Villeneuve had reached him—in reply to one in which he had declared his attachment to his daughter—announcing that under no earthly circumstances would he ever consent to their union, and ending with some bitter sarcasms upon the fact of his having not scrupled to use the influence of his ministerial position to acquire his daughter's affections ; and there was enclosed in this letter a note from Blanche, in which she wrote that she had promised her father to give up Guy for ever.

De Barras was proud. His sensitive nature caught fire, and he sent back a cold and formal answer of acquiescence in their verdict.

Some months after, a travel-worn provençal presented himself at his rooms in Paris, and when he had welcomed Cadarocho, that wily old deceiver informed him that they had had a very happy time of it at the old chateau; that the wedding of Blanche de Villeneuve and the young Comte de Brignoles had been celebrated at the parish chapel of Antibes; and that—and hereupon the old man hesitated, as though afraid of giving offence—the young bride had returned to the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, and was most constant in her devotion.

Guy de Barras not long afterwards set sail for a far distant French settlement, where, for many a year, he devoted himself to his great work of evangelisation. He knew not all this time that there was not one single particle of truth in all that Cadarocho had told him.

Years rolled away. Blanche had been compelled almost to write to Guy as she had done, for when her father received his letter a severe attack of paralysis ensued; and the doctor told his daughter that unless she removed the trouble from his mind, that the consequences might be fatal. Poor girl, she had shipwrecked her own happiness and wrote the letter which her father enclosed to him. And so years thus rolled away. The horrors of the Revolution were followed by the dazzling glories of the war fever of the empire; and the conqueror—beneath whose horse's hoofs, as he entered Paris after Austerlitz, flowers were strewn, and costly Turkey carpets laid by delighted citizens, as he swept past their houses—had been laid down to rest in the far distant ocean isle.

Blanche had heard that Guy de Barras was dead—dead in heroic discharge of missionary duties at his post. Her father

had passed away, and she was living still in the old chateau. She had been absent from it for many years, and had returned to it weak in health but resolute in spirit. The tall, stately pale-faced, care-worn lady, who used to visit the *cabanouns*,, and read and speak and provide for the wants of the troubled around, was well known at many a poor man's fireside. Ever dressed in deep mourning, it was remarked that the Countess Blanche de Villeneuve, even in her weakest days of illness, would drive down to the little room-church of Antibes, where first she had received the truth, and would every Sabbath-day be seen in her accustomed place among the few worshippers assembling there.

One winter Sabbath the old chariot of the de Villeneuves again rolled along towards Antibes, with yellow panels and the ancient armorial bearings painted thereupon.

The Countess seated herself in the corner reserved for her, and the congregation—including some soldiers from the garrison, a few families from the country, servants, and townspeople—had raised the hymn with which divine service commenced. The minister's face had not as yet been seen by any of those assembled in the church.

At last the hymn concluded, and a tall, thin, aged man, with snow white hair, yet standing quite erect, arose in the pulpit. It was Guy de Barras once more.

How wonderful a power is memory! When the old pasteur had found himself once again in that old place of worship, with which so many memories of his young manhood were connected, he could not refrain from tears.

The past had all risen up again before him. Fifty years had vanished! These figures seated there seemed all to disappear, and in their place a sweet young pale face, with mournful eyes, and plume drooping from the Spanish hat, arose.

It is strange how even a letter written in long time faded characters, by a loved one now lying in the grave will, when gazed upon through mists of tears, recall the happy past.

How even some old withered flower, whose perfume has many years since exhaled itself away for ever, and whose colours have faded, and whose shrivelled leaves crumble as you touch them into dust, will call up again the hour when some dear long-vanished hand bestowed that flower on you.

It is wondrous how some once well-loved melody that hath been sung by the dead lips now sealed in death, when heard again will make the strong man weep. But of all the weird and dread triumphs of memory, the most startling is when you return after long years to some once well loved place, and when each step recalls the past—the dead face, the loved form, the sweet voice, the noble, generous heart, now hushed and still in death.

Oh! what a glorious place of joy must the golden street of Zion be, when all these so long time vanished faces, so long removed anguished hearts, shall meet again; when round the Master's throne, the halcyon days of a ne'er-ending youth—sorrowless, cloudless, sinless, deathless, unbroken by no dread of parting or of ending, shall come again.

The old pasteur's voice rang out with wondrous unwonted power and mournful pathos.

It was as when the wild mountain surges thunder upon the shore—when, amid the loud deep booming mid the rocks, when shattered recoiling waters meet the foam-crested waves fast rushing in—a strange wild music of the deep is heard echoing from between the wind-lashed billows, as though the storm spirits mourned a requiem o'er the dead seamen engulphed below.

So there was a wailing note of sorrow which ran through that

whole sermon, as though the dead ghosts of buried joys had stood around the pulpit, and been thus greeted.

In truth, the recollection of that same discourse lingered for many a year afterwards in men's minds. Peradventure, the strange occurrences which were connected with it might have prevailed much to grave it on their memories.

Some afterwards who were comparing their recollections of the hour which it took in delivery, were much struck by the light that fell from the open window upon the venerable pasteur's snow-white hair and pallid face. Indeed, there were those who affirmed that a light, somewhat of the nature of an aureole, seemed to play around his brow; but nothing certain seems to be ascertainable as regarding this statement, which had a couple of aged members of the congregation to vouch for it, whose eyes were likely dimmed by tears at intervals. His text was a solemn one; his voice faltered with deep emotion as he read it from the pages of his old well-worn Bible—"God requireth that which is past."

It was remarked that when the strange pasteur announced his text, that the Countess Blanche, whose face, despite the sultriness of the day, was shrouded with a thick black vail, bowed her head, supporting it with her right hand as though in pain, and remained thus for a few minutes. It was perceived, also, that the pasteur appeared to look frequently with an air of interest, even of suprise, at the tall stately figure that sat so still before him.

When he began to speak of the past, it seemed truly as though he had well-nigh forgotten his present hearers —as though he were speaking to those who long time since had given up life's battle, and were resting in the quiet cemetery.

It almost seemed as though he felt that some of those to

whom, fifty years ago, he had preached the Word, were in shadowy form visible to his aged sight.

And then, when he dwelt upon the strong analogies connected with the dread truth which he had announced; when he spoke of conscience requiring that which is past—the murderer in his lonely cell haunted by the apparition to his troubled sight of the dead, the damp dews of agony bursting from his pale brow, as he alone can see what a mind disturbed conjures up before him.

When he dwelt on memory calling back the past, and vanished scenes and loved faces recalled with startling distinctness to the mind; as when in the dark night the Alpine chalet, the pine-clad glen, the crags and snows stand out revealed by instant lightning glare before the lost traveller's view.

It was then that his audience felt that his words were impressing them with a strange unwonted awe. Then the old man's voice began to speak of that dread hour when the Lord God Almighty would require the past; when at the last trumpet sounding, memory would revive, conscience alarmed awaken into life; when, as the trembling forms assemble from lonely churchyard grave, from battle-field, from moaning waves; when from Afric desert and Greenland snows, the sheeted dead, in dread and awful congregation, haste together; when the martyr sons of France, the witnesses for Jesus, the Huguenots of sunny South, the slain of the St. Bartholomew, the exiles for the faith; those that were broken on the wheel for His dear sake; those that were burned at the fire of the Inquisition in Spain; those that were slain by cruel tortures in the Vaudois valleys; and those brave bishops who, on Tower Hill, amid the flames of martyrdom, witnessed a good confession.

When that great gathering should take place, and when the alarmed conscience-stricken sinner would then cry with face of

horror—"Oh, mountains fall upon me! oh, rocks rend open and crush me 'neath your mighty mass?" for the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand!

When God will then require the past from you, how will you then deliver the answer to each solemn indictment?

Has your faith been real? Has it worked by love? Can you now say, "The life which I now live, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me?"[1] If not, I beseech you come now. If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins."[2]

Come now and lay all your sins and all your guilt on the dear Lamb of God, by simply looking to Him, simply trusting Him. Behold Him, then, effacing all your sins in His own precious blood. Behold Him robing you in His glorious robe of righteousness. Behold Him by His Holy Spirit daily making you holy, and one day you will behold Him, when He requireth the past; but it will then be to hear that sweet voice, like the sound of many waters, saying—"Thou shalt not be forgotten of me. I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgression and, as a cloud, thy sin: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee."

The congregation, when the last echoes of the words had died away, then united in a hymn—

Then robed in white, His ransomed ones
Shall tell His wondrous glory;
Raised by His hand, His martyred sons
Shall chant His lovely story.
They shall pause o'er agony
Borne in dark Gethsemane;
Thrill with bliss o'er victory
Won on gloomy Calvary!

[1] Gal. ii. 20. [2] 1 John ii. 1. [3] Isaiah xliv. 21, 22.

Oh, what supreme delight !
What delight ! what delight !
Oh, what supreme delight?
What joyous sight to see
The Church in its own country !
When from death and sorrow free,
Chant in glorious harmony,
His praise like ocean's roar !

CHAPTER XX.

LOU MOT DE SANTO CLARO !

"My barque at last has reached a quiet haven,
And the uncertain voyage of my life
Ends not alone in safety, but reward.
Therefore I will unload my freight of happiness,
Of which, from Thee alone my share's derived.
For all my former search in deep philosophy,
Not knowing Thee, was a mere dream of life.
But Thou, in one sweet moment, has more taught me
Than all the efforts of the learned could reach—
Gave me to feel, when Thy sweet love began,
For what great end the Eternal formed man !"

—*Old Writer.*

THE Countess Blanche had left the church before the conclusion of the sermon. There was still a second, but shorter service, which was held in about two hours' time, and which allowed the congregation to retire to their homes for their mid-day meal. As the people slowly left the church, Guy, refusing all kind invitation of hospitality, went to visit a dying member of the little flock. And when the second service had been concluded, the old chariot of the Villeneuves stood once more at the door to bring him—as it had always brought the pastors—to tarry in the chateau.

De Barras had heard that a pious gentlewoman of the vicinity was in the habit of thus taking care of the pastor's wants, but he had not been curious enough to inquire the name. He

had fully believed that the Countess de Brignoles was dead some years before, for he had read an announcement of that nature; and as he drove along, absorbed in meditation, it was only when he entered the wide avenue, bordered by stately cork trees, and fringed with prickly pear and aloes, behind whose barrier noble, almost tree-like, geraniums rose in rich luxuriance, that he became aware that he was rapidly sweeping on towards that old chateau which had played so sad a part n his destiny.

And now as the old man, with the myriad memories of the past sweeping in like ocean surges upon his heart, lay back, with a cold, icy sensation chilling his very life blood. the carriage stopped before the wide sweeping steps which conducted to the balcony, half hidden by the perfumed orange-trees.

It was said—and there are those who firmly believe it—that as the old servant who had been maid to the Countess Blanche for very many years past, and who had known the Pasteur in the days gone by—that as she opened the door which opened out on the balcony, that she seemed to feel a cold hand opposing hers, and endeavouring to re-fasten it. Certain it is that there were one or two who heard the Pasteur say, "What, Cadaracho, can I believe my eyes? You here!"

But, of course, as Cadaracho had been nearly full thirty years in the cemetery, it seems hard to realise their testimony.

It was observed that the old Pasteur had turned very pale, and that he walked very feebly into the hall, hung around with the portraits of the de Villeneuves, where, seated in a fauteuil, the Countess Blanche awaited his approach.

That aged lady arose and made a stately courtesy, leaning on the gold-headed cane which she tightly grasped. Her face was pale as death—a wild, wistful glance shot from her eyes.

The old Pasteur feebly seemed to sink upon a seat, and then

the domestic left the hall. But she had seen that Guy had buried his face in his hands, and that he was weeping bitterly.

It was becoming dusk when the servant entered the hall again, bearing a lighted lamp. An hour had passed away. She laid the lamp upon the table, and looked towards the Countess. She was leaning back in her fauteuil, but her eyes were fixed full on Guy. His hand held hers, and an expression of joy gleamed in his eyes. The servant approached—and then she uttered a wild, dread cry of terror; for the faces that she looked upon were the faces of the dead.

Above the fauteuil in which the dead Countess still sat, the swarthy, beautiful face of the Saracen Countess de Villeneuve seemed as though, in that uncertain light, wearing a smile.

When, a few days after, the funeral cortege swept forth the gates, and side by side the graves of Blanche and Guy were seen, many a piteous burst of weeping was heard, and many a tear was dropped as the Pasteur's voice pronounced the funeral address.

Few would care to dwell in the old chateau—half ruined, wholly deserted. Aged persons tell of one who walks about in it, and wrings his hands, and in the lonely hall at night time is heard to cry, "*Es lou mot de Santo Claro!*"[1]—that evil Cada

[1] It may prove interesting to the reader to have a fuller explanation of the expression, "*Lou mot de Santo Claro!*" It originated at Marseilles during the sixteenth century, when a body of Huguenots and Roman Catholics joined themselves together to guard the interests of that city. One of the consuls, named Darries, had given great offence by his misgovernment of Marseilles; and in the dusk of the evening a band of these associates, who had given to their union the name of *Biggarats*—literally, Wild Oranges—assembled in the darkest quarter of the city, and prepared to seize Darries by a *coup-de-main*. While they were preparing to march, a captain in the service of Darries presented himself to Bouguier, one of their leaders, and said, "I have left Darries for ever—his cause is hopeless—I have come to join you. *Le mot de guet*—the watchword for the night—is *Santo Claro!* You can

racho, they say—how he still haunts the scene of his wicked work!

easily enter the fortifications with these words." "Thanks," replied the Marseillaise leader; "we need not this aid. We will enter with our swords drawn, not with treachery!" and he indignantly waved off the traitor.

That night Consul Darries was taken prisoner, and was sent by Henri de Valois, the Grand Prior, to Aix, where he died upon the Place des Accoules at midnight by the hand of the headsman. From that period the expression, *Lou mot de Santo Claro!* became proverbial.

CHAPTER XXI.

FRIENDS ABROAD.

Three, without Christ,
My soul dismay:
My sins—my death—
And the Judgment day.
—*Luther.*

It is one of the great charms of travelling that you make friends. I shall never forget what delight I experienced when, upon my first Sunday morning at Nice in 1854, I saw at Divine service my dear friends Boucher and Mrs. Maud, and what a charm their kindness and society had for me, when alone, far from home!

These happy days at Nice—these pleasant evening hours, spent in that sunny *salon*, upon the very margin of the blue Mediterranean—the constant hospitality and kindness of the Mauds, Mrs Elton, and the charm of the conversation of the Rev. W. Carus Wilson of Casterton—the soldier's friend—who was then deeply engaged in pioneer evangelistic work in the Sardinian States, and under whose auspices I went down to Genoa to circulate *libretti* among the Sardinian soldiery *en route* to the Crimea, and was arrested on ship-board there—old days, all gone away for ever! Dear, warm-hearted, manly Boucher Maud—the very type of the refined, noble English gentleman—passed away to a better home, and the glorious city above.

And at Cannes it was truly pleasant to enjoy the society of American friends, who nobly represented in their large heartedness their great country—our dear friend, Mrs. Frederic Browne and her accomplished family—Mrs. Carter Browne, so kind and genial—the D'Abneys, and the pleasant society of the kind-hearted Dr. Evory Kennedy, whose name as a celebrated Dublin physician is known throughout Ireland—and the accomplished Wellesley circle of the Villa Trestour, and the pleasant strolls with Dr. Williams, the great London doctor.

How pleasant to recall these now, amid the storms and ruin of our sea-coast winter here!

At Cannes, luncheons and teas seemed to be the usual way of receiving one's friends.

To get a carriage at night was difficult for those who had no private equipage; and the evenings being cold, and the roads deplorably muddy when rain had fallen, walking was unpleasant.

From the D'Abneys we received a pleasant way of spending an hour, and which might be profitably adopted on a Sunday evening, or in a Sunday school, or at other times.

It is called the Scripture Text Alphabet. One person asks the question, and each responds in turn. As, for instance, the leader asks for some text for A; and at once the answer may be—"Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

When B is called for—"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved and thine house." H—"He came unto His own, and His own received Him not; but as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name; which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

The letter X, of course being the initial of Χριστος—the holy name Christ—that title will answer for X when called.

The sentence must be a complete one, and there may be as many verses given under each letter as the leader wishes.

I can answer for this being a very pleasant and profitable way of spending an hour or so. It can be engaged in also by those who speak different languages, by quoting French, German, Italian Scriptures.

How magnificently sometimes private libraries are accumulated in the United States. Mrs Carter Browne showed me a large quarto, handsomely illustrated, which was the catalogue of her late husband's library, and which contained literary treasures that marked his great success as a collector. Rare old editions being one of my few tastes, there was much to gratify in glancing over this large volume, so beautifully got up. Most men have a few book curiosities. I like to glance occasionally at the most rare Pliny of 1519, published at Venice, with the initial wood-cut of the monk seated at his manuscript, pen in one hand and "line-tracer" in the other, musing over his contemplated work.

The Montaigne of 1593 supplies me with a motto, and stands unique among rarest old French editions. Who knows not the pleasure of seeing an Aldus Manutius, with its exquisite typography?

I had great pleasure in reading the noble oration, a fiery prize poem, delivered by Henry Armit Brown, son of my valued friend Mr Frederick Brown, upon the Anniversary of Independence. I believe that Armit Brown will yet enrol his name among those whose fame shall linger enduringly amid that great New World's sons.

I trust that the day will ere long arrive when we shall find the Church of Ireland establishing her own missionary societies

to the heathen, and also placing churches in places abroad where the Colonial and Continental, or other society, may not have founded one. I do not see any reason why, as we are now, unhappily, disendowed and disestablished by the late sacrilegious legislation, we should not, as the Church of St. Patrick—descended lineally from him—endeavour, in friendliest brotherhood with the Church of England, to occupy our own position as a Missionary and Continental Church. One of our Irish Bishops could easily in rotation look after these churches, as Bishop Littlejohn of Rhode Island cares for the American Episcopal churches abroad; and the earnest and indefatigable Bishop of Gibraltar, whose acquaintance I was much pleased to form at Cannes, would doubtless superintend these churches, at any time that he inspected his vast diocese. This would surely be but a mere asserting of the incumbent duty that devolves upon the Church of Ireland of preaching the Gospel to every creature, and of looking after her scattered children abroad.

The Colonial and Continental Society surely deserves well of every evangelical Churchman, in its ceaseless efforts to maintain an earnest evangelical ministry abroad.

How dreary, how soul deadening would a sojourn in a distant land prove, where there is no church with its simple worship and pure Scriptural proclamations of divine truth.

How delightful it is to the poor invalid to join in the loved worship of the church of his fathers. To hear the sweet melodies of Zion sung with a power that comes home to his troubled heart; to join with the people of God at His own table, and to receive the ministrations of the presbyters of the Church when unable to attend personally at the Lord's house.

The loved Liturgy of my own Church has never affected me so forcibly as when on some distant shore.

How often then, in loneliness and weakness of health, the

poor feeble invalid opens the closed door of the heart to the entrance of the loving Saviour. As St. Cyprian beautifully speaks:—"He will not suffer the holocaust of a contrite heart to be repulsed. As often as I see thee sighing before the Lord, I doubt not that His Holy Spirit is breathing on thee; when I see thee weeping, I perceive Him pardoning."

We may well cry—

Sed Tu Pater piissime,
Et turpe quicquid egerim,
Et turpe quicquid dixerim,
Quod turpe cogitaverim;
Et turpe quicquid amplius
Fibris inhæret intimis:
Tui cruore Filii
Lavabis, iste me cruor
Ita abluet; scelus meum
Ita eluet, nefas meum
Ita auferet, crimen meum
Ita obteget: Tibi ut satis
Lotus placere sic queam.

I had the pleasure of meeting at Cannes Major R——, an old college friend, whom I had not seen for a quarter of a century—since the time that we were both of us Fellow Commoners of Trinity, Dublin, and students of the engineering classes held there, in the school devoted to that science.

At that period R—— was a prodigy in our eyes of fencing and rowing skill, and now I met him a quiet, care-worn man, with much trouble—his loved wife being, alas, in decline.

I had the privilege of attending her, and of witnessing how wondrous God's ways are in dealing with His own dear people.

Mrs. R—— would often lament that she felt no comfort in her spirit at the thought of death—that it was rather a sensation of fear at the prospect of meeting with her God—and yet she knew that she had given herself to her Saviour in days gone

past, but she felt that she had not embraced opportunities of working for Him as she ought, and now there seemed a coldness on her heart—a veil apparently between her God and her soul. As I felt that she had really given herself to the Lord, I endeavoured to show her that all these clouds would surely clear away, and that joy and peace would yet be hers as her departure drew nearer. She could not realise it—it seemed too good to be true. But still she humbly waited on the Lord. Her cry was, "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation," and when on her way back home—she was enabled to reach London, and there passed away—her last end was rejoicing. There was not a cloud between her and the dear Lord Jesus.

In ministerial dealing with such cases, we have vital need of imploring direction from God the Holy Spirit how to speak to such sufferers; for as there are some who write bitter things against themselves, and whose consciences may be morbidly sensitive, so there are others who may not feel this joy in the Lord because some unforgiven sin stands out ghastly and dread upon the soul before God. In this case the sufferer ought to be warned to fly at once to Him who alone can pardon, and to wash away all sins in His most precious blood.

In the case of those who truly love Him and yet are in bitterness of soul, I have invariably found that the clouds melt away as the deathbed is near.

One of the most earnest believers I have ever met with was for many years in deepest soul depression. I would always cheer her by telling her that "at evening time it shall be light," but she could not realise it. Years passed away, and I received a letter from her daughter informing me that my words had proved true, and that her dying mother was filled with rapturous joy when going home to Jesus.

Sometimes God permits this deep gloom of the soul to rest

upon His servants, that they may be able afterwards to comfort others with that comfort which they have been consoled withal themselves by Him.

A most earnest and faithful minister, when dying, said to a very experienced brother pastor, "Oh brother, what comfort can you give to a dying man, who is going out into the dark night without any joy in Christ, but whose God seems to have abandoned him?"

"I would ask him to remember," replied he, "who it was, who, when dying on the Cross for our sins, cried, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?'"

The dying man turned his eyes full upon the speaker, and listened. It pleased God to remove the cloud from his spirit that moment, and he was enabled to rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

How appropriate are the words of the Christian poet—

"Just such is the Christian—his race he begins
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins;
Then he melts into tears—then breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way.
But as he draws nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he grows richer in grace—
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
Of rising in brighter array."

But how delightful to have such experience as that of the noble martyr, Donald Cargill, as standing on the scaffold, handing his Bible to a friend, he said:—"I bless the Lord that for thirty years and more I have been at peace with God, and now I am as sure of my interest in Christ and peace with God as all within this Bible and the Spirit of God can make me. I am no more terrified at death nor afraid of hell because of sin than if I had never sinned, for all my sins are freely pardoned and washed thoroughly away through the precious blood and inter-

cession of Jesus Christ." Or that of Robert Smith, valiant martyr, who was burnt August 8th, 1555, "who, being well nigh half burnt, and all black with fire, clustered together like a black coal—all thinking him dead—suddenly rose up right before the people, lifting up the stumps of his arms, and clapping the same together;" and who, previous to his death, writing to his wife and encouraging her to full faith, says :—

"Content thyself with patience
With Christ to bear the cross of pain :
Which can, and will thee recompence
A thousandfold with joys again.

Let nothing cause thy heart to fail :
Launch out thy boat, hoist up thy sail—
Put from the shore :
And be thou sure, thou shalt attain
Unto the port that shall remain
For evermore !"

How exquisite are St. Augustine's words—

"Cum blandiris, Pater es
Et cum caedis, Pater es :
Blandiris, ne deficiam ;
Caedis, ne peream."[1]

[1] When Thou soothest, Thou art my Father,
And when Thou chastenest, Thou art my Father :
Thou soothest that I may not fail,
Thou chastenest that I perish not.

CHAPTER XXII.

FRENCH PASTORS.

"Nolite desperare; nam etsi gravia sunt vulnera, non tamen incurabilia. Talis enim est noster Medicus, modo vulnera nostra cognoscamus, ut etsi in ultimam venerimus Ægritudinem Multas tamen nobis salutis vias praparaverit."[1]—*Chrisistom in Iad Corinth.*

Professor S. H——, de l' Institut de France, is a very remarkable man. I had the pleasure of meeting him several times at Cannes, and of hearing from him a peculiarly pleasing account of the very interesting work at Paris, which the Rev. R. W. M'All is carrying on among the workmen of that great city, and in which he "gratefully records the uniform courtesy of the municipal authorities of Paris, and the repeated assurances they have given us of sympathy with our unsectarian and uncontroversial aim." This work of simple direction to the loving Saviour of mankind has been carried on by Mr. M'All, although he knew very little French, and with marked success —some 3,000 being present at the weekly meetings at seventeen stations.

It is possible to do a great deal of good with only a very limited knowledge of a language. Mr. Haldane, at Geneva, knew not a phrase of French, and yet his mighty influence upon Cesar Malan, D'Aubigne, and other giants of his day, who

[1] "Do not despair; for although the wounds are grievous, they are not still mortal, for our Physician is so great. Let us only know our wounds, and although we may have come to the last sickness, nevertheless, He will have prepared for us many ways of recovery.

can possibly calculate, or the wondrous revival of true faith by their succeeding agency.

There is only one now remaining of M. Haldane's band of students, but many have succeeded them in holding up the banner of faith.

The Professor, in early life, was sceptical in his views as regards religion; and being on a visit with Pasteur Fisch of Lyons, the latter observed that he never entered the room when the Bible was being read at family worship.

One evening the pasteur laid the New Testament upon his table, and asked him as a favour to read the Epistle to the Romans. When he saw him next, he inquired if he had done so? He replied that he could not understand it.

"Well," replied the pasteur, "I know a very humble man who understands it." "I should like to see him," replied S. H——. They both went out together, and going down some of the narrow streets and lanes of Lyons, they halted opposite to a cobbler's bunk, where the inmate was busily stitching on a sole to a shoe. "Mon ami," said Fisch; "I have brought a gentleman to you, as I have told him that you understand the Epistle to the Romans. Will you allow him to speak to you about it?"

The old man lifted his hat and asked the professor to enter his little shop.

"I thank God," he said, "that He hath graciously saved my soul by enabling me to believe in His dear Son, and that He has, I trust, shown to me by His Holy Spirit illuminating my mind, the meaning of the Epistle to the Romans. I shall very gladly speak with you, cher monsieur."

Many hours passed away, and still the learned Professor and the poor cobbler sat together, talking upon the contents of the epistle; and that night the Professor returned, with joy spark-

ling in his eyes, to confess himself a believer in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"I have met," said the Professor to me, "at the table d'hote, to-day, a gentleman whom I have not seen for the last fifty years—since we were travelling in Switzerland together.

"At that time a party of us ascended the Alps, when we were less fashionable in doing so than now, when Mont Blanc has become customary.

"I shall never forget when crossing a crevasse one of our party fell through, and by God's mercy was stopped a hundred feet from the summit by his alpenstock, which he carried crosswise, fastening in the ice. Then he hung his whole weight, depending on the aspen pole, which strained beneath the pressure. I shall not forget, if I were to live for ever, his face of horror as he looked up towards us—beneath him the awful precipice, hundreds of feet in depth—above him the blue walls of ice—the chilling cold congealing his very life-blood—while we lowered away our ropes to him, and endeavoured to draw him upwards. What a moment of delight when he reached the brink safe! What a picture of the unpardoned sinner hanging over the everlasting darkness of despair, and eternal glowing flame, with only the faint breath of life keeping him from falling into it for ever; and yet what an emblem of that precious rope of faith which that Blessed Hand has cast down to him, as he hangs there ready to perish—'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'

"How strange it was to meet one of that same party again, after so many years."

The French pasteurs are, very many of them at least, highly cultured men. I have been struck by the intimate knowledge of English which they possess.

It is a pity that a great number of the rich French Protes-

tants do not contribute more liberally than they do to the support of their churches and pastors. There is a great amount of wealth among the French Protestant merchants and gentry; but unfortunately they do not, in many instances, appear to feel the responsibility which lies upon them of maintaining the faith once delivered to the saints. And so many of these pastors, accomplished gentlemen and brilliant scholars, have to solicit aid from the English colonies of Cannes, Hyeres, Mentone, Nice, for the purpose of carrying on evangelisation.

There is something like this in Ireland, where many who profess ultra-Protestantism refuse to give a farthing for the support of their disendowed and disestablished churches, because revision has not been accomplished as regards the Prayer Book; and again, many of ultra-High Church views refuse to subscribe because revision may be accomplished. And so those who love their money actually deceive themselves into the belief that they are the truest friends of the Church of Ireland, by allowing church after church to be closed through the land; congregations to be scattered, or to become lured away to Romanism, and ministers to be half starved, or churches to be shut up, because there is no minister.

There is a very interesting institution at Cannes, which well deserves a visit, namely, L'Aisle Evangelique, conducted by M. le Pasteur Espinett.

In this hospital, orphans, servants, and other destitute persons, find a temporary home till a permanent post be found for them, or until they can be sent home again. Trained Protestant nurses are provided by this Aisle, to nurse the invalids of the same faith who may be at Cannes, and who may require such care. Many an English family has reason to feel grateful for the experienced care which has been thus shown to some of their members by the nurses of this institution.

The entire hospital, since 1867, has been open for Protestants falling ill in Cannes, who could not be cared for at their own abodes.

At a very small rate of daily payment, governesses, tutors, evangelists, children of pastors, &c., have been received as winter boarders at this Aisle.

The director, Pastor Espinett, has never yet, he told me, asked for one single shilling from any human being for this noble institution. The Lord has graciously disposed the hearts of His people to aid in the good cause.

I have seen dying English invalids in the Aisle, looking forward, with such rapturous joy, to the hour when all pain and sorrow should flee away for ever, and the summer land of Zion should be their home. I have seen orphans kindly welcomed here whose hollow cough and emaciated form told of death's speedy advent, as they anticipated the hour when the fair prospect of sun-purpled Esterelles and blue Mediterranean, and dust-leaved palm tree and perfumed flowers around, would be exchanged for that land which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man to conceive, the glorious things God hath prepared for those that love Him.

The work of such men as M. M. Espinett and Marrauld, who preach so faithfully and earnestly the glad news of salvation, deserves also to be aided by the English colonists of Cannes; because when the English churches are closed for the summer in consequence of the excessive heat, they look after the English who remain in the town, and who have their shops there, or may, perhaps, through want of means, be unable to depart. Speaking English perfectly as Pasteur Espinett does, and so well as Pasteur Marrauld, they are enabled to care for the little flock that is obliged to remain at Cannes.

The new church of the Holy Trinity, built by the Rev. Wm.

Brooks, is indeed a work which reflects credit upon him, as well as the former church built by him at Hyères. A great pressure of anxiety has devolved upon him in becoming thus personally liable for the heavy cost of its erection; but the English congregation who fill his church will soon set his mind at rest upon that point. With what pleasure upon many a Sabbath-day have I listened to the eloquent and faithful appeals which he has made to the congregation gathered in the beautiful church, far from their own fatherland.

A very handsome edifice, much thronged, is Christ Church, where Rev. Neville Rolf, so well known for his sympathy and care of the ill and suffering of the English colony, officiates.

It must be to M. Robinson Woolfield, the patron of Cannes, if I may use the word, and builder of Christ Church, a great delight to see the increase of the colony since the day that his friend Lord Brougham first fixed his abode upon its sunny shore.

It seems strange that one who has done so much for Cannes as M. Robinson Woolfield, has not been long since, if he cared for it, decorated by the Government of France.

There is a little Scottish church also, in which I had the pleasure of preaching, and whose happy hours of united services will not easily be forgotten. The Rev. James Kippen, of Arrochar, whose so stirring and able ministry was so appreciated there; the Rev. Dr. Ainslie, whose genial kindness won't soon be forgotten; and Dr. Miller, suffering from illness, yet so pleasant to meet with,—all these are goodly recollections of brothers meeting in a distant land. Nor will the catholic spirit of Lord Plunket, Bishop of Meath, who has shown such interest in the Anglo-Catholic movement, and such sympathy to all the Protestant Churches, be soon forgotten in Cannes. It is surely full time that a narrow denominational spirit should be put

away, and that each church, while holding firmly to its own system of church government, should recognise each other as true brethren in the Lord Jesus.[1]

There is also at Cannes a Bible Society Depot, administered by the worthy Pastor Charpiot, the successor of Felix Neff in the High Alps.

This earnestly requires support, and surely will find it. Its colporteur traverses the Maritime Alps, and has met with much success in the distribution of the Word of God.

Pasteur Charpiot laboured for many a long year in the ice and snows of the Hautes Alps, until obliged to desist by illness. It is very pleasant to see this little depot, with its goodly store of Bibles and other works thronging the shelves; and *ouvriers* and peasants as they pass by reading a verse or two from some open page in the window.

There is a wondrous power in a single text drawn from God's Word. Which of us has not felt the pleasure of gazing at some painting or engraving adorning the walls of our own little book-room, and when our eyes fell upon it, suggestive thoughts often arise. And so, when large type verses of Holy Writ are placed upon our chamber walls, how often during the sad, weary hours of illness, or of watching our loved ones who lie wearily upon the bed of pain, has not some precious passage been dwelt upon by the troubled spirit, which has thus been sweetly comforted by the thought that God Himself was thus speaking to our heart.

During the Franco-German war, I had witnessed with delight the soothing influence of such blessed verses upon the minds of the wounded drawn from the battle-fields; and how the soldier

[1] The great annual conventions, held in Dublin by the indefatigable exertions of my friend J. Smithson, Esq., at which hundreds of ministers and some ten thousand laymen attend, show the strong desire that now exists among the Protestant Churches for a union of spirit, if not of form.

wearily moaning amid his fiercest pain, when he raised his troubled eyes was comforted when he read—"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Blessed words, which have never yet been found to fail! Blessed Saviour, who art as ready now to dry the mourners' tears, and heal the broken heart, as when Thou passedst through Judah's burning sands, or trod the paths of Galilee!

I often think of one apartment where I held my Bible reading.

There were all the little child's toys lying on a tray. A rabbit, with a drum before him, on which he used to beat—a little bandbox—a toy gun, and a scales made of scallop shells—a few tiny chessmen, and some other little playthings. I noticed that they never appeared to have been moved or altered in position.

Ah me! what bitter pangs must have darted through these dear parents' hearts as they glanced at these remembrances! But truly they had been taught of the loving Father, and they were able with joy to look beyond the grave, and the marble, life-like effigy of that sweet child upon the headstone thereof, to the home where again they would see that child, more beautiful than an angel of God in the eternal summer-light of Heaven—where the blest hand of Jesus wipes away all tears from off all weary eyes.

There is a touching little poem which I translate from the Provençal of Julius Saunier of Meino (Gard.) It is called *La Paure Maire*:—

THE POOR MOTHER.

"O'er cradle bent, with bitter weeping,
A mother breathed forth many a sigh:
The wings of Death her babe are sweeping,
To lead the little one on high.

In vain she kissed her darling's cold brow—
In vain she clasps her to her heart;
The violet eyes will soon be closed now—
The mother from her babe must part.

The snow the mountain peak will whiten,
The soft spring wind again will sigh,
The olive leaves once more will brighten—
Yet my poor babe, alas! must die.

The blood-red rose, its petals spreading,
Beneath the pear-tree flowers will bloom;
Pink apple blossoms again bud, shedding
Around the door their sweet perfume.

The nightingale, its sweet notes ringing,
Will flit among the branches high;
And swallows, soon their swift flight winging,
Will miss my darling's low, dear cry.

The streamlets 'neath the lilies dancing,
With many a ripple, many a sigh;
The butterflies in sunlight glancing—
But my sweet babe, alas! must die.

But the dear Lord's angel—for dawn was breaking—
Drew near the babe with pain opprest:
In his own bright robe he hid it—waking,
And gently laid it on Jesus' breast."

Henri Lavanchy is a very remarkable evangelist. I had heard much of his mission work in Egypt and Corsica. He told me of his journeys through that island, and of the dangers which he had encountered, and the opposition experienced by him. Lavanchy found that a magic lantern was a capital friend in his journeyings; for he was then allowed by law to assemble persons together for such an exhibition without hindrance, and could thus speak to them of the great love of Jesus. Whereas he could not hold a religious meeting without giving to every one that might be present previously a written invitation. On several occasions his life was in great danger, but he was

graciously preserved; and I can cordially recommend the Corsican Mission, directed by Pasteur Espinett of Cannes, to the kind sympathy and aid of any reader. Lavanchy informs me that he is this spring starting afresh for Corsica, to labour there.

Mr. Bird, a devoted English gentleman, has laboured very zealously for some years amid the Maritime Alps, and his work has been greatly blessed.

In truth, there seems a longing for the pure Word of God amid these southern peasants—a great desire for the infallible truth of God Himself—a yearning for the comfort which only God's Word can bestow.

I have seen hundreds of them coming forward at Monsieur Valez' meetings upon the Sabbath evening, eagerly asking for a New Testament.

Surely some share, however little, may be taken by English colonists in this great work, either by subscribing to the Cannes Bible Depot—aiding Pasteur Espinett's great work—strengthening Pasteur Marrauld's hands by showing sympathy with our brother Protestants, or acquiring some knowledge of the language of the people, and distributing the Word of God among them.

How bitterly one day will those repent who have spent so much lavishly upon the gratification of their own pleasure, that a portion of their wealth was not consecrated to His service, whose love St. Paul in rapturous delight speaks of: "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!"

It would be in truth ungrateful of me, when speaking of the work effected in the Maritime Alps, not to bear testimony to the very many kindnesses which we received at the hands of Monsieur and Madame Valez. They are ever kind to the English sojourning at Cannes; and I shall never forget the

many happy Bible readings which I conducted at their *salons* on the Boulevard de Croisette, along with the Rev. Gordon Oswald.

There were differences, no doubt, in our ecclesiastical standing points, but we had a broad platform to work upon; and a very happy series of meetings, attended by many English and foreign visitors—and, I trust, not without profit to some—were continued at their house.

M. Valez is, in truth, a very earnest and eloquent speaker, and one who labours far beyond his strength in proclaiming the glad news of a Saviour's love to scattered congregations of French Protestants and inquiring Roman Catholics. M. Valez writes very ably in the Gascon Provençal, and possesses much versatility in metre.

Mr. Gordon Oswald spends his whole time and property in evangelization work. I regret that he has not seen his way to continue in the dear old Church of England, in whose communion I fain would live and die. But all his energies are devoted to proclaim the Gospel which he loves.

CHAPTER XXIII.

'NEATH THE OLIVE TREES.

Echoes sweet music on the far shore of Jordan,
Echoes sweet music the ripples at play;
Angel harps ringing, angel songs singing,
Joyfulness bringing the long summer day.

Jesus is waiting on the far shore of Jordan,
Jesus is waiting and looking for thee;
Then give thyself to Him, and sweetly pursue Him,
'Twas thy love that drew Him to seek Calvary.

Home, then, O hasten, to the far shore of Jordan,
Hark to the joybell's deep-rolled melody;
Thou wilt praise Him then, meetly, who loved thee so sweetly,
And purchased completely thy soul on the tree.

See the light sparkles bright on the far shore of Jordan,
See the light shining bright on the crystalline sea;
See His face of sweet seeming lit up by the gleaming—
'Tis the face that is beaming with welcome for thee.

Onward and upward to the sweet shore of Jordan—
Upward and onward, He beckons to thee;
For His love who'll dissever? then praise Him for ever,
Who never—oh, never!—forgetful will be.

How sweetly He'll greet thee—how gladly will meet thee—
The joybells of glory how nobly they ring!
His dear hand effaces each tear's dismal traces—
How glorious the grace is of Jesus our King!

There are two great drawbacks to the climate of Cannes and of the South of France. The first is the sudden change of

temperature; the second, the mistral, which blows sometimes for days together.

When a real mistral sets in, the town becomes simply unbearable. The dried mire which accumulates along the streets and roads then is blown, mingled with sea-sand, in dense, blinding clouds, which it is impossible to avoid.[1] The terrible north-wester blows down the Rhone from its origin amid the snow-girt cliffs of the Switzer-Franco mountains.

It is remarkable that, while the mistral is blowing, the atmosphere becomes peculiarly clear—it would seem as though every impediment to vision was swept out of it. I have seen the blue Esterelles rising up, sharply defined against the sky; and Napoule, and the chateau, and Theoule as though they were close under me.

I remember one Sabbath evening, as I stood beneath the aged palm-tree and watched the serrated mountain peaks, and saw each start into clearness of definition, as the mistral blew towards me, that it seemed a phenomenon of the physical like to the spiritual world—when, amid the fiercest tempest-blast of trouble, the everlasting promises of our loving Saviour stand forth brighter and clearer to our wearied view.

King René, whose name is as loved now in Provençe as when he used to illuminate with rare painted vignettes his "Book of Hours"—that good old king—who delighted to be called the father of his people, and who held many a *tournoyment* of knightly splendour, and bestowed many a noble prize upon the wandering minstrels and chevaliers and trouvaires—would, when the mistral had blown for a long season, remit either

[1] Dr. Bennet of Mentone mentions that Mentone is quite protected from the mistral by the Turbia mountain, which separates it from Nice. I have felt a very cold rushing wind along the valley of the Carei there, which was almost as bad.

half or the whole of the taxes paid him off the produce of their land by his vassals.

How Provençals love to remember the old man—whose portrait, painted by his own hand, was suspended in the church of P.P. des Grand Carmes at Aix, where he was laid at rest in the year of grace 1480!

An old and curious engraving of this picture represents him—it is in my possession—as wearing a large black *beretto;* and over a black robe a white ermine cape extends, beneath a face of great benignity, yet mingled with an expression of care.

My valued friend, whose society I was much privileged in enjoying at Cannes—Dr. C. P. Williams of London, the so greatly celebrated physician, renowned for his penetration in cases of decline—spoke of the climate of Cannes as very trying for consumptive cases, in consequence of the rapidity of the weather changes.

A hot day will be succeeded by a very cold night. The supply of blankets is generally very limited; a wood-fire is liable to go out; and besides, if kept up, it succeeds in preserving the musquitoes some weeks longer. I have felt some nights of far intenser cold at Cannes than ever I have known in Ireland.

Many invalids do themselves much harm by not being sufficiently warmly clothed; by making a habit of even on cold days driving in open carriages; by not making a rule of invariably returning home at least half an hour before sunset.

For the moment the sun sinks beneath the Esterelles, a sensation is experienced as though a wet sheet were thrown over the shoulders. If obliged to be out at that period of the day, an outer coat or plaid is peculiarly necessary.

Then home comforts are not easily procurable: the invalid misses the indispensable beef-tea and the warm rooms of home.

That eternal problem: Given a malady—state the climate that suits it?—is, Dr. Lubanski of Nice considers, insoluble; because that climate does not act upon the disease, but upon the patient; and because the very same illness in two individuals of different constitutions may demand two absolutely different climates.

In an advanced stage of consumption it seems generally agreed by physicians that it is almost useless to come to the Mediterranean winter resorts with a well-grounded hope of having a radical cure effected.

The fatigue of the long journey—the many changes—the sad monotony of hotel life—the restless, yearning desire for home—the pale faces of other invalids—the shock experienced when any one dies in the same hotel—all these combine to depress the poor sufferer.

There is a strong curative force, which many years' experience in dealing with invalids during my ministry has convinced me does exist. I mean the great importance of having the mind at rest as regards Eternity. In truth, the soul requires sunshine just as much as the body.

If we could only realise that "God is Love;" that "God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ; by grace we are saved."[1] "That now in Christ Jesus, we, who sometime were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ, for He is our peace; that if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."[2] And if we would only receive His truth—that by our simply believing in the Lord Jesus, our sins are all blotted out—the righteousness of Christ is set down to our account, and the Holy Spirit makes us holy; then I do

[1] Eph. ii. 4, 5, 13, 14. [2] 1 St. John i. 9.

believe that salvation thus laid hold of and received by faith—the mind being at rest—an immense recuperative force would be exerted upon the ailing bodily functions.

The quartier Vallerques at Cannes, in which our villa Millaïa is situated, has the advantage of being sheltered in great measure from the mistral.

As we ascend its winding road, leaving the clouds of dust behind us, and encounter at the opening of the route de Grasse the wild whirlwind of sand blown on by the fierce wind from the rock-shaded road, it is pleasant passing on by the rippling stream, in which the washermen are busy washing their innumerable articles of clothing and house linen, seated in their large baskets, while they ply their busy hands. It is pleasant to emerge into the shelter, and still ascending beneath the pine trees, to gain the skirt of the olive woods, and view the gardens, in which the proprietors, seated 'neath a trellised vine, forming a summer-house, are engaged with their household in discussing the mid-day meal.

The Cannois have all a great passion for possessing a piece of land, or *terrain*, no matter how small it may be. Here, at beginning of April, boards are brought out from the town, and a kind of wooden house is erected, in which the family pass the greatest part of the summer in a kind of *al fresco* style. Indeed, the quartier Vallerque becomes then more like a fair than the country. These little wooden structures meet your eyes as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa; and at night you may see the whole family seated in the open air, with their evening repast upon the table—singing Provençal songs, accompanied with rude strains of music.

It must be delightful to retire thither from the musquitoes, and far from odorous sewers of Cannes, and rest amid the olive trees and violets of the sweet country suburbs.

To escape the mistral one may wander miles amid the olive woods and small farms of the peasants, which are kindly thrown open for strangers to wander through along the steep paved pathways.

It is very pleasant to pass along in spring amid the olive trees, and to view the violets growing underneath, and the fields of roses blooming in rich profusion. Sometimes you will observe a rose plantation, with two lines of potatoes alternating with the rose tree rank.

It always seemed to me that the potatoe had but little flavour at Cannes ; a fact which I believe arises from the deficiency of salts in the manure applied to it. There are thousands of tons of valuable manure left unheeded in the sea weed lying upon the beech. Ribbon weed, which would be worth a large sum at home, is here apparently left to decay upon the sea shore. This ribbon weed would, in some respects, prove preferable to our ocean sea weed, which, when it dries and shrinks, oftentimes kills the tender plant beneath. This the Mediterranean sea weed would not be likely to do.

The use of sea sand, also, does not appear to be much appreciated. It seems singular that sea weed, which an Irish peasant will sometimes be obliged to pay at the rate of six pounds for an acre's fertilising, and which he is glad to get at even so high a rate, is here neglected.

It is a pleasant walk to Cannet, quaint old town, with narrow streets and exquisite views. A perfect ocean of olives and oranges spreading all around, and the Alpine richly-wooded spurs sinking into the sea, while Honorat and St. Marguerite sparkle from the blue waters in front, and the Esterelles and Tanneron Mountains rise in the distance 'neath the rich purpling sunset hues. And the Brigand's Tower, with its legendary recollections of the past, guards the entrance to the old town ;

and a giant fig-tree spreads its gnarled branches far and wide in the ancient ruined chapel where the two roads meet, dedicated to Saint Claude, and which apparently dates from the sixteenth century.

Cannet was erected into a Commune in 1774, when the inhabitants thereof petitioned Government to grant them this favour; and when the people of Cannes vainly endeavoured to oppose them. The octroi pillar of Cannet stands firmly forth on the road side as though challenging its wealthier neighbour. The olive trees of Cannet are celebrated for their growth and fruit, and its orange trees are remarkable for the profusion of their flowers. A distillery by the road side finds constant occupation during the season in making sweet perfumes, although it may not have the prestige of the perfumeries of Grasse, or be one so large in scale.

If some comfortable villas were erected close to Cannet, and a good hotel were placed there, the climate would be very suitable for invalids. At present there appears to be no suitable accommodation for them; and the dark, sunless streets, with tall old houses looming towards each other, give an air of chilling gloom which would soon depress the poor sufferer.

A combination of the pine woods of Arcaçhon with the olive woods of Cannes would be, I have often thought, desirable in treating the invalid affected with symptoms of decline.

Arcaçhon struck me as being very gloomy; the pine trees, with their sad shade, rising from the sands around the villas, and the fogs enveloping the waters swirling in from the sea, were well calculated to depress the patient.

I saw it in July, and even then it looked triste.

But a skirting of pine trees round the house in the southern shore would, I think, be very efficacious; and M. Garnier Pagès found so much benefit from the balsamic exhalation of

the pines that, not content with living amid them by day, he brought some small pine trees into his own room, and had them frequently changed. He found this treatment possessing a distinctly favourable influence upon his health, and a great soother to the alarming attacks of hemoptysis under which he suffered ; in fact, his health seemed in a satisfactory condition after a time, although his physicians had been much alarmed about it previously. The villa Garnier Pagès is well known at Cannes. Doctor Sève used to place pine branches in the sleeping rooms of his consumptive patients, or even in those of the sufferers under influenza, relying upon the beneficial influence produced by the insensible exhalation of their balsamic properties upon the mucous membrane of the lungs, and also by its absorption into the cutaneous pores. In truth, this treatment of affections of the lung was practised by Galen himself.

Might not this pine-tree cure be practised by the patient at home ? Could not a large apartment be fitted up with small pine trees, and another be adorned with the same tree arranged so as to thrive under the conditions of as much light as practicable. A species of conservatory would be the best. Sheltered walks through pine tree plantations would be desirable by day ; and inhalation of the oil of wild pine, some three or four times a day, might be adopted. I should be glad if any one adopting this method of cure would kindly inform me whether it has proved successful under the Divine blessing.

There is an interesting ramble which may be taken to the ancient town of Mougins. The road, as too dusty, is deserted by the pedestrian, who takes the path that ascends upwards for some three quarters of a mile, through the aged olive trees rising in walled-up platforms, tier over tier. Here one oft is constrained to hide from the hot sun-beams behind some great projecting rock. When we ascended slowly, and lost the olive shade, it

was delightful to shelter behind the tall rocks. It reminded us of Isaiah's description of the Saviour—"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Upward still we made our way, staff in hand, until at last we saw rising above us, high in air, the first house-tops of Mougins perched upon this mountain peak. A high wall ran around the town, with two entrance gates—one of which still remains—a little behind the church. It is composed of a Gothic arcade, defended by a portcullis and aperture for firing down upon its assailants.

The ancient inhabitants of Cannes seem to have taken refuge in Mougins, when the Romans, about B.C. 150, destroyed their city. The people of Marseilles having been granted Cannes by the Romans, would not allow them to come within a certain distance of the sea. Mougins seems a corruption, according to the Abbé Alliez, of Mons Ægitna; in Latin it is Mouginum—Cannes being originally termed Ægitna.

The people of Mougins seemed to be keeping holiday as we arrived. A crowd of young men, with low felt bonnets, very broad in the brim, with gay neck-ties and black cloth jackets and coloured garments, were dancing with maidens of Provençal black eyes and hair; a fiddler made music, and another musician assisted him. A sort of open room or arcade was the scene of their festivities, and a balcony overhead was thronged by citizens partaking of refreshments.

The town itself presents nothing very remarkable. Its old church and square belfry of stone form the highest building in Mougins. A surly dog, seeing we were strangers, barked abundantly, and made minatory forays at my boy and myself. Dogs in Cannes and its vicinity are a great drawback to the traveller's pleasure. They rush at vehicles and equestrians in the streets; they attack you on the road; meet you in the

farmers' houses by the olive wood paths; and generally make themselves as disobliging as possible.

There is a singular history told us by Cæsar Baronius, about one Michaël Mercatus, senior, who was an intimate friend of Marsilius Ficinus, both being men much addicted to the study of the Platonic philosophy. They used often to discuss together what might be the state of man after death; and upon one occasion they solemnly pledged each other that whichever of them should die first, would return, if so permitted, to announce the reality of those things which might happen after decease.

After some time they separated, and lived in cities far apart from each other. One morning very early, when Michaël Mercatus had arisen, and was seated studying his loved Plato, he heard a horseman galloping rapidly in the street beneath, towards his house, and at the same moment he heard the voice of his friend Marsilius exclaiming loudly—

> "Oh, Michaël! oh, Michaël!
> These things are true—they are true—
> They are most true!"

Aroused by the voice of his friend, Mercatus flew to the window, and looking out, he saw Marsilius riding back on a white horse as though he had accomplished the object of his journey. With a loud voice he called after him, "Marsilius! Marsilius!" —but the horseman did not stop, but quickly disappeared down the street.

Mercatus, amazed at this strange appearance of his friend, soon after heard that Marsilius had died at the very same hour of the day as that in which he had seen him beneath his window. From that time Mercatus gave up the Platonic philosophy, and studied altogether the Divine oracles. Thus

far Martin de Guichard, in his "Noctes Granzovianae," a rare old book which he heads with a wise motto from Plato :—

τὸ νιχᾶν αυτον πασῶν νιχῶν πρώτη και αρίστη

"To conquer one's own self is the first and best of all victories."

Another pleasant stroll is to wander out to the aged chapel of St. Antoine. A tall cypress stands on guard alongside it, and the view from the little hill close by is superb.

The sunburnt Vallaury displays its streets, dedicated to factories of green Vallauris ware, where travellers resort to make purchases of singular vases and curious animals of strange seeming. There, in one of these narrow streets, graven over the door of one of those old houses, you may read the curious inscription :—

A Domino Aperiatur.
A Diavolo Clavdatvr. 1571.

"Let it be open to God—
Let it be shut close on the devil."

Beyond the red-tiled roofs of Vallauris the great chain of the Maritime Alps extend, and Nice slumbers on the blue sea beneath the mountain peaks which melt away into the haze that rests over the Mediterranean. The Gulf de la Napoule, with its serrated Esterelles, and the Gulf of Nice, with its mighty rushing var, meet the view as you turn seawards. The forests of the Esterelles, rising in the delicious evening light along the lofty crags, and the snow-crowned Alps towering on high, with the Alpine glow of brilliant lustrous hues reflected along each purpling peak.

"I came up here a few days ago with my sketch book," said

my friend, Dr. Williams. "I had been endeavouring to take a particular view, and it was exceedingly difficult to get it. The day was very stormy—clouds and mist were drifting across the Maritime Alps—and I fancied that I should have had my walk for nothing, when, just as I had ascended the hill, the sun broke through the dense mass of clouds, and the whole Alps stood forth in wondrous beauty."

I felt that often-times it had been so in my own life, when, amid the dense clouds of trouble, trial, sorrow, or temptation, the great everlasting promises of our loving God seem to be hidden from the weary sight of the soul. Then comes the moment when light from heaven breaks through these dreary clouds, and the mighty, eternal words of Christ—"at evening time it shall be light"—are then felt by the spirit to stand out in glorious brilliancy of outline.

I remember while visiting a dying lad, who lay in a room 'neath the shade of the mountains, whose blue heights arose in the still summer air so tranquilly around, repeating the words of David in Psalm 125th—"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth, even for ever"—and often ere departing I heard the poor wearied sufferer whisper how true the words had proved to him.

The highest peaks of the Maritime Alps are Le Glacier de Mercantour, which rises to a height of 10,292 feet above the level of the Mediterranean.

Le Glacier de Montclapier, or, "The Glacier of the Stony Mountain," 10,874 feet.

La Cime del Diavolo—"The Devil's Peak"—which towers aloft to the height of 7,384 feet, and which is some fifty miles away.

Le Pic de Prato is 3,484 feet in elevation, and is so called "The Peak of the Meadows," from the Languedocian and

Nizzard term *Prat*, a field or meadow, which word in other parts of Provençe meets us as *Prad*—a large field being termed *Pradus;* a bad meadow, *Pradel;* a little meadow, *Pradoun.*

The view from Antibes, as you stand beneath the lighthouse, is, I think, the best which you can gain of the Alps. You have a good glance there at Mount Cheiron, or, as it is also termed, La Montagne de Glenne, which is 5,483 feet above sea level, and forms the highest peak of the Calcairean mountains, to the north.

Nearer you, as you sweep your glass with a little westing, you gaze upon the magnificent Saut du Loup—the renowned "Wolf's Leap"—towering with all its sheer precipitous grandeur, lighted up by lingering sun rays, so as to loom forth in dread distinctness of outline over the ravine below, while the river Loup winds beneath its down-rushing course, struggling onwards to gain the distant sea.

There are sometimes magnificent effects of light displayed upon these Alpine peaks, although I have never witnessed so glorious an Alpine glow amid the Maritime Alps as in July last I had the good fortune to see at Lucern; but that was unprecedented. Indeed, a quarter of a century's acquaintance with the Swiss Alps had never before afforded so glorious a view.

The waters of the lake seemed to be absolutely on fire—the windows of the chalets and the houses amid the green fields were burning with radiant light—the church seemed literally bursting into flame—and far on high peak over peak of mountain Alp glowed with a lurid flaming light, that suffused the snow with purpling hues, and bathed each rock, each cliff, each glacier, with a sea of exquisite vermilion rosen-coloured floods of sunset glows mantled over each spire and minaret and dome of snow-girt rocks.

One could almost realise that they saw before their eyes the

ramparts of the City Celestial, and every instant almost expected to hear the ravishing outburst of sweetest harmony from white-robed, radiant spirits, floating in amber atmospheres of serenest, eternal delight.

If scenes like this so glorious be, what must that city—Zion on high—resemble, when the ransomed ones sweep in, washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CHAPTER XXIV.

LA CABRO DE MOUSSU SEQUIN.

"Experience keeps a school; and it is the only one,
Where thoughtless men will learn."
—*Nizzard Proverb.*

Moussu Sequin had never been fortunate with his kids. In fact, he had lost them all in the same manner. One fine morning they had broken their cords, and escaped into the mountain; then the wolf had devoured them up there. In fact, neither the kindness of their master, nor the fear of the wolf, could restrain them. They were strong, wild kids, and had need of much air and liberty.

The brave old Moussu Sequin, who understood nothing of this spirit of beasts, was not content. He said: "*Es fini :*' (it is all up with them)—"*L'oustau vèn en odi a mi cabro; n'en gardarai pas uno, veires*" (the house has become hateful to my kids; I shall not preserve one of them, you will see).

Yet still he persevered; and although he had already lost six kids in the same fashion, he bought a seventh—only this time he took it quite young, believing that thus the animal would the better become accustomed to confinement.

"Ah, my friends! what a handsome kid she was! how beautiful, with her mild eyes, her black and shining little boots![1]—

[1] *Esclo* or *Esclop;* Languedocian for *Sabot.*

her twisted horns, and her long white hair, just like velvet!—and then she was so friendly and so brave—never troublesome—never addicted to kicking over the milk-pail! She was a treasure that goat!"

M. Sequin had a little meadow behind his house, and there he used to put the goat, and would stake her in the midst of it, and come occasionally to see how she was getting on. It rejoiced him to see her crop the grass. "Ah," said the poor man, "she, at least, would not be likely to grow tired of the house!"

M. Sequin was mistaken; the kid was already tired of the place.

II.

For you will see that one day the foolish kid said to herself, while looking at the hill—

"Coume dèu faire bon eilamoundaut! que chale d'escala dins li brueio, sènso aquelo marrido cordo que vous estrasso lou cou. Es bon pèr un ase o pèr uno vaco de passa sa vido dins un pradoun. Nautre, la cabruno, nous fau mai de large."[1]

And so, despite the meadow grass, she languished and grew thin. Every day she dragged her cord, trying to loosen it, towards the mountain, and muttered, "Oh, if I could only get rid of it altogether!"

Moussu Sequin saw that something ailed the goat, but he knew not what it was. One morning, when he had finished milking the cow, the kid turned round and said to him, in the language which goats use—"Escoutas, Moussu Sequin, me

1 "How lovely it must be up there! What fun to scale up into the heath wood, without this wretched cord that strangles one's neck! It is good for a donkey or for a cow to pass their life in a meadow. We kids ought to be more at large."

languisse à voste oustau ; leissas m'ana dins la mountagno !"[1] Now you know she did not really say all this ; but the old man got such a fright when he heard her making such a piteous bleating that he dropped the pail, and then he sat down on the grass alongside her.

"Ai ! ai ! she wants to go into the mountains," he cried sorrowfully. "Ah, *Blanqueto*—white jacket—you want to run away ?"

Blanqueto answered—"I want to go away, Moussu Sequin."

"But hast thou not grass enough in this meadow ?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"Ah, perhaps then you are staked too short ?"

"*Poudèn se vos, moula 'n pau mai de cordo.*"[2]

"Nàni, Moussu Sequin, prengues pas la peno !"[3]

"Well, but what then ? what *do* you want then ?"

"I want to go to the mountain, M. Sequin !"

"Ah, the mountain—the mountain ! Don't dream of it, Blanqueto. The wolf is up there, and he will be on you in a twinkling if you go thither.

"I'll give him a blow of my horns, master, and soon send him away," bleated the kid.

"Ah, poor little goose ; much dread he would have of thy horns, that great glutton of a wolf. He has eaten up already six goats of mine, much stronger than you. Ah, if you had known poor Reinaudo, who was here before you. Ah, that was a giant of a goat—higher than a cow—and such a pair of horns. Ah, well ! Poor Reinaudo fought the wolf all the night long, then in the morning the wolf devoured him."

[1] "Hear me, Monsieur Sequin ! I am growing ill at your house ; let me go into the mountain."

[2] We can let out a little more cord.

[3] Oh, no, Mr. Sequin, don't take the trouble.

"Poor Reinaudo! All the same, Mr. Sequin, let me go to the mountain."

"You scamp," cried the old man, "it shan't be said, at least of you, that the wolf ate you like the rest. Come along this moment, till I shut you up in the stable!"

And so poor Blanqueto was led off to the dark stable, and the old man locked the door carefully, and creak! creak! turned the key four times to make sure. But, alas! people don't think always of everything. Mr. Sequin quite forgot to shut the window, and out of the window Blanqueto presently escaped and ran off to the mountain.

III.

When Blanqueto arrived at the mountain, it seemed to her as though every bird, beast, tree, was keeping holiday.

It looked as though the tall pine trees were bowing their heads to welcome her among them, as though the wild flowers greeted her. No rope now; no dark stable; all liberty and play, and such tender grass, and such delicious heather. When she had eaten enough and lay down to rest, she caught sight of her old home from the brow of the mountain, and said, "What a wretched, dark, dingy place; how could I ever possibly live there?"

Suddenly, when some pleasant hours had passed away, it became very cold, and the mountain assumed a violet hue. "Surely," said Blanqueto, "it cannot be night already?"

Yes, it was night. The mountain peak became darker and darker, the falcon brushed her with its wings as it floated past, the din-din of the sheep-bells struck on her ears as the flock of sheep returned home to the fold. Blanqueto became afraid—and lo! a deep, long howl resounded through the woods.

Hou! Hou! "Ah," said Blanqueto, "I had forgotten the wolf. 'Tis he at last."

A few moments more and she heard the voice of Moussu Sequin calling out—"Blanqueto! Blanqueto! Dost hear the wolf? Come back, come back, poor silly Blanqueto!"

Poor Blanqueto! She half resolved to return—she half rose up to go back. Then came the thoughts of the little meadow and the dark stable. Could she give up her liberty? No! And the voice of Moussu Sequin sounded on her ears no more.

A noise—a loud noise behind her. She turned, and there, amid the leaves she saw, with terror, a pair of short, straight ears, and two burning eyes that shone luridly like bright lamps. It was the wolf at last. Alas! poor Blanqueto!

IV.

Huge—fearful-looking, sitting on his tail—the wolf contemplated the kid. He was in no hurry to advance, for he well knew that there was no escape for her. And then the wolf laughed an evil laugh, and cried, "Ha! ha! The little kid of Moussu Sequin;" and then he showed his white tusks and rolled his long red tongue around his mouth, that seemed to glow with fiery steaming breath like a furnace.

Poor Blanqueto! She saw that she was lost. How could she struggle with that terrible monster? At one moment she thought it would be better to let herself be eaten up right off as she thought of Reinaudo, who had fought all the night, but was devoured in the morning. But then, like a brave little kid as she was, she lowered her head—stood on guard. She did not hope to eat the wolf, but only to hold out all the night till the morning, like the valiant Reinaudo. Then the wolf advanced, and the little brave kid danced round and round. She

had a brave heart, and ten times she repulsed the wolf, while every now and then she plucked a mouthful of grass to strengthen her for the combat.

From time to time she looked at the stars, which were dancing in the clear blue sky, and said to herself, "Oh, if I could only hold out till morning—till these stars vanish away.

Oh! what gnashings of the wolf's teeth, and oh! what valiant blows of Blanqueto's horns. What a long night it seemed to her. At last the light began to dawn—the crows were heard cawing—the birds began to sing.

"At last—at last," feebly said the poor little Blanqueto, and weary and blood-stained she sank upon the trampled grass.

Then, with a fierce howl of delight, the wolf's fangs were fastened in the poor trembling little kid.

"Oh," she said, "I have fought all the night, and now I must die in the morning."

But as poor little Blanqueto felt the sharp teeth piercing her, lo! she heard a loud report; then came a wild howl of anguish, and the wolf, mortally wounded, rolled over and over, while Moussu Sequin, gun in hand, came running up, and to make assurance doubly assurance, gave him the contents of the second barrel.

Blanqueto was a long time ere she could frisk about as of old; but at last she became quite well again, and never ventured to roam away to the mountains any more, while brave Moussu Sequin would say as he looked at her, "Ah, Blanqueto, thou wast lucky not to go like poor Reinaudo. *Qui se bategue touto la niue 'me lou loup, e piei, lou matin, lou loup la manje.*"[1] And Blanqueto evidently thought so too, for she never looked up at the pines of the mountain without a shiver, as she thought of the terrible night she spent there.

[1] This story, which I have translated from the Provençal of Anfos

"There is nothing, children, believe me, like *oustaou pairouladou*"—the father's house—brave M. Sequin used to say when he gathered them around him, as the faggots blazed on the hearth, and told them the story of Blanqueto.

Dandet, has given rise to a well-known Provençal proverb—"A dou mau de la cabro de Moussu Sequin, que se batégue touto la niue 'me lou loup, e piei, lou matin, lou loup la manje." "He has the bad fortune of Mr. Sequin's kid, which fought all the night with the wolf, and then the wolf ate him in the morning."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE AUBERGE OF THE ESTEREL.

"Esconto, dis, aro me mèmbre
Uno sourneto qu'en Desembre,
Autre-tems, au cagnard, fasien li peresous.
Reìno di loup e menarello
Dis escabot de sautarello,
Disien qu' uno fado Esterello
Trevo eternalamen nòsti lio roucassous!"

—*Fred. Mistral.*

THERE exists in the dialect of Nice a proverbial saying, which denotes the opinion entertained during the last century of the hazardous character of the Esterelles. When the Nizzards speak of an extortionate shop or hotel, or of a dangerous place, they say, "*Es lòu buosc de l' Estereu.*" It is the Forest of the Esterelles.

Travelling in the Esterelles at the end of the last century and the commencement of this one, could not have been very agreeable. The escaped convicts, clanking the remnants of the rusted chains which once had bound them to the benches of the galleys of Toulon, found in the wild recesses of these mountain ranges an impenetrable asylum. The evil-doers of the country around lurked in the caverns 'neath the red cork trees and colossal pines, whose iron roots grasped the porphyry rocks in their serried net-works; while an impenetrable brushwood and

almost inaccessible barricade of rocks defended the brigand haunts from assault of the gendarmerie of Toulon, or military sent in pursuit by the authorities.

Brigandage at present in the Esterelles need not be dreaded, for the simple reason that there is really no one to be robbed. Desolation seems to have branded these charming valleys, these densely-wooded hills, these glistering bare mountain peaks ; for truly the most mournful desolation is the utter absence of human beings in these silent recesses, where alone the startled quail as he whirs past, the bee's hum, or grasshopper's chirp, is to be heard.

It was a glorious April morning as we drove out of Cannes *en route* for the lonely Auberge of the Esterel. One of our horses was a tall, gaunt grey ; the other, some hands lower, was of a peculiar yellowish colour, suggestive of circus antecedents. The grey kept to a trot, the yellow loved to gallop. The vehicle itself was old and stately ; it seemed as though it had belonged to some rich traveller who had discarded it in favour of some more modern equipage. A coronet still gleamed upon its pannels. Still, strange as the equipage appeared, the voiturier, with loose reins and cracking whip, soon distanced the carriages in front. The Cannes coachmen are remarkable for the care with which they screw on the brake. Every tiny hill a fresh application of it becomes necessary ; but our charioteer troubled himself little about it ; and so on mid whirling dust and flocks of sheep from the mountains of the Briga, on through the long plain of Laval haunted by fever rising from its water trenches, we drove along until Napoul gleams upon our view, with its great old fortress castle 'neath the mountain shade.

The chain of the Esterelles is entirely independent of the Maritime Alps, and projects itself to the south and west. It laves its red porphyritic sunset-tinged rocks in the Mediter-

ranean, looking on one side towards the Gulf of Napoule, and on the other to the Gulf of Frejus. On the west the valley of Reyran, and on the north those of the Siagne and of Biançon border it.

The entire group, nearly elliptical in form, measures some twenty kilometres from north to south, and fifteen from west to east. At one time this Esterel region, some 300 square kilometres in extent, was densely wooded with the gnarled picturesque cork trees and the stately pines, which oft fought back the Mistral. Unfortunately, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, in order to destroy the lurking places of the guerillas who contended against his Spanish veterans, ordered the forests to be burnt down, and the authorities themselves of the mountain communes have laid bare many of the mountain sides. A mournful vandalism, followed by long-continued droughts, and occasionally by mountain stream inundations. In truth, unless more prudence restrain the communes, the work of devastation, which is rapidly progressing along the wooded hills of the Maritime Alps, must injuriously affect the already fluctuating climate of Cannes also.

The scenery of the Esterelles, when once you have fairly commenced the ascent of the mountain road, becomes very interesting. The picturesque formation of the rocks being of the most striking and varied description; anon rising from the torrent bed towers forth a giant wall of cliff, seeming at a little distance some tall fortress towering up amid the pines and chene liege trees; and then red porphyritic masses suddenly crown the mountain brow, shaped like Druid altars, glowing like fire, when caught by the setting sun rays.

The transition from the olive trees and roses, the orange and white blossomed peach and almond trees of Cannes, to the green pines of the Esterelles, strikes one with a vivid pleasure, the pleasure derived from contrast. As we advance smiling valleys open

before us, and richly-wooded mountain heights; but little evidence of cultivation, and few appearances of habitation by man are visible. A few flocks of brown and black sheep and goats; a bleak looking isolated building, upon whose front we read the inscription—"Logement pour Cantonniers," where the road makers find shelter. A saw-mill in the valley, at least such it seemed to be; but no red-tiled *maions*, as in the olive groves around Cannes, spoke of the peasant proprietor's rose-wreathed abode; no covered-in well or vine-wreathed berceau, in which the rustic household gather in the evening hours. All was lonely—all was silent, save where, amid the tree like Mediterranean heaths rising from the rocks, the startled quail flew forth, or the eagle floated far on high, gazing beneath with fiery eye on the intruders on his lonely domain.

"Voila! L'Auberge d'Esterel!" said the driver. We had swept over the bridge of the Esterel; and now, in a few minutes more, we halted in the lonely village of the same name.

A massive block of white-washed building, before which towered two stately elms, bore on one side the inscription—"Hotel de la Poste;" but this seemed partially obliterated—whether by time, weather, or conscientious scruples on the landlord's part, as to the propriety of his assuming so grand a title, it were hard to say. In fact, the Auberge, as it is more commonly called, resembles more a vast barn than a hotel. On another portion of the front, the words, "Grande Halte!" were painted. Opening the rough, paintless door, a profound darkness met mine eyes, and presently a group of peasants appeared, eating at a table their repast, while a few brands glimmered feebly in the large open fire-place.

Gradually, as the eyes became better accustomed to the darkness, a long barrelled fowling-piece hanging up in a corner was seen; and another room, or *salle-a-manger*, with two benches

and a wooden table, and a proclamation against drunkenness fastened against the wall, in the name of the Prefêt of the Maritime Alps, or rather in that of the French Republic, as administered by him. This strikes me as being really a useful reminder both to hosts and guests, and might be adopted nearer home with some benefit.

A long straggling building, on the other side of the road, bore the inscription, "Gendarmerïe." In this five gendarmes are quartered, and the stables for their chargers are beneath the same roof. The windows were not barred, nor were there any loopholes, apparently, for defence. One end window alone was provided with serrated iron bars; and a solitary gendarme, in white trousers and blue tunic, wandered along the front, looking much oppressed by the loneliness of the scene.

A large house, unoccupied, and a range of stabling, completed the one street of the village of the Esterel. The wooded mountains towered above, and the little village of Les Adrets appeared across the valley. "I have two children, and they go to school at Les Adrets," said the landlady. "We have not much society here, *Moussu;* but the chasseurs come out here to hunt the wild boars in the mountains around, and they remain for nights with us. There are many *sangliers* in the mountains."

It would not be over pleasant to encounter one of these self same *sangliers*, or wild boars, if unarmed, in the chestnut woods. Generally a large number of hunters, armed with their quaint old guns—whose carven stocks tell of goodly age—assemble to hunt the boar; and, gradually circling round him, the boar has a lively time of it, unless he can succeed in breaking through the *cordon de feu.*

Woe betide the chasseur who finds himself with unloaded fusil before the exasperated wounded boar who turns at bay;

for, in that case, instead of the *sanglier's* goodly proportions being exhibited in the *charcuterie magazins* of Cannes, the hunter himself, unless exceedingly active, will have cause ever after to remember the episode.

The *sangliers* and wolves might now, however, rest tranquil, as the *chasse* was forbidden until the open season came round again—it being now April; although, according to the Prefêt's proclamation, which I read at the police-office in Cannes, you might shoot the wild boar on your own grounds still; but, in that case, you were not allowed to send him off the premises, but were bound to eat him in your own habitation.

It is, in truth, a great blessing when the *chasse* is at an end in Cannes. It is a service of danger, especially on the Lord's day, to walk along the country roads to church. Gentlemen, with long leathern, well polished jack-boots, belted and girded, with gorgeous hunting-bags splendidly fringed, and armed with double-barrelled guns, attended by sporting dogs of all types—from the handsomely feathered spaniel or well-bred pointer to the uncommonly ugly bull-dogs which abound in Cannes, with neck-collars studded with enormous nails—meet your view. *Ouvriers* from the town, with venerable fusils, that hang by a leathern sling from their shoulders, and sagacious little *bassets*, or terriers, that run lurking along after imaginary rabbits; elderly bourgeois gentlemen, attended by Madame and the children, carrying the game-bag alternately, as they walk on speculating on the wondrous results of the day's sport, pass you by. And then, in all directions along the road side—in olive woods, in pine copses, amid the orange groves, ascending the hills or descending—a straggling sound of musketry meets the ear. The poor little birds have a bad time of it in the South of France. Many a day have I felt grieved, when walking through the market, held until eleven A.M. in the town, at

seeing robin-redbreasts, linnets, doves, pigeons, blackbirds, thrushes, all lying, mingled with snipes, wood-cocks, and pheasants, on the stalls.

We leave the carriage—the driver disposes his steeds in one of the long rambling stables—and we saunter along the road, looking for a shaded spot to rest awhile, and enjoy the varied landscape extending itself before us. The landlady has undertaken to provide for the driver's repast; and, acting on the admonition of the guide-book, we have brought a few sandwiches with us; for at the Auberge it would be difficult to procure almost anything edible—at least for a party.

One of the few streams of the Esterelles trickles past our station. We decided that the ascent of Mont Vinaigre was too arduous for so hot a day; and, after resting awhile, wandered on towards the spot where formerly the brigands of the place used to waylay their helpless victims.

M. de Saussure, who travelled through the Esterel in 1787 when attacks by the brigands were of almost daily occurrence—states that these gentry used to allow travellers to enter a long way into this open space which the road displays now; and while their sentinels looked out for the gendarmerie, if any might be seen, the rest of the bandits, flying down from their dense cover of rock and heath, used to plunder and ill use the luckless voyagers. The shrill notes of a whistle would announce the detection by the sentry of the approach of the officers of the law; and these desperadoes would at once retreat to their mountain fastnesses, where none dared follow them.

In former days the number of travellers along the road was very considerable, as it formed the grand route to Frejus and Toulon. Now it is comparatively deserted—the railroad absorbing the traffic; and thus the Esterelles have become almost deserted. You might wander through them for miles

without meeting any one, or seeing a human habitation; save where a rude hut, shaped like the French soldiers' *tent d'abri*, meets the view, hidden partially under the sheltering rocks, and composed of pine branches arranged triangularly over a rough frame-work of poles, scarcely allowing its inmates to stand erect within its sheltering roof. There the peasants take refuge from the mountain storms, or the wood-cutters rest after the labour of the day.

The want of soil—the hilliness of the region—the great scarcity of water—seem to prevent agriculture forming a remunerative pursuit in the Esterelles, besides the difficulty of transit. And so these wondrously beautiful mountains, whose sunset-lighted peaks glow with unearthly radiance, in the deep carmine hues of evening clouds, over the blue waters sleeping round their cavernous pine-covered crags, remain almost deserted and forgotten.

We walked along the road glowing like a furnace in the sun rays, 'neath the green pines through whose sharp, needle-like leaves, the mountain breeze played a melancholy yet sweet dirge-like strain, while beneath, on the other side, a valley of richest foliage extended itself, and then wound along the opposite hills. A magnificent elm spread abroad its mighty branches, all green with leaves of spring. As we draw near beneath its welcome shade, a crystal stream of purest, coldest water trickled from the rock, while, in curious contrast, a dark pool lay close alongside, and a hideous water serpent glided through its foul waters, raising its yellow striped head above the surface, and bubbling air-drops upward. Swiftly it darted across the pool, and then glided towards us, elevating its head and bright black eyes as though challenging our entrance on his domain.

It seemed to me as though a meaning was hidden in this incident. The cold, crystal, refreshing stream seemed to symbo-

lise the life eternal which the blessed Redeemer offers to all who trust in Him, and thus accept it freely; and the venomous creature floating round the waters of its pestilential home seemed shadowing forth that Evil One—the enemy of souls—who longs to draw poor wearied thirsting souls away from a Saviour's love to the abodes of darkness and despair.

An inscription, graven on the front of the Auberge of the Esterel, shows its antiquity—

CESTE MAISON A ESTE REBASTIE PAR LE SIEUR LAUGIER. 1663.

But it is well known that this Auberge existed during the Middle Ages, and it is even supposed by some to have been the origin of the name Esterel, which is that of the mountain on whose side it has been constructed—Estel meaning stable, lodging-place. Others derive the name Esterel from Estelle, star; others from Suelteri, the name of the ancient Ligurian race or tribe that occupied these mountains some two centuries before the Christian era.

An old tradition of the inhabitants of these mountains represents them as being named after a fairy called Esterelle, who in ancient days was worshipped on these mountain heights, and to whom sacrifices used to be offered. Even yet the wood cutter of the Esterelles dreads this phantom, which is said to make her appearance sometimes to the lone hunter or belated peasant or swarthy fisher, as he moors his felucca to the rocks, and rests beneath the cork-tree shade. She resembles a lovely maiden, with smile of unearthly beauty, whose eyes so fascinate their unhappy victim, that ever afterwards he finds himself impelled by an irresistible longing to search for her. Some are reputed, who have seen this ill-omened syren, to have passed long years leaping from crag to crag amid these mountain recesses; others have wandered away to lead the secluded life of

a hermit in the forest shades. Those who have read Calendau, by the Chevalier Frederic Mistral, will remember how that great Felibre, in the Provençal idiom of our day, paints this fairy as she makes her appearance on the mountain crags to the startled hunter :—

" Era souto lou ro. Tout-d'uno,
Aussaut la testo per fourtuno
Vers lou cengle dòu baus,—drecho dins lou trelus
Emé lou baus per escabello,
Vese uno femo jouino e bello
Eu plen azur . . . A mi parpello
Passe la man, leu mai espinche ; i èro plus !

I stood beneath the rock—a moment's space
I turned by chance, into the cave, my face.
Right in the flood of golden light I view
(The grotto's brow the footstool of her feet)
A maiden fair, her smile transcendent sweet.
All light around—my hand's o'er eyelids meet.
But from my straining sight the vision fair swift flew !

Some of the mountain ridges of the Esterelles are quite bare of the stately forest trees which used formerly to clothe their crests and slopes. These have suffered from the ravages of fire. In the year 1835 a fearful fire raged amid the Esterelle forests, and continued burning for six weeks. An immense extent of mountain was thus deprived of its venerable old cork trees and stately chestnut and pine trees. The very earth itself is said to have been roasted by the intensity of the flame and heat. How grand, yet how awful, must have been the sight all around Mount Vinaigre—the serpentine flames winding anaconda-like around the magnificent trunks that battled with the Mistral for ages ; the heavens all a-glow with lurid colours ; the blue sea, the everlasting peaks, the snow-white ranges of the Alps around the Col de Tenda, ever and anon gleaming forth through the

stifling smoke clouds, before whose rushing flames the mountain adders and hissing snakes retreat, and the terrified birds fall stifled back into the burning brushwood underneath.

In truth, to the awe-stricken gazers it must have seemed as though it were a foreshadowing of the dread day of wrath—that day of the Lord, which will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. "The coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens, being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat."[1]

How blessed the pardoned sinner's state, who, "according to His promise, looks for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

The horses were harnessed again, and Madame l' Aubergiste waved adieu, as we flew down the mountain road at speed. The yellow seemed as though he perceived far off his own stable in Cannes, and the grey, though steadier in mien, stretched forward with his long stride to his companion's gallop. On we went, sweeping over the old bridge of the Esterel, on past cliff and granite rock and frowning mountain brow. And then a charming vista of the Mediterranean showed itself, with Isle St. Marguerite and the sad dungeon of the Masque de Fer; and then we swept—still full speed—across the suspension bridge of the Siagne, into the fertile yet pestilent plain of Laval—the haunt of fever—where but a few houses show themselves amid the green fields browsed on by the sheep of the Brigasque.

In former days rice was cultivated in these water meadows, which have been formed by the soil and stones hurled along by the Siagne in its torrent-like inundations, and kept in by the high sand dams raised by the Mediterranean waves, which in

[1] 2 Peter iii. 12, 13.

former days must have encroached upon the shore in this district much more than in our day. Thus, at first, a lake or *etang* was formed by the sand barrier, and the frequent inundations, caused by the loss of the woods of the Esterelles, in time filled up the stagnant waters. The English quarter of Cannes appears in view. A fountain meets the eye with an inscription from the glorious words of Isaiah's prophecy :—"Je repandrai des eaux sur celui que est alterè."

And at last, in the shades of evening, we reach our destination, and enter the rose-fringed garden of Villa Millaïa.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HUNTER OF THE ESTEREL.

"Lou sang ie gisclo au poung,—cremesin,
E taco soun chivau—sarrasin.
Cremesin
Se mesclo, emé l'escumo
Dou chivau sarrasin."

—*Felis Gras.*

The Esterelles, desolate as they now are, yet in the earlier portion of the present century, at times contributed a great deal of excitement to the quiet inhabitants of Cannes, Nice, Frejus, and Toulon. Whenever the signal guns announced the escape of a forçat from the galleys at Toulon, the warders would shake their heads oracularly and say, "He's off to the pines of the Esterel."

The idea of ever venturing to follow the convict thither never crossed the minds of the authorities. Once arrived in these mountain caves, the escaped was safe, for he at once attached himself to the bandits who swarmed in the fortresses of Mont Vinaigre; and whose repeated attacks upon the travellers *en route* to Frejus or to Nice had caused an evil reputation to cloud the wooded peaks of these lovely yet lonely mountain ranges.

One can scarcely now realise, when looking from the shore of La Croisette across the blue Mediterranean towards these

sunset-tinged Esterelles, whose bold cliffs are bathed in a deep crimson glow of fire, that not many years ago the boldest bourgeois of Cannes would tremble at the prospect of being belated there but for a solitary evening.

Now, as across the feathered palm tree beneath the evening sea breeze, the tartane spreads her tall triangular sails to catch each faint sigh of the wind as she ripples along her way towards Napoule, hidden in the sombre lower shadows of the mountains; her red-capped, brown-jacketed seamen, or her bronzed patron, tell of the traditions of the past, as they lean over the bulwarks and mark the ancient chateau of Napoule, or the semaphore of Darmont, tinged by the carmine glow.

The Auberge of the Esterel one winter evening held a good number of travellers weather-bound in its dark kitchen. Mine host L'aubergisto, assisted by his bustling wife, moved about continually, endeavouring to supply the wants of those who had taken refuge in the Auberge.

In truth, this Auberge was well known even in the middle ages. Many a brave knight and stout squire have halted outside its aged portail, over which the inscription runs that the Sieur Laugier rebuilt it in 1663; and as from Cannes to Frejus it was the solitary inn which could accommodate passers by, mine host was sometimes sore perplexed to meet the wants of an occasional overflow of guests.

A travelling carriage had just arrived, and its four wearied horses were led by the postilions inside the rude stables on the other side of the road.

A company of villagers from Les Adrets were seated at a side table near the hearth, in whose dim recesses several pine logs were blazing on the antique iron *chenets* or fire dogs. Inside the salle-a-manger, the inmates of the carriage were enjoying the cheerful glow of another fire, and were waiting for dinner;

and at the end of another table in the kitchen a tall, fine-looking man of some forty winters was seated; the long double-barrelled gun stretched at his feet, the game-bag made of well-worn leather lying alongside, told all at once that he was a chasseur, familiar with the lonely mountain regions around.

"Eh ben madama quan li sérés, dammi lou bricou emè un mata-fan de moun amic lou vesti de seda,"[1] said the hunter turning to the hostess, and speaking in the dialect of Languedoc, which she seemed to comprehend perfectly. With a smile she turned to the fire, and soon complied with his request. The peasants from Les Adrets, who were drinking the country wine and eating bread and cheese, seemed as though they held themselves aloof from the Languedocian, whom they termed Lou Cassaire, or the hunter, in their dialect. This, however, did not seem much to trouble him.

The wind was blowing furiously down the road, occasionally surging down the broad chimney, and sending puffs of smoke into the rooms. The rain, also driven before the blast, pattered against the windows; while the branches of the giant elms, standing like sentinels before the door, swayed and creaked in the fierce gale.

The peasants, who were conversing in a low tone among themselves, had now lighted their wooden pipes, and were emitting from their lips clouds of smoke. The landlady had found time to speak to the hunter a few words amid her pressing business

[1] "Well, madame, when you are quite ready, give me the red little coffee-pot, and a substantial slice of my friend silk jacket." The words *mata-fan*, literally "kill hunger," mean the *piece de resistance* or substantial dish of the French dinners. *Vesti-de-seda*, "silk jacket," is a euphonious name given to the pig by the peasantry of Languedoc. The Languedoc dialect is very expressive. A physician's prescription is called therein "passa-ten," which seems a sly hit at the doctor, as their prescriptions are generally, if taken, anything but passe-temps or amusement.

cares. "Why, Seiner,[1] what is this that Mossu lou Segoundari[2] says about you?" The hunter looked up with a smile as she spoke, and replied, "Aco toumbé pa en palio;[3] but what did his reverence say about me? did he accuse me of not coming to confession? or of not paying my dues properly? or of——" "*Parla Siaou*"—speak low—she said, with an imploring look; "I tell you, Raoul, you have many enemies and few friends in the mountains of the Esterelles." "*La mar brulo pas*"—the sea won't burn you—laughed the Languedocian. "You have known me now a long time, foster sister——soreta mièva—and you know that we Languedocians contrive to take care of ourselves; and so for that very reason I must ask you to allow me to sit by your fireside to-night, for to tell truth I have little desire to climb Vinaigre in such a storm as now is blowing." "Jan will make you comfortable, you may be sure, though we have a party inside," replied the landlady. "Did you see the young Anglesa?[4] she is so beautiful; she seemed to me like one of the paintings in your father's." "Hush, hush, Marie!—*estas à siaou!*" "*Es floura couma uno pruno*"—she has the colour of the rose and the lily. "*Pleti moussu?*"[5] and she turned to the peasant who had called her.

The peasants, not without certain wistful glances at the bright fire, which sparkled cheerily as the hugh pine logs caught the blaze, now slowly took their departure, and issued forth into the darkness of the night. The hunter laid his gun in a corner of the room, and drew near to the fire. The postilions had meantime entered, and were taking their evening meal in

[1] Seiner means Seigneur.

[2] Segoundari—the Curate, as we would call him; in French, Le Vicaire.

[3] That (speech) did not fall among the straw.

[4] English woman.

[5] What do you wish, sir?

another side of the large kitchen, glad enough, apparently, not to have to face the storm that howled fierce and fiercer as the night wore on. After some time they also retreated to their resting-place for the night; while the hostess, with the aid of her gaunt, tall domestic, who served as half cook, half housemaid, had arranged a sofa for Raoul to rest on for the night.

Once or twice the hunter had heard a sweet musical voice in the *salle-a-manger;* and he had ascertained from the landlord that the elder lady inside was a Madame Vernon, who seemed to be in very delicate health; that she was accompanied by her daughter, who had written in the stranger's book her name as Violet Vernon; and that there was also a boy of some twelve years, besides the lady's-maid, who had also informed them that the courier had gone forward to secure apartments at Nice for the party.

At this time Cannes was merely a fishing town, frequented by the tartanes and feluccas of the coasting trade, and possessing no handsome villas, or even scarcely owning a second hotel for the accommodation of strangers who only halted there to change horses on their route to Nice.

The hunter took no particular interest in the English party, but he did in the state of his gun, which he proceeded, after a few minutes of thought, to clean and oil and carefully re-dry.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE VERNONS AND DE RAVENELS.

"Aro adieu dounc, Rouset, ieu parte per l'armado,
Tant leu!
De lieun coume de pres saras la ben-amado.
Beleu!
Tè ma mostro, Rouset: batra sus ta peitrino.
Toujou!
Douno-m'aqueu frisoun qu'à toun front fai oumbrino.
Pren-lou!
Desertarai, Rouset, bèn tant moun cor barbelo.
Ai! Dieu!
An! encaro un poutoun, e pènso a ieu, ma bello!
Adieu!"

—*Frederic Mistral.*

Mrs. Vernon was the widow of Major-General Vernon, a very distinguished officer, who had died at a comparatively early age, broken down by wounds and ill-health contracted during the latter part of a brilliant military career.

Since his death, Mrs. Vernon had been a confirmed invalid. Their engagement had been one of first love on either side. They had been obliged to wait for several years, owing to strong opposition offered to the prospect of their marriage by Mrs. Vernon's aunt, who was her guardian. And when her husband was taken from her, she thought she could never hold up her head again. Indeed, it was only by resolutely determining never to indulge in the sweetly bitter luxury of

looking back upon her past happiness, and by a strength which she had found in constant communion with her Redeemer, that she was enabled to break through the dense cloud of darkness that seemed at one time as though it would shroud over her future life.

She would often say to Violet—"My darling, God has been very loving unto me. I could in a measure struggle by day against the habit of looking back to our happy home at Oaklands; but I always felt that I could not prevent the past coming back to me at night in dreams, and *that* would have driven me mad. But how loving He has been unto me! For the first few years of my bitter sorrow, I have scarcely ever dreamt of my loved one at all—and now I *can* look back unto the past."

It is strange how those who at first could not bear to let themselves dwell upon the recollection of their happy, vanished past, seem in after life, or in old age, to reflect much upon it. I have known those who, during their whole life, have passed in the opinion of all who knew them for iron men—scarce susceptible of any outburst of emotion; and I have wondered often at observing how, when they came to die, and an unwonted tenderness of manner was observed by the watchers by the bedside—that even when death was grappling with them, and the struggle was growing feebler and feebler still—that then the dying eye seemed to see forms of the past standing by the pillow, and names of the past and recollections of the past seemed thronging through the mind of the departing one.

Nor, in truth, is it to be wondered at, that when the dread hour is fast approaching the dying sufferer, in which the buried past will all come to light again before the lightning gleaming from the Judgment throne—that even before crossing

the dark river, the soul should begin to experience the preludes of that wondrous scene. Happy and blessed they who can look back upon their past, and see it all pardoned in the atoning blood of Jesus.

Mrs. Vernon's health had been for several years in a precarious state, and she had determined to pass the winter in the mild climate of Nice—an undertaking much more difficult in former years than it is now, when the railroad runs the whole way, one may say, from Calais to Nice. Still, for my part, I regret the river passage down the Rhone—or, as the Provençals lovingly call it, "Lou Rose." It was a winter Rhine; and as you stood upon the quarter-deck of the steamer, and glided along 'neath castled crag, and ancient keep and cliff, renowned in the Rhone seaman's song, the scenery was to my mind even grander than that of its German brother.

As one whirls along now in the express from Lyons to Marseilles, it is impossible to catch more than a fleeting view of the great beauties of the southern river.[1]

To Violet Vernon—who for the first time had been in the sunny south—every object was delightful—every mile of travelling conveyed a new pleasure. But when a fierce mistral had set in, and all the inclemency, without any of the comforts, of a home winter, threatened the travellers, she felt at times very low indeed. And now, in the lonely Auberge of the Esterel—her mother suffering from an attack of her heart, to which she had been long subjected—the spirits of the young lady, courageous as she was wont to be, fell very low indeed; while the

[1] The ancient kingdom of Arles, or Provence, nominally was dependent on, and an appanage of, the German Empire. A remembrance of this still exists in the Provençal spoken by the mariners of the Rhone, who term the left shore, or that of Provence, "Empiri," or Empire; and the right shore of the river, "Reiaume," or Kingdom, as being the side of France.

lady's maid gave audible expression to her fears, as she looked around the dark rooms and gloomy *salon* of the Auberge.

Raoul de Ravenel, who had been for some time busily engaged in cleaning his silver-mounted double-barrelled gun, was the only son of the Comte de Ravenel—a Languedocian noble of great antiquity of family, but whose possessions amounted only to an old fortress chateau in the Hautes Cevennes, which was considerably dilapidated by time, and by the sieges which it went through during the war of the Camisards. Raoul's grandfather had taken an active part on behalf of these brave soldiers of the faith once delivered unto the saints.

Many a time had the "Enfans de Dieu," as they designated themselves, assembled in the great hall of the Chateau de Ravenel for Divine worship, and listened to the old veteran Comte Raoul's exposition and reading of the Word of God. Many a time had the clash of arms rang through the vaulted hall as they kept time to the grand old utterances of the Hebrew Psalmist, and pledged themselves to be faithful to the God whose Word they were laying down their lives for—that they might be enabled to read it and to follow its precepts, without mixing human traditions and human errors therewith.

The old Comte Raoul had been engaged in many a combat with the dragoons of the persecutor's army. While the poor captured Camisards were being broken upon the wheel, hanged at the gibbet, or burnt at the stake in Nimes and other cities, sudden intelligence would come in that the brave old soldier had just pounced upon a detachment of the royal troops and put them to flight, or had defeated—as upon two occasions—some thousands of the regulars in the wild mountain valleys.

At last the old veteran perished. A treacherous friend revealed to the commander of the royal forces the secret of a

favourite hiding-place; and at midnight the sentry rushed in breathless to announce that the sound of horses' hoofs were plainly audible on the mountain track. To saddle was but a moment's work—but it was too late! The first volley of the pursuers emptied a score of saddles, and the old Comte was left dead among their late occupiers.

A few hundred acres extending round about the ancient chateau formed now the sole provision of Raoul—the old leader's grandson. An aged domestic and his wife—whose daughter was the landlady of the Auberge of the Esterel, and had been Raoul's foster-sister—guarded the chateau; and the trifling remains of the ancient rent-roll of the old Comtes, managed with economy, enabled Raoul to live and keep clear of debt. During the winter he used often for months to live in the Esterelles. He rented an old stone house with three rooms, which was perched amid the cliffs of Mont Vinaigre, and delighted in chasing the wild boar and other game of this wild region.

Raoul had remained faithful to the religion of his ancestors; and as he now again sat down by the blazing pine logs, and cast a glance through the old window at the stormy night outside, the young man took out a little, well-worn volume from his pocket, and was soon absorbed in its perusal. It was an Elzevir Greek New Testament, which had belonged to his grandfather, who was an accomplished scholar in his day.

He had been for some time thus occupied, when his quick ear caught the sound of a light footstep outside the window.

The Auberge was profoundly silent—all had retired to rest. Raoul laid down his book and approached the window—nothing was visible there. He listened intently, but no repetition of the sound was audible. Supposing that he had been deceived by imagination, the young man took up the little volume again;

when a second time he heard the same sound, and again approaching the window, he started back; for a ghastly pale face was pressed close to the glass, and his gaze encountered that of a pair of wild, fierce looking eyes that peered curiously into the kitchen.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A STRANGE VISITOR!

"Volvi los ojos y la vi un' especie de soldado."
—*Gil Blas de Santilana.*

Raoul remained for a moment attentively scrutinizing the wild haggard face, which was only separated from him by the large pane of glass. It was a strange face—no moustache nor beard; but a few grizzled locks of hair, blown about in the storm, struggled from under a Phrygian cap, such as fishermen wear along the Mediterranean coast-line. But it was chiefly the strange hunted down expression of the gleaming grey eyes which struck him, glancing as they did upon him from the gloom of the night. He had not, however, much time for contemplation, for a few moments had barely elapsed before the face disappeared from the window and a knock was heard at the door of the auberge. Raoul instinctively took up his gun, and then, as though half ashamed, laid it down again, and opened the door, while a sudden moaning blast of the mistral surged in and eddied up the gloomy stairs, and through every corner of the kitchen.

The next moment the stranger was standing before the fire, and was heaping logs upon the blaze thereof.

"*Es una marrida nuech cambarado*,"[1] said he at last, in a deep bass voice, which growled out every word with strange vehemence of intonation. "*Jeu sieu moun amie affama coum' un lèbriè*"[2]—and next moment some slices of smoked bacon were cut from the huge trophy of the aubergista's skill in the art of "embacouna."[3]

Raoul thought, as he gazed upon the figure thus busily occupied in placing the slices of bacon upon the iron *grilha* which he laid upon the burning logs, that he had never seen a more singular looking personage. A wide brown sheepskin, similar to those worn by the Brigasque shepherds, descended almost to the ground. His arms were very long, and yet muscular; in stature he was slightly above the middle stature; his face was traversed by a red seam, where a sabre blow had evidently crossed it; and his large powerful hands were tattoed by strange devices upon their backs.

"My name was never *manjo ren*,"[4] he said, looking up from the blazing fire into Raoul's face; "and to tell the truth, I have travelled many miles to-day on but poor rations."

"*Se counoui bè què ses estrangè, brave ome*,"[5] replied Raoul, as he gazed upon the new arrival's attempts to provide for himself, with a half smile.

The stranger looked up with a glance of mingled bravado and distrust.

"You mean by that, I suppose," said he, "that I don't make myself enough at home here. On the whole, though, I think you can't complain much of me on that score, at least. I was

1 "It is a bad night, comrade."

2 "I am as hungry as a hare."

3 "Embacouna" is in Languedocian Provençal—"The salting hams or bacon." Hence our English word.

4 He eats nothing.

5 "It is evident that you are a stranger, good sir."

never one that *manjo soun pan san pitanso*,"[1] and he stirred up the fire with renewed vigour. The light gleamed upon his pale face, as he bent towards the *grilha*, which he turned about as though anxious to complete his task.

At last the unknown had completed his cooking operations, and having filled a pitcher with wine from the barrel, wherein was contained the *vin de païs* which the aubergista served to her ordinary guests, and having appropriated a large home-made bread cake, he then drew out a large white handled Spanish knife, which he proceeded to open, laying it across his broad chest, and unclasping it with a spring; and then for some quarter of an hour not a single word escaped his lips. At last he laid down his knife, and growled out, "I suppose *brave amic* you have been thinking of me, Es coum' un porc à l' engraï—he is like a pig at the trough?" Raoul laid down his book, and said, with a pleasant laugh, "I was not thinking anything about it at all. I know that the air of the Esterelles gives one a good appetite." The traveller drew near the fire, and stirred the logs—"Né dounaraï pa la testo d' uni epingo[2]—for the man who could not eat after having been twenty hours fasting. You see, cambarado, my tartane got capsized off San Tropez, in a *ventado*[3] of this howling mistral; a fiercer Nor-Nor-Wester I never saw, man nor boy, in the Mediterranean for forty years that I have held the helm. We were carrying on our *manjo-vènt*[4] and *mestro*[5] alone were set, when just as we sighted the

[1] Eats his bread dry. *Pitanso* is a dish eaten with bread and seems to be derived from the Languedocian *pitancié*, or office of the religious charged in a monastery with the distribution of the food at meals. Hence our *pittance*.

[2] I would not give the head of a pin.

[3] Squall of wind.

Wind-eater.

[5] Mainsail.

revolving light of the *pharo*[1] of Cap Camarat—we running before the gale—a sea struck us right aft, swept away our bulwarks sent our deck loads flying, and next moment she broached to, and then I found myself swimming under a wall of sea water, ever and anon catching a glimpse of the Pharo light as I rose to the top of the waves. I got washed up somehow after some hours' battling with it. The douaniers picked me up on the coast, and brought me into one of their little huts, where a man could only lie full length; and they poured some wine down my throat, and after some hours I was able to make my deposition before the Maire, and to leave San Tropez, whence I have been working my way across the country to Nizza, where my owners live, and old *rabino-sardo*[2] will be little pleased to hear my story, I fear, though the old craft was as rotten as a mandarine that has been hanging on its stalk all the winter;" and the speaker lighted a little black pipe at the fire, and proceeded to smoke with an air of great contentment.

"You speak Languedocian *Pates*,[3] wonderfully well, and yet I would not say you were of that country," said Raoul, at last.

"It is true; I am myself a man of Villa Franca; but we men of the sea know many dialects," replied the stranger, "That's a pretty piece you have over there," resumed he, pointing with his pipe to the gun, whose lock glittered in the glare of the resinous pine logs. "Let me look at it for a moment."

[1] Lighthouse. The feluccas or tartanes, sometimes called Lohut, have four sails—1st, La mestro; 2nd, La poulacro; 3rd, Lou maujo-vent; and, 4th, Lou naufè. They are shallow, and carry often a heavy deck load; an enormous iron hook extends on each side of the bow, and they can be thus run up on rollers on the sand and shingle of the almost tideless Mediterranean.

[2] *Rabino-sardo*—literally, sardine-burner—one who puts so little oil in the frying-pan as to cause the sardines to be burnt; hence the Languedocians metaphorically designate a miser by this epithet.

[3] Patés, Patois, otherwise Patoués.

Raoul handed it to him in silence, and then the unknown grasped it, poised it for a moment in his hand, took aim at the shadows in the corner of the kitchen, and as Raoul watched his pale face such a gleam of fierce delight stole across his features, and played in his sunken eyes, that Raoul could not avoid comparing him mentally to some famished wolf about to spring upon its prey. With a deep sigh, he handed back the gun to its owner. Meantime, the storm had increased in fury; the old elm trees swayed backward and forward their spreading branches in the fierce mistral; and every moment Raoul expected that the window would be blown in by the wind.

"You seem fond of reading, cambarado," at last cried the new guest after some minutes of silence.

"Would you like to hear a little of it?" said Raoul, with a smile.

The response, a sort of inarticulate growl, might be rendered either affirmative or the reverse, as it suited one's pleasure. Raoul took it in the former aspect; and drawing the lamp nearer, said—"I will translate it into the Nice dialect as that is yours." The stranger lighted his pipe afresh, and fixed his wild, restless eyes upon de Ravenel.

"Gesù dighet. Quel ome de vous avèn sen mouton, si un es perdut, non laissà li nouzanta-noou en lou desert e va cercar ce qui es perdut jusquo en lo ha trouvàt. E quand arriva a la maion, assembla li sieu amic e li sieu vesin, disan a lei sighes rejouisant embe mi car ieu ha trouvat lo moutoun che era perdut. Ieu ti dieu aussi li seran allegressa en lo siel per un pecatour penitent."

"What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and

neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."

Raoul glanced at his neighbour; he had sunk his eyes to the floor, and the pipe had fallen from his lips. "Go on, go on," he said; "I like it."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

"Memorable segiou de Vittoria :
Souveni d'un imperi toumbat !
Cada peira che trovi, la gloria
Mi souven d'un gherrie ch 'es passat."
—*Abbe Albert Cougnet.*

It would have formed a singular picture that scene in the Auberge that wild stormy night—when the mistral seemed as though every successive gust was but increasing in fierce intensity, and howled down the old chimney, and surged round the house, and rattled the front door, with its quaint old studding of broad-headed iron nails, and moaned along the mountain cliffs, and swayed the lofty pines, and red trunked cork trees, and mighty elms, and battled with the giant chestnut trees of Mont Vinaigre.

Raoul, with the lamp light playing upon his broad brow and black hair, as he bent over the Greek Testament ; the stranger ever and anon looking up at him with a strange expression of interest upon his haggard, care-wrinkled face—his grizzled iron-grey hair falling round his brow, and his arms crossed, as he seemed to clasp the brown sheep-skin cloak closer and closer across his broad chest.

It was strange, Raoul thought, that he had never divested himself of this outer garment, wet as it was ; but sat there

while it steamed away in the heat of the pine-logs and *pommes du pin*, burning on the quaint old *chenets* of the hearth. It might have been observed also that his eyes occasionally fell upon Raoul's gun; and that then they wandered over the muscular, well-knit frame of the hunter, and rested upon his long sinewy arms, as though calculating the amount of latent power residing therein.

"I may as well read on," said de Ravenel. "But, brave *ome*, had you not better throw off that *reguingota*[1] of yours, unless you and rheumatism are friends?"

"Wet or dry," growled the stranger, "I never take it off."

Raoul commenced again:

Un ome avia doui enfan.

E lo plus giove d'ellu dighèt au païre: Païre donàmi la part dei ben che mi tocca, e li divisèt li sieu sostansa.

E' pau de gior' après, l'enfan mendre, mes ensem tot senche li venia, s'en anèt en un païs ben luen, et achi dissipet tot lo sieu en viven da libertin.

E coura aughèt tot mangiat, li sighèt una gran carestia en acheu païs, e eu comensèt a sentir lo beson.

E s'anèt mettre au servissi d'un particulier d'acheu païs, lo cal lo mandèt en una sieu campagna per gardar de puorc.

E auria voughut s'emplir lo ventre de li grucia che mangiavon lu puorc, e degun non gnien donava.

Ma, revengut en eu, dighèt: cantu servitor en la maion de mon païre han de pan en abondansa, e ieu aissi muori dau fam.

M'ausserai, e anerai da mon païre e li dirai: Païre, hai peccat contra lou siel et contra de vous.

E non meriti plus lo nom de vuostre enfan: trattàmi coma un dei vuostre servitor.

S'ausset et s'en anèt da son païre; era encara luen, coura son païre lo veghèt, e n'aughèt compassion: li corrèt au rescuontre, li sautèt a cuol, e lo baièt.

A certain man had two sons:

And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided to them his living.

And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance, living desperately.

And he having spent all, there was a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want.

And going he joined himself to one of the citizens of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee,

And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

[1] Greatcoat.

E l'enfan li dighèt: Paire, hai peccat contra lo siel e contra de vous, non meriti plus lo nom de vuostre enfan.

La païre dighèt ai sieu servitor: vito sortès lu plus bei abigliamen, vestèlo, mettèli l'aneu au det et caussàlo.

E menàs lo vedèu gras e tuàlo, mangen e faghen un gran past.

Perchè achesto mieu enfan era muort e es tornat en vida: s'era perdut e s'es retrouvat.

E commensèron lo gran past.

And the son said to him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said unto his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet.

And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry.

For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.

And they began to rejoice.

A deep groan from the unknown startled Raoul. The man leaped to his feet, and walked up and down the kitchen with quick strides. Presently he seemed more composed, and sat down again, looking full into the fire.

"If you would like," said Raoul, "to share these wrappings, here are some for you; for it is time, I think, for us to try and sleep."

The man looked as though he heard him not, and continued gazing at the logs, which cast a fitful glare upon his troubled face. Raoul knelt in prayer, and then threw himself upon the sofa, while still the stranger sat on, occasionally uttering a few troubled words in some dialect that Raoul was not acquainted with. Raoul had laid his gun on the sofa, inside of him as he rested; and after some time he fell off into a deep sleep.

How long he slumbered on he knew not; when suddenly he was awakened by a loud blast of the mistral against the window. The next moment, involuntarily, he felt for his gun, and to his amazement it was not where he had laid it. At this instant the flames flickered up; and, bending over him, he saw the pale ghastly face of the stranger, and beheld him holding his gun uplifted. In a moment Raoul had leaped up and grappled with him. The promptness of his action had apparently told

in his favour, for the strong form of his adversary was forced back against the wall by the hunter.

"*Aco noun a ni suc ni muc*"—(that has neither rhyme nor reason)—growled the deep bass of his opponent, as he felt himself driven back. "I only wished to look at your gun, and see how you rush on me like a *sanglier* of the mountain."

"In that case you can drop it, and I'll soon let you go," replied Raoul.

"*Noul cresi pa*"—(I don't believe it); "and as *aven agu uno grando dinado*"—(we have had a good dinner)—"I intend keeping what will provide me with more of them." And, with a desperate effort, he almost succeeded in breaking free from Raoul's grasp.

The fire-light fell upon the two contending forms as they swayed to and fro engaged in terrible conflict. Raoul was a very strong man, in the prime of manhood; his opponent was an older one, but his arms felt like iron bars as he desperately struggled to retain the gun, and yet hurl off Raoul. His loose *paro-frè*,[1] or over garment, was evidently much in his way; yet still, encumbered as he was by the gun, he gained upon Raoul, and slowly dragged him to the door. At last the long outer cloak was torn open in the struggle, and Raoul saw beneath it the red jacket of the life convict of Toulon, and the yellow trousers which they wear.

Raoul now knew that the contest was not for the possession of the gun, but for life. The convict's haggard face assumed a horrible aspect of hatred—his white lips foamed—his arms seemed to grow rigid as he dragged Raoul backward.

Backward for some moments he steadily drew him; but

[1] *Paro-frè* is a Languedocian epithet, very expressive, akin to *Parapluie*—against rain. It means—"against cold."

Raoul, with a mighty effort, succeeded in regaining some of his lost ground.

The convict now seemed to change his tactics. His long knife was stuck in his belt; and from the glances that he cast at it, it was evident that if he could succeed in grasping it, the conflict would soon be ended.

The storm all this time was raging with an intensity of fury around the Auberge, and the fire-light glowed upon the dread face of the forçat and the features of Raoul, fixed in a terrible aspect of determination, as both men wrestled and struggled to and fro.

"*Eh ben cambarado—non foù pas coujounar;* or else I see plainly that *Lou garri es en l'estoupa*,"[1] growled out the convict through his clenched teeth; and dropping the gun, with a mighty effort, he lifted Raoul from his feet; and as they both swayed from side to side of the kitchen, each man's desperate effort was directed—on Raoul's part to preserve his footing, and on the convict's, to hurl his adversary to the ground.

A false step made by the convict seemed for a moment to give an advantage to the hunter. Both men came with a crash to the floor, and Raoul was uppermost; but, unfortunately, as the convict with a desperate effort sought to regain his former vantage, Raoul struck his head with such force against a table as to almost completely stun himself; and the pale light glimmered with a hideous glare upon the haggard face, that now assumed a demoniac aspect of triumph, as he drew forth the long knife from his girdle; and Raoul, with deadly sickness of heart, perceived that the issue of the struggle was now well-nigh decided.

At this moment, as the long knife-blade gleamed in the pine

[1] Well, comrade, one must not jest with you, or . . . the rat is in the tow—*i.e.*, I am in a predicament.

light, and as the white wolf-like teeth hissed out, "*Moun paure amic*[1]*—Zou ! Zou ! Pecaire!* this time this rifle shan't *a fa faou fio !*"[2] suddenly the door burst open, and a girlish figure, with a mass of light-brown hair falling round a face of singular beauty, appeared upon the threshold, while her right hand held the lamp on high.

[1] My poor friend. [2] Hang fire.

CHAPTER XXX.

RESCUED.

"La crous au sauvaire
Dou ne lou trespas :
A Jeu ven me traire
La vido e la pas."
—*Engraven on Claro Bresson's Headstone at Mournas.*

The convict leaped to his feet, and a wild, unearthly cry burst from his lips.

The next moment a strange moaning sound was heard outside. The storm had apparently lulled during the dread struggle which had been in progress in the auberge ; but now a roar like that of artillery boomed past the door, and then a fierce blast struck the window, and swept in all before it.

The stifling smoke filled the kitchen ; the broken glass was scattered in every direction ; and as Raoul leaped to his feet, the convict, with a bound, swept through the window, and disappeared into the dense darkness of the night. The next moment, in the profound stillness which followed, the rapid clattering of horses' hoofs was heard, and as the maiden, with the now extinguished lamp, hastily retreated up the back stairs, a hoarse voice was heard outside ordering the new arrivals to halt ; and then, amid the clanking of sabres and jingling of

spurs, some half dozen troopers strode, as the now awakened *aubergisto* opened the door, into the kitchen.

The captain of gendarmerie threw off his horseman's cloak, and gave a look of inquiry at Raoul.

"What a smoke you have here, *mon ami;* and, *vraiment*, you have need of a glazier, if such be in the Esterelles."

"Whom have you in the auberge to-night?" he resumed, turning to the aubergisto, who burst forth into terrified ejaculations—"Miladi Anglaise, and suite." "Any one else?" "There was one," said Raoul, "but he has just gone away without taking leave of any of us," and Raoul described the convict. "That's our man, mon capitaine," said the sergeant, as he brought his gloved right hand to the salute.

The captain took out a paper and studied it for a moment. "There seems to have been a struggle here," he said, critically scanning the room. Raoul explained; and then the captain drew a chair close to the fire, and in a deep bass voice read a description of the escaped forçat, Georges Careto, *alias* Le loup, numero 169, life convict, escaped in a dense fog, and known as one of the most desperate of the desperadoes of the galleys.

"He can't be far off at all events," said the sergeant; "but it would be not much use hunting him along the pine slopes of Mont Vinaigre, my captain, even if we had more light to follow him." "Put up the horses for a few hours," quoth the captain; "place your sentries, and then report when dawn begins to break;" and the captain, sitting bolt upright in his chair, was soon in a profound slumber, while the men looked after their chargers; and the grim old sergeant threw himself, after seeing all was right, upon the floor, and soon all was silence through the auberge again, save when the sentry occasionally clanked his carbine as he paced along the hall.

When Violet Vernon, whose sudden appearance had been the

means of saving Raoul's life, had reached her mother's room, she found that Mrs. Vernon had rallied from the attack which she had been suffering from, and which had been the cause of Violet's descending to the kitchen in search of hot water to alleviate her pain. Violet had spent the first part of the night seated in an arm chair by her bed-side, and was profoundly ignorant even of Raoul's existence, and never dreamt that the kitchen had occupants. As the young lady retreated upstairs, her mind was sufficiently chaotic. One thing was certain, that her unexpected presence had averted murder.

The apparition of the blue tunicked gendarmerie was a very welcome one to her, and she soon found herself becoming forgetful of all around, as tired out she laid down to rest.

When she descended the aged stairs in the morning, she found that the gendarmerie had vanished hours before, and Raoul also had departed. But their absence was sufficiently made up for by the volubility of the aubergista, who bustled about the breakfast table preparing the *cafè au lait*, apologising for the bread being only home-made, eulogising the *œufs a la coq*, which she pronounced quite fresh, and recommending the grapes which she drew forth from her cellar. Then she would burst forth into excited denunciations of the convict, and into exceeding laudations of Raoul and his gallant conduct.

"To think that such a night should have been spent by him, and he so brave and gentle; to think that she should have been asleep and her husband, and Raoul in such danger. Oh, if Mademoiselle but knew her Raoul! He so noble, so brave, so true! Ah! Raoul de Ravenel was not like some of whom it might be said truly that *La castagna es bella fuora, ma dentre a la magagna;*"[1] and then she hinted that if only she might venture to tell all about her dear Raoul; if she could only, without

[1] The chestnut is fair outside, but it is decayed within.

offending him, reveal who he was, that Mamselle would be interested indeed. And then she wound up with a peroration of gratitude to Mamselle for her wondrous saving of her Raoul's life, and quite caused that young lady's pale cheeks to become of a roseate glow, while she overwhelmed her with her thanks.

Now, Violet could not help secretly feeling that Raoul, however brave, was not over abundant in courtesy, or else that he would have even sent her a message of thanks for the service she had rendered him. However, she drank her coffee, and said nothing. But it must be confessed that when the aubergista came running in and asked her permission for Raoul to wait upon her, and to present his thanks in person, that the young lady did feel a little reproved in conscience as Raoul entered the *salle-a-manger*, bearing the gun which had been the cause of the combat in one hand, and a brace of wildfowl in the other ; which he trusted that Mademoiselle Vernon would do him the honour to accept for Madame her mother ; and then thanks were given by him, expressed in a manner that showed how deeply he felt what had occurred.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A SINISTER RENDEZVOUS!

Long parted friends that pass through easy voyages of life,
Receive but common gladness in their greeting;
But from a shipwreck saved—
We mingle tears with our embraces.

—*Old Writer.*

Raoul inhabited a singular looking stone *bastide*, which formed for many months every year his residence, situated amid the great barren granitic rocks of the crest of Mont Vinaigre. The rough blocks of stone of which it was composed had been erected many a year before by some mountain *metajè*. It consisted of two rooms, the lower one in which a fire of wooden logs was smouldering—the upper to which access was had by means of rough stairs or a species of ladder.

In the upper room hung Raoul's armoury—a rifle and single-barrel gun—which, in addition to the double barrel, that nearly caused a tragic ending to its owner, were kept in the utmost order and hung along the wall; a cavalry sabre and brace of pistols—a boar spear—some fishing tackle—completed the equipment for field and water.

Raoul used to say that he was as fond of his guns as a Marseillais chasseur. Indeed, in the gunshop of Vasselon[1] it

[1] Vasselon—a celebrated gunsmith at Marseilles.

would be difficult to find a truer piece than the favourite companion of his excursions.

It is true that the Marseillais sportsman—and what citizen of that southern metropolis is not a sportsman?—lives in a more luxurious style than the hunter of the Esterelles.

The *cabanon* of the Marseillais is furnished like a reception-room, and surrounded by foliage outside. Loopholes in all directions afford free scope for his gun to play upon any hapless thrush or wandering pigeon that may come near the tall mast or *cimeau*, which is planted in the *terrain*, as a halting-place for game.

Raoul's lodge afforded only a Spartan simplicity of furniture. Neither sofa nor arm chair had ever ascended Vinaigre to his *bastide*.

The Marseillais chasseur, in his unceasing efforts to succeed in killing game, makes use of strange devices.

Thrushes from the country are sold during September and October, on La Place aux Æufs in Marseilles, and sometimes these living birds run up to a great price. The chasseur, then, having supplied himself, hangs up some twenty or thirty cages, each holding a bird, around the *cimeau*, and lies in wait until some hapless thrush, attracted by their melody, attempts to draw near, when he is at once fired upon from the loopholes of the *cabanon*. But Raoul had neither *cimeau* nor *appeaux*, as these decoy birds are called.

A belt of stately pines and firs sheltered his *cabanon* from the mistral, and the only companion of his solitude was a fine brown staghound named *Matelot*, who, when not with his master, acted as warder of the lodge.

In truth, Raoul's tenement was loneliness itself. From the granite rocks around the spectator could discern huge firs which the mistral had overthrown, or which had yielded to old

age, lying prostrate amid the crags—their long roots, which had serpentine-wise crawled along the rocks which they could not penetrate, now torn up from their ligaments, and their moulder-ing trunks affording a home to the ill-omened *geiko* or the black scorpion.

Occasionally a woodcutter, seeking for the heather roots, which the pipemakers of Cannes would fashion into strange fantastic receptacles of the nicotian plant for smokers, would interrupt the silence of the mountain; or a *garde champetre*, with gun slung across his shoulders, would drop in for a few minute's conversation with the master of the *cabanon*.

But if the mountain brow was solitary, the view from its summit was truly magnificent. Far away trended the blue mountain peaks of the Littoral. Mountains melting into air, and ocean blending with the heavens.

The red-tiled roofs of far distant Nice—the grey olives of the plains—the curving bay of Cannes—the lofty lighthouse and Roman towers of Antibes—and St. Marguerite slumbering with St. Honorat upon the deep blue sea. Then, in another direction, Frejus, with ancient Roman amphitheatre, and San Tropez lurking amid the sea-washed mountains—while the Glacier-de-Mercantour, and the Montagne-de-Cheiron and Mont-Clapier raised their lofty crests—and the purpling even-ing shades covered the mountains of the Esterelles, and under-neath the crimson tints, white-winged feluccas stole along their seaward way.

It was a lovely evening, about a week after the events which we have already recorded as occurring at the auberge. Scarcely a breath of air stirred the giant pine-tops along the mountain sides; the brown partridge fluttered through the dense leafy covert, and an occasional locust chattered his wings as he flew from shrub to shrub in the close jungle around.

Three men were seated under the shade of a great cliff, or giant rock, which rose half-way up the mountain side, and from which they commanded a view of the road beneath, which ran winding along the slope of the mountains, and was fringed by the stately firs, or red-cork trees and Mediterranean tree-like heaths, that clustered in rich profusion amid the crags.

The three men, who were indolently smoking little pipes made of the heath roots, were each armed with long single-barrelled guns of an antique pattern, whose stocks were grooved, so as to fit closely to the firer's shoulder when taking aim.

Two of them were clad in the brown sheepskin jacket, and short trousers extending to the knee, which the wandering shepherds from the Briga wear. They were low-sized, strongly built men, whose faces, bronzed with the sun and weather-beaten, expressed no particular emotion, save when the fierce, restless eyes were turned towards the road winding beneath them.

The third of this little group was dressed in the low felt-hat, the pea-jacket and gaitered trousers, of a better class peasant. His face was pale, his eyes lustrous, a black heavy moustache drooped over his upper lip, and his form, tall and well knit, gave evidence of much agility as well as strength.

"For all that we have done during the last month," said the elder of the Brigasque attired smokers, "we might as well have remained at Toulon, and worn the yellow jacket still. My pocket is as innocent of louvoidors[1] as my head is of *La Santa Crous*[2] and if my life hung on it, I could not buy a *Duossa d' agliet*[3] this moment."

1 Louvidors—Louisdors.

2 *La santa crous* in the dialect of Nice means the Alphabet. In the Old Alphabets a cross preceded the capital letters; hence the name given, Santa Crous, or Holy Cross.

3 Doussa d' agliet—clove of garlic.

"*Si, si, Barba Jan; Ieu sieu platacoutara,*"[1] growled his comrade, and he puffed forth a dense cloud of smoke from his lips.

The third man, at whom they occasionally glanced while uttering their complaints, appeared as though he had not heard a single word that they uttered. His eyes were fastened upon the ground as though he was attentively examining the erratic movements of a swarm of large black ants that crawled in a double track from the stump of the old cork tree which formed his seat, to another encampment which they had formed amid the *machis* or brushwood.

One line of these little creatures was coming towards him; another line as busily engaged in going from his location; both lines really forming but one track of some inches in breadth, along which, without touching one another, hundreds of these busy insects poured. And yet it was exceedingly probable that these busy travellers were passing unobserved by him.

"*Plan mis ami plan, es pas verai?*[2] I heard it for certain that the rich Miladi and the English party at the auberge yonder are to start to-morrow morning for Nice. I was down there myself a few hours ago, and heard the courier speaking about it to the landlord. The aubergista has made a good thing out of their stay there. Now, lads, you will be ready early, and meet me *quan li seres*,[3] for we must not lose this chance *tira à la voulado*,[4] our golden chance; and then, perhaps, Barba Jan will confess *aven agu uno grando dinado;*"[5] and the

[1] "Yes, yes, Uncle John, I am without a sou," The name Barba or Uncle is applied to those who are over fifty years of age by the Piedmontese peasantry.

[2] Softly, my friends, softly; is it not true?

[3] When you shall be ready.

[4] To shoot on the wing.

[5] We have had a good dinner.

speaker carelessly rattled his long brass-mounted gun, and relapsed into silence.

"*Ne sap maï que catala!*"[1] cried Barba Jan, with a glance of much admiration at his leader.

"Muster at five o'clock, lads," said the commander, "and don't fail, for the chance is worth something. I have not seen the hunter for a few days past about the auberge, and I have heard that he had gone down to Cannes for some reason or other. It would be as well to get this matter disposed of before he returns. See to it, lieutenant, that ye be all waiting for me at the rock behind the grand cork tree; and the sooner we all scatter ourselves the better, for I hear that the brigadier and his gendarmes are to ride through the valley to-night, and I don't want to see Toulon again if I can help it."

[1] He knows more than the demon. This is Languedocian dialect The forgats of Toulon speaking many tongues.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RAOUL TO THE RESCUE!

"Quan vou prendre dos lèbre a la fes,
N'en pren ges."

—*L. Roumieux.*

"He who tries two hares to clasp,
Has never one within his grasp."

The Vernons had started at last from the old auberge. Violet gazed for the last time as she thought upon the quaint house and aged trees shadowing the door. The courier had mounted the box, and the four horses jingled their collar bells, and stretched out at a pace of speed along the road down towards Cannes. The coachman's whip resounded merrily, and the long horn rang out its sonorous accents as they swept along, dexterously steering round the sharp turns, and occasionally catching a glimpse of the blue Mediterranean, with St. Honorat and St. Marguerite lying tranquilly upon the still surface, over which distant feluccas glided beneath the faint breeze which rustled the tops of the gnarled red cork trees, and played amid the rustling mountain pines.

Violet felt very sad, and, truth to say, she felt also rather hurt, if we must tell the whole truth in this history. Raoul had departed bidding her farewell, and he had not even expressed a desire of meeting her again. He had pleaded urgent business in Cannes; and yet this young lady, who had begun to take an

unaccountable interest in his fortunes, was only half satisfied at his departure.

And still if she could only have read the secret of Raoul's heart; if she could only have realised that he was endeavouring to put an end to what his better reason pronounced a madness on his part—the love of the moth for the star.

And so it came to pass that after a few days of most delightful visits to the auberge, when Raoul would bring in offerings of game for the invalid, the produce of early rambles through the mountains, Raoul, summoned to Cannes, went away most reluctantly, albeit common sense told him that it was far better that such delicious hours of happy walkings with Violet along the Esterelle roads should cease.

The carriage was descending at a rapid pace down the hill, when suddenly, at the turn of the road overhanging a frowning precipice, and overshadowed by a gigantic red trunked cork tree, an old peasant was seen endeavouring to lift, with the assistance of another man, his long, narrow cart, which had apparently broken down under the weight of a great load of branches, which constituted its cargo. The two mules that drew it were standing on one side, and the cart had fallen so as to be right across the narrowest portion of the road, so as to compel a halt on the part of the driver of the Vernons' voiture.

Loud and incessant were the complaints which fell from the old peasant's lips, as he bustled about wearing a red *beretta*, and gazing with a look of despair at the break-down.

"*Non era bastant*[1] that I should have to pay double price for these branches, but now also this cart should break down, *e non sabes sen che paghi per achesta*,"[2] grumbled he in the Nice

[1] "It was not enough," equivalent to the Spanish *No era bastante.*

[2] "And you don't know how much I pay for this," equivalent to the Spanish—"*Y non sabe V. M. lo que pago yo por esta.*"

dialect; and he wiped his brow with a huge orange-coloured mouchoir, and bestowed, as though to ease his perturbed mind, a loud sounding lash of his whip on the mules that cowered close to the cliff as he passed by.

"*Ien sieu d'un natural colerico, sabes che ora es?*"[1] said he, as though half apologetically, as he passed round so as to stand in front of the leaders of the Vernons' carriage.

"*Brave ome,*" said the courier; "you seem to be in trouble there?" "*Achesta es l'empresa,*"[2] mournfully replied the old peasant; and the next moment his companion seemed to bound, with the speed of lightning, to the other leader's head, and leaping from behind a pine tree, a tall, determined-looking bandit advanced to Violet Vernon's side, and his long knife gleamed ominously in the sunlight, as he hissed between his teeth, "*Lo bourso o la vida!*"—your purse or your life!

At the same moment three men with long brass-mounted guns, surrounded the carriage. Come, young lady, you must descend; I have not been a *Sardinian doganiere* for ten years for nothing. *Ni tu ni jeu non lo saben*, neither you nor I know what may be stowed away in such a *voiture* as this. Barba Jan, assist the lady to descend. Now, ladies, hasten, if you please.

Mrs. Vernon and Violet descended from the carriage. The elder lady's heart sank with terror as she looked round upon the fierce faces that environed her. Violet's eyes sparkled with indignation, but she felt that to display any such emotion was worse than useless. In vain she looked wistfully around seeking for help. "Oh, if only Raoul were here," she thought, as she glanced at the courier who sat the picture of craven

[1] I am naturally passionate. Do you know what time it is? *Soy de un natural colérico, sabe v. m. que hora es?* is the equivalent of the phrase of the dialect spoken by the Nizzards in the Spanish language.

[2] That's the undertaking.

terror on the box, while the postilion and coachman were guarded by a formidable gun-barrel presented at them by a ferocious bandit perched on a rock parallel to their heads.

The work of despoiling did not last very long, but when Violet was ordered to relinquish a brooch which bore a likeness of her father, she refused, and when the bandit made a sudden effort, to grasp it, she drew back with indignation. The next moment he drew his long knife, and with a dread imprecation swore that, if she did not surrender it, her life should pay the forfeit. Still she refused bravely. Pale as death, she retreated back, and a fervent prayer struggled from her heart to the Great Being who reigns on high. She knew how precious this souvenir was to her mother, and she desperately struggled to retain it.

The infuriated brigand, with eyes flashing with rage, now hurled himself forward, knife in hand, to stab her, but the next instant a loud sharp rifle shot was heard, and, with a convulsive leap into the air, the miscreant fell dead, at Violet's feet, grasping the dust in his hands as he rolled over towards the cliff, down whose rocky side the ghastly blood-stained form fell, thundering from crag to crag in its convulsive flight.

Violet started back and shut her eyes, when this unexpected and dread sight met her view. She could scarcely believe it to be more than a dream, when Raoul's well-known form met her eye, as, rifle in hand, he leaped to her side, and drew her back in a moment, to the shelter of the great red-cork tree.

Then, as two shots almost simultaneously were fired at him, but fortunately without wounding him, he turned upon the leader of the brigands, who had advanced upon him, dagger in hand, and sought to strike a mortal blow at Raoul, who warded it off with his clubbed-rifle, and the next moment

dealt in return a crushing stroke on the head of his assailant, which laid him on the ground senseless.

The next instant, two of the brigands had dexterously cast a leather rope around Raoul's arms, and Raoul felt himself dragged to the ground, and, as he fell, two shots in rapid succession were heard, and the next moment the old peasant, with a gesture of implacable malignity, struck at his head with the *magau*, which he held in his hand, a blow that left Raoul stunned and senseless on the road.

When he recovered consciousness, Violet was bending over him, applying eau-de-cologne to his aching temples. And, gazing at him with much anxiety painted in her face, stood Mrs. Vernon, while leaning on his gun with his head bound by a blood-stained bandage, stood his old acquaintance, the Convict of the Auberge. The assailants had disappeared, leaving another of their dead upon the road.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SPANISH PEDLAR.

"Ele ot freche la colour,
Et chantoit par grant dougour
Un dout cant piteus melle a plour."

"WELL, *cambarado*, I am glad to see that old *mandroun*[1] has not succeeded in finishing you with his *magau*. If I had been three minutes later, it was all up with you, *amigo mio*. But yonder *fayou*[2] there," and he pointed to the old peasant, who, fastened with a long rope, was securely bound to the Voiture; and was seated, regarding the whole party with a peculiarly vindictive aspect, on a rock close to the carriage—"yonder *fayou* won't do much more harm when the Brigadier gets his grasp on him; and clever *leventi*[3] as he is, he won't get easily out of his clutches. You see, *cambarado*, I have tried to make some amends for the ill turn I did you at the Auberge."

[1] Bad fellow; rascal.

[2] *Fayou*, literally a haricot bean; thence used as a term of contempt—stupid fellow. *Sies un fayou*, in the dialect of Nice, means, "You are a stupid!"

Magau not only means a hoe with two prongs; but also "*Sies un magau*" is, "You are a very bad fellow." It is useful to know this, as otherwise, in learning Provençal, unpleasant mistakes may very innocently be made.

[3] A sly old cunning knave.

"You have saved all our lives," interrupted Mrs. Vernon, upon whom all this Provençal was quite lost. Monsieur Raoul and you are——"

At this moment the old peasant began to interrupt with piteous pleas for mercy. "It was not my fault—it was not my doing. Oh, ladies, spare an old man!"

"Yes," said the convict, quite unheeding the interruption, "Monsieur Raoul began the entertainment, and a couple of shots from this old lady finished it. *Ramassa nova ramassa tougiou ben;*[1] and he fondly patted the double-barrelled fowling-piece which he carried.

"You see, comrade," he resumed, "I overheard, a couple of days since, Gaspa and his crew concocting all this. They little knew that I was lurking in the *bauma*[2] inside of them. To tell the truth, I have been obliged *faire baboou*[3] for days past. Gaspa knows—since he and I wore the yellow sleeves together at Toulon—what will happen when we meet together face to face again." And a death-like pallor spread over his face, and a gleam of unutterable ferocity darted from his sunken eyes. "*Si, si*, Gaspa, you thought when you placed the Esterelles between us, that you and I would never meet again. I saw *her*," he said—"I saw her last night, as I was sleeping under the *Rusca*"—cork-tree—"I saw her, with that gaping wound that Gaspa's *rousta*[4] sent her into the chapel-yard of San Lorenzo with; and she told me that she and I would soon meet again."

The convict closed his eyes, and seemed to lose all perception of the existence of those around him. Violet

[1] A new broom always sweeps clean. [2] Cavern.

[3] *Faire baboou* means to appear and disappear suddenly—to play hide and seek, as it were.

Rousta, volley of shot.

looked at de Ravenel with such sad sympathy. Alas, poor Raoul!

> "The love of the moth for the star,
> Of the night for the morrow;
> The devotion to something afar
> From the sphere of our sorrow."

What sad work Violet Vernon has been answerable for in thy case!

The whole party were soon again re-established at the Auberge. The old peasant was placed in a lower room, securely bound, and a messenger had been sent for the Brigadier and his gendarmes to Frejus. The convict, whose re-appearance had so wonderfully turned the tide of the Vernons' and Raoul's fortunes, had disappeared, notwithstanding all Mrs. Vernon's grateful thanks, and had declined sternly all her earnest endeavours to present him with some expression of her gratitude.

They watched him as he strode along the mountain road, gun in hand and head erect in air, as though he were pursuing some retreating foe.

That evening, as Raoul was sitting with the Vernons in the *salle-a-manger*, a knock was heard at the door of the Auberge; and upon the Aubergista's demand as to who the new comer might be, a female voice responded, and a woman dressed in the Catalan garb, and accompanied by a Spanish pedlar—who wore no covering upon his head, except a sort of circlet to screen the lower part of it from the sun—entered the Auberge. The Spaniard and the woman wore canvas sandals, fastened with leathern thongs. The man had a broad bright-coloured sash around his waist, and a velvet jacket, trousers buttoned at the knee with silver dollars, and a long white-handled *cuchillo* was stuck prominently in his belt. The

woman's attire was that of a Catalonian peasant—large gold-earrings gleamed in the fire-light, and a gay scarf was fastened across her shoulder, while in her hand she carried a singular musical instrument—a species of harp. The Spaniard approached the fire, and laid his pack carelessly aside.

The Aubergista, accustomed to the presence of varied guests, still seemed a little startled at the sudden appearance of the two natives of Spain. She said nothing, however, but made ready a fowl for their entertainment. The Catalonian, meantime, had drawn a chair to one corner of the kitchen fire-place, and her bright black eyes watched the blazing logs as they sparkled beneath the *sartaja*—or frying-pan, identical with the old Roman *sartago*—which the hostess was holding over them, occasionally murmuring against the *issuga*, or soot, which seemed desirous of falling into it.

The Spaniard occasionally glanced in a stealthy manner around the room, and ever and anon his glances seemed to stray across the hall, as though he were anxious to ascertain who might be the tenants of the *salle-a-manger*.

"It is a long time," said the Aubergista at last, "since I have seen any of your costume passing through the Esterelles. It is well nigh four years since just such a pair as ye both sat in this very kitchen, one winter's night, and passed away in the morning; and, from that day to this, none ever knew what had befallen them. It was said, indeed, that Gaspa knew something about them, and that some of the poor pedlars' wares were worn by his band. But who can tell!"

The Catalonian had moved uneasily during this recital of the hostess, and one quick gleam shot from her eyes, and was responded to by a corresponding glance from her companion, who calmly prepared a cigarito.

"I trust the same fate won't befall us!" he said, with a

mocking laugh. "Well, I think it will give this celebrated Gaspa something to do ere he gets this pack away from us. And now, señora, I am glad to see dinner is ready; for I am half famished, and as we say, "El hambre saca al lobo del bosque!"[1] And ere many minutes were expired, the two strangers were engaged in the discussion of their repast—the pedlar observing, sarcastically, as he dissected the fowl, which was of gigantic proportions, "Yo creo que sera el gallo de Esculapiè, segun lo duro que es.[2]

This, however, did not seem to prevent his demolishing the bird of such classical antiquity with a very evident appetite.

Raoul had entered the kitchen during the repast, in order to remove his gun, which he had left standing in a corner of the room; and as his eye fell upon the Spaniard, he thought that he had met him before—his face seemed familiar to him. "Surely," he said to himself, "I must have seen him recently."

The Spaniard seemed, as he caught sight of Raoul, to wear an expression of annoyance for a moment; but it soon passed away, and he lighted a cigarito, and puffed at it with an air of great enjoyment. His companion took up her musical instrument, and ran her hand lightly across its chords. The sound was wondrously sweet, and then she seemed to glide as it were, involuntarily, into a wild plaintive air, which thrilled upon de Ravenel's ear. The music was very weird and strange; and presently she arose from the table, and, without a word, crossed the kitchen and stood in the hall. It was strange to see, in the glow of the pine logs, her swarthy face and black eyes, as

[1] Hunger chases the wolf from the wood.

[2] "I believe that it is the cock of Esculapius, it is so tough!" Strange to say, there is an almost precisely similar saying in the Provençal dialect of Nice: "*Ieu crei che serà lo gal d'Esculapiè tan dur che es.*"

she stood in the Vernons' *salle-a-manger*, entering with an air of confidence, as though assured beforehand of her reception.

She struck a cord lightly with her hand, on whose fingers several rings gleamed in the light; and then, with a peculiarly mournful yet sweet and powerful voice, she began to sing. The words were in the Catalonian dialect of the Provençal :—

" 'Ahont anen vos el bon compte—ahont anen tan demati?'
Vaia a veure la comptessa—tan de temps que no'ns hem vist.

'La comptessa ya n'es morta—ya es morta que yo ho pug dir,
Qu'el dia del seu enterro—yo la missa vatz oir,
Las cortinas del palacio—yo de dol las vatz cubrir,
Els infants qu'ella tenia—yo de dol los vatz vestir.'

Al sentir aixs el bon compte—passa avant el seu cami,
Ab la punta de l'espasa—ell la fossa li va obrir,
'Alsat, alsat la comptessa—qu'el teu compte n'es aqui.'
Com m'alsare, lo bon compte—si sola no m' pug tenir?
Casat, casat, lo bon compte—casat per l' amor de mi,
Y la dona que tindras—estimala com à mi,
Que com pensaras ab ella—també pensaras ab mi.

Ytot los fills que teniam—posa 'ls en un monastir,
Posa 'ls-hi chiquets no aprenguin—el mon que cosa vol dir
Fes-los dir lo Pare-Nostre-el vespre y el demati."

Violet felt as though thrilled to her very heart by the strange, wild, weird song, although she understood it not. Raoul came to her assistance; and although it was a dialect differing from the Languedocian—in fact, a distinct branch of the great Provençal family—owing to his having been a resident at Barcelona, as a student in the University for some years, de Ravenel was able to give Miss Vernon a translation of the ballad, which pleased her mightily. I shall endeavour to essay in English what de Ravenel effected in his own tongue :—

" 'Why spur ye thus, Lord Count—why so early in the day?'
'I go to see my Countess—long time I've been away.'

'The Countess she is dead, lying dead upon her bier:
'Tis the day of her interment—her mass I go to hear.
The curtains of the palace with black I go to gloom—
To clothe her babes in black, and lead them to her tomb.'

As he heard, the good Count trembled—then swept along his way,
And with the bright point of his sword, her grave he tore away!

'Rise up, rise up, my Countess—thy own true Count is home.'
'Oh, how can I rise up, good Count, when lying in my tomb?

Oh, wed again, good Count—oh, wed for love of me!
And the wife that thou dost wed, love her as thou didst me.
Yet when thou thinkest of her, oh, think sometimes of me!
And the children that we have place beneath the convent's shade,
That with the wickedness of life their hearts be not dismayed,
But, morn and night, Our Father may with their heart be prayed!'"

The pine logs suddenly seemed to smoulder into darkness; and when they flashed up again, the Catalonian had left the room. A strange icy chillness seemed to creep into Violet's heart, and tears fell from her eyes. "Oh! what a weird ballad!" she cried.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE MONK.

"Will mir die hand noch reichen
Derweil ich eben lad:
Kann dir die hand nicht geben,
Bleib 'du im ew 'gen Leben
Mein guter Kamerad."

—*Uhland.*

THE evening had darkened into night—the Catalan and the pedlar still sat by the blazing pine logs, which gleamed brightly across the antique fire dogs, and sent up showers of sparks through the wide chimney.

The aubergista, *coulougna* in hand, was spinning flax vigorously, and her husband, after feeding the cow, which a stable in the rear sheltered, had resumed his place by the fire, when a low knock was heard at the door, and a stranger entered the auberge.

A brown serge monk's frock bound round the waist with a rope, and a cowl or hood which fell back upon the shoulders from a face singularly pale—such formed the outward aspect of the stranger, who, with a deep voice, said, "*Bonjou la femo.*"

The aubergista handed a chair to the monk, who laid aside a long slight parcel wrapped in canvas, and, with a keen glance at the Catalans, sat down and turned his eyes upon the fire.

The hostess now made preparations for her new guest's com-

fort. Some haricots and grilled beef, with a measure of wine drawn from the barrel, was placed upon the table, and the monk, with the observation, "*Un paou dè vi me rémonto*"—"a little wine strengthens me"—was soon engaged in his repast.

"I have journeyed a long way this day," said he at last, in a deep guttural tone, "and never was the light in the window of an auberge more welcome. As for me—*podo pa tira solo*—I can't put one foot before another."

"Which way did you come by?" inquired the pedlar, as he kindled a fresh cigarito.

"I have been on the way from Toulon," replied the monk, "and it is a long road, and, as men say, not over secure in some parts thereof. I heard especially that these Esterelles were not pleasant for travellers. Men talk much of one Gaspa, who lives in the cork woods, and *Jeu paoure* wretched that I am, having no one *fa soulas* to bear me company, I felt glad enough when I saw the light and got out of Gaspa's reach for the night. The *oustaladou*, family, is better than the heath in my judgment."

"*Plan, plan, Presta*,"[1] quoth the aubergista with a smile. "Gaspa, they say, does not rob the poor."

The Catalan woman gave a sudden start as the hostess uttered the words, and then an involuntary smile stole across her lips, while the pedlar drew forth the cigarito, and, shaking off its ashes, muttered to himself, "Si esto no es verdad, ni la oliva tiene cuesco, ni cáscara la nuez!"[2] An impatient touch of her hand from his companion seemed to admonish him to be silent, and once more he puffed away vigorously, as though dis-

[1] "Softly, softly, priest." From this Provençal Languedocian word comes our "Priest." The word *solo* means literally sole of the shoe—*soulas* is the company which one gives as a protection to one who is apprehensive of danger.

[2] If that be not truth, neither has the olive a kernel or the nut a shell.

regarding any further observation of the ecclesiastic's, who seemed on his part to have fallen into a deeply meditative mood, for he pushed away the chair from the table and drew nearer to the blaze—looking earnestly into the glowing embers, as though endeavouring to identify forms and shapes in the fantastic sparklings of the pine logs.

"The wind has arisen," quoth the Catalan at last, as a loud blast of the mistral shook the window and rattled the outside door of the auberge.

The monk started, approached the window, and looked out. Then he glanced uneasily at the canvas-covered package for a moment, then he again sat down. "There are horsemen coming down the road," he muttered; "I hear the clanking of sabres and clattering of hoofs borne on the mistral."

A look of strange meaning was exchanged between the pedlar and his companion. It was compounded apparently of doubt, alarm, hope; and as the sounds drew nigher to the door, and a hoarse voice was heard commanding a halt, a smile stole upon the face of the Catalan, and she half involuntarily thrilled a cord of the musical instrument that still hung by her chair.

A loud full bass voice was now heard giving directions outside, and then through the door, which the host had promptly opened, strode in two gendarmes, while a third remained outside watching the chargers, that seemed as though they had been ridden at speed for many a mile.

"Hallo! brave ome, whom have we here?" said the sergeant, as he strode up to the fire with his sabre clanking on the red-tiled floor, as he gave a condescending military salute with his eyes fixed upon the pedlar, who half wheeled his chair round as the commander entered.

"Atencion! moun camarado. Jeu sieu un vièi serjant a la

moustacho griso.[1] I know a few things about thief-catching. 'A bon chat, bon rat' as we used to say in the Pyrenees—'a buen gato, buen raton' in your language, sir pedlar—for a good cat, a good rat—and I have seen many a good cat lose its rat before now through excess of security. I like to know my company before I sit down with them; and now, sir pedlar, have the goodness to show me your passport. There are many strangers now-a-days in the Esterelles, and I like to do my duty as a *sourdat*—soldier—should."

The Catalan handed a document with a smile to the sergeant, who looked over it attentively, and then, with a salute, gave it back to its owner.

"Now, Moussu lou mouine, it is your turn. Oblige me with a view of your passa-port."

The monk, who seemed as though he scarcely had heard the previous conversation, replied, "I have none to show you. This," pointing to his serge frock, "is my passport."

"Zou! zou! No passport!" half shouted the man of the grey moustache. "Parlo dounc—aves pas crento[2] to travel without your identification?" Sit there till I look into this. The majesty of the law must be upheld in the Esterelles. What, is it not enough that an innocent family of mi ladi the Anglaise should be put in peril of life to-day? that I, instead of lying quiet in my bed to-night at the *caserna*—barrack—should be flying round the mountains like a *loubatoun*—wolf-cub? But here I find you—yes, you—moussu lou mouine,[3] who ought to set a good example, absolutely travelling without a passport, as if you were a forçat from Toulon, or a contrabandista from beyond the Var. Ho! ho! brave ome, this shall be looked to.

[1] Attention! my comrade. I am an old sergeant with a grey moustache.

[2] Speak then—are you not afraid? [3] Sir Monk.

You are my prisoner *nom de loi.* You ought to be thankful I don't put these on your wrists"—and he shook a pair of handcuffs threateningly before the monk's eyes, who seemed to endure with the greatest equanimity all the reproaches of the man in power.

"Where is your prisoner, moussu?" said the sergeant in a milder tone to Raoul, who had now entered the room. "It will be necessary to have a deposition made by *mi ladi* of the attack which was made by these *coquins* on her equipage.

The sergeant had by this time so over-excited himself maintaining the dignity of the law, and stamping about his enormous boots, and clanking the sabre at his side, that at last, wiping his brow, which the huge triangular chapeau shaded, he threw himself into a chair, and lighted a cigar.

It was singular that at every allusion which he made to the respect due to the law, a curious smile played upon the Catalan pedlar's lips, which was responded to by a similar one which his companion evidently was anxious to hide.

CHAPTER XXXV.

VICTORY!

Then to join the great parade
Ocean waves cast forth their dead;
Aghast and sore afraid,
The sinner bows his head
When the last post sounds,
When the trump resounds,
O'er land and ocean bounds
At tattoo!

"COUME lou caragóu canton quand soun oustau se brulo,"[1] said a rough voice. A few hours had elapsed, and the kitchen was still occupied by the varied personages whom we have seen remaining in it.

The monk had drawn his hood down over his head, and appeared to have composed himself for sleep.

The Catalan woman still lingered by the fire, her companion smoking away as unconcernedly as though sleep had never entered into his thoughts.

The gendarmes rested their heads upon the table, and audible snores told that they at least disregarded not slumber.

The grey moustache alone stood bolt upright before the fire, his huge black boots reflecting the blaze. It was his voice that uttered the words which Raoul heard, and there was a something

[1] Like the snails, they sing when their house is burning.

so sinister in the ferocious gleam that shot across his face, that Raoul, who could not sleep, and had descended to the fire, involuntarily shuddered.

The prisoner had been brought up from durance below, and was seated near the fire, occasionally giving an uneasy glance around. A word every now and then was exchanged between him and the Catalan woman.

"Our horses have had a good rest of it now, and we will soon be thinking of making a start of it, brave ome," quoth the sergeant, as he stroked his moustache complacently. "I suppose, though, you are in no hurry to exchange this warm kitchen for the cold prison of Frejus, vai ben—quant avès de tèms moun brave?"[1]

The prisoner looked up with a curious twinkle in his eyes.

"Quant ai de tèms? Quant ai de tèms, moussu lou brigadier?"

"I was just thirty when I married; then *moun paure paire nous doune lou chivau Blanchoun*;[2] ah, that was a good time. Well, that was a horse; never saw I his match; he lived twenty years after. Well, as I was saying, moussu lou brigadier, twenty and thirty are——"

"They used to be fifty when I was a boy," said the sergeant.

"Ah, yes, and as I was saying, the very day the old horse died, I bought a cow which was three years' old when I got it, and I sold it when it was twelve; and then I bought another horse, which I have had now fifteen years—acò fai, that makes—— Excusas, moun brave capitaine, acò fai avên di?"[3] and the old

[1] It is well. How old are you, my brave? How old am I? How old am I, brigadier?

[2] My poor father gave us the horse White Hare. The *Blanchoun* is a species of hare which becomes white in winter, and lives in the mountains of Haute Provence.

[3] Excuse me, my brave captain, that makes, we have said.

man, with his long knife, began marking figures on the table, while his eyes, every now and then, were turned upon Raoul, and a malignant glance shot from them.

A wild cry of "Arasso ! Arasso !"[1] and the next moment the gleaming knife of the peasant shone in the firelight as he bounded upon Raoul ; but as he leaped past the monk, the latter, with an iron grasp, seized the wrist which was striking at Raoul's shoulder, and with a howl of agony and rage the dislocated arm hung down, the knife dropped at Raoul's feet, and, as he leaped up, the sergeant of gendarmerie fired point blank at his head ; the very nearness of his new assailant proved his safety—the ball grazed his cheek and struck the wall. Meantime, the Spanish pedlar, unsheathing his long cuchillo, had thrown himself upon the monk—"Veici moun bel ami—veici que vous ven de Catalan,"[2] and the two gendarmes, leaping from their slumber, sabre in hand, threw themselves upon Raoul, and the monk, who now manfully confronted this overpowering majority—the monk unexpectedly producing a short bell-mouthed blunderbuss from beneath his brown cloak, and Raoul only armed with the peasant's knife, which had fallen from his treacherous grasp.

Shot after shot resounded through the kitchen ; the loud report of the blunderbuss adding its awakening echoes to the horror of the scene, amid the smoke and the cries, the shrieks of the alarmed females, and the trampling of men engaged in mortal combat.

Suddenly, the outer door was driven in, and half a dozen men, wearing the green uniform of the Douaniers, and accompanied by another without a coat and with a deep wound across his cheek, burst in, musket in hand, and the leader in a

[1] Arasso, make room ! make room !

[2] See, my dear friend, what comes to you from the Catalan.

stentorian tone shouted, "Cease firing," in the name of the law.

The next moment the brigand gendarmes, confronted by this superiority of numbers, had made a wild, fierce rush at the door, but only one of their number succeeded in breaking through; and in a few moments the other two were handcuffed, and the Catalan, who was leaning against the wall bleeding from a deep wound, gradually sank down on the floor, while with loud cries the woman threw herself upon him, and endeavoured to staunch the wound.

The monk was again seated by the table, and rested his head upon his hands; a dark stream of blood poured from a wound in his chest.

In answer to Raoul, who had escaped with only a few slight wounds, the Douanier lieutenant explained that while marching through the Esterelles that night, his party had been accosted by the coatless gendarme, who told him that, when *en route* from Frejus to the Auberge, to secure a prisoner, they had been attacked by banditti, who had placed a barricade across the road, and fired upon them from the rocks and the cork-trees above. They had in vain endeavoured to defend themselves, and when, having fainted through loss of blood, he had revived, he found that his comrades—three of whom had been shot dead—had been deprived of their uniforms, as he also had been partially.

Hearing the tramp of the Douaniers, the gendarme had, after informing them of the fate of his comrades, suggested that, in all probability, the Auberge was the rendezvous of the assailants, as the English ladies were still there, and so they lost no time in marching thither.

The Catalan's wound, though severe, was not mortal, and by dawn the Douaniers had set out for Frejus, bearing their

prisoners, firmly secured, with them, and the Catalan laid upon a cart, in which the woman also sat.

The Monk was pronounced by the Douanier lieutenant, who knew somewhat of surgery, to have but little chance of recovery, and he was laid upon a bed in the corner of the kitchen ; and Raoul and Violet watched him, awaiting the arrival of the surgeon who had been sent for. It was late when he came, and he at once said that the case was hopeless. When the wounded man heard the decision, he called Raoul over to his side, and, with a strange laugh said—"The doctor has just asked me to what monastery I belong, and whether I would prefer to see any of my brethren—and he threw back the monk's hood from his brow."

"Look at me now, Raoul," he cried. "You recognise me now, I suppose. I wrestled with you in this same room that night, when it was life or death for me, the escaped Forçat of Toulon, to have a gun, but I saved your life twice instead. She has been with me since I saw her while I slept, and she told me that I should soon be with her."

It was night, the dying man was breathing heavily, his face turned towards the wall ; suddenly he raised himself and said—"Would you read me again the Book." Raoul opened the little Greek Testament, and began to read—"Read me that again—that—that—about the son that was very far off from his father, and who came home again after all."

Raoul began to read, and, as he read, tears came into the dying convict's eyes. "I have had a hard time of it all my life, he whispered. He won't be as hard as man has been to me, and he looked upwards.

"A great way off ; ah ! so am I a great way. His father saw him and had compassion. This father, then, is God ; is it not so ?"

Raoul whispered, "Yes." It is your Father who hath said thus, "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."[1]

"I have been looking back upon my past life," he said, feebly, "and it is all sin. Do you know whether that Book says anything how sin may be removed? I mean for him who mourns over it.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin;" so writes St. John in his first epistle. And again, "If any man sin we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world."

The dying man looked up eagerly. "How am I to get that cleansing in the blood?"

"You are to believe in the Lord Jesus, and believingly to ask Him to do it. 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'"

"Teach me how to ask for it," said the convict.

They both knelt down by his side, and Raoul prayed. It was a short—it was a heartfelt prayer.

"Say this after me," he cried—"Lord Jesus, Thou Good Shepherd, wash me from all my sins in Thy precious blood, and give me now thy Holy Spirit, and save me for Thy glory's sake."

The dying man repeated the words very slowly—very feebly—and then laid back again and put forth his hand. There was a something very touching in the way in which the cold hand was laid upon Violet's wrist, and gradually he drew it over and clasped both their hands in his. His hand felt icy cold.

Again he began to murmur. They could hear the words "wash," then "sins," then feebly, "Thy precious blood." He was then silent, and still his hand held theirs.

[1] Hebrews viii. 12.

"Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," whispered Violet, bending over him. The cold hand tightened its clasp upon her wrist, and then a flush stole over his pale face.

He opened his eyes and fixed them upon hers, while a sweet smile stole over his face.

"I have been home since," he said, "and have been telling everything to my Father. I have told Him, 'I have sinned against Heaven and in Thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son.' I tried to say the rest," he feebly said, "but He would not allow it. I hear Him saying something more." He started up. A sweet smile stole over his face—the grasp on the hands grew tighter. He whispered, now very feebly, "I hear Him—oh, joy! He says, 'This my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found.'"

The wheel was revolving very feebly now. The golden bowl had touched his lips, however, and ere the silver cord had quite been loosed and the pitcher broken at the fountain, these poor dying lips had drank of the water of life, which the blessed hand of the Divine Jesus, the Man of Sorrows, had held forth to him.

"Was lost—is found!" again he faintly whispered. His pale dead face was turned towards them now, but the words had just been breathed forth by these lips, on which the smile of victory was painted.

Strange to say the Catalan and his wife found means to escape, the very day before their trial, and were never heard of more in the Esterelles. He was identified in prison as the leader of a daring band of escaped forçats in the mountains. The pseudo sergeant and the private suffered death.

Years have passed away since that day, and yet it is not so long since the young Vicomte Raoul de Ravenel visited the

auberge of the Esterelles. Wondrously like his mother Violet, and still the image of his father. With much curiosity he examined the localities around, and investigated the dark kitchen and the wild shooting lodge which in days gone past his father used to reside in. The Comte Raoul and his wife were still alive and well, and the young man wished to bring home to his English mother a description of the auberge as it now existed, that she might in imagination compare it with the scene that played so eventful a part in her past history.

The Esterelles are now quiet enough. Few travellers, since the railroad has been opened, pass through in carriages now, and not very many on foot. Still, when dusk draws on and the mistral howls through the wild mountain gorges, the lone voyager speeds hastily on his way and welcomes the auberge and its bright wood fire.

There many a winter night the wild boar hunters draw around the cheerful blaze and tell legends of the past, and plan the programme of their expedition against the savage monarch of the Esterelles.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ISLE ST. MARGUERITE.

'Tis when the silvery moonbeams throw
Their faint, uncertain, ghastly glow
O'er wave and alpine side—
Startles the sleeper from his dream :
Aroused by sea birds' dismal scream,
Fast glancing o'er the tide.

It is very pleasant on a fine spring morning, when the mistral is asleep, and the Mediterranean seems like some vast blue sheet of glass—reflecting the Esterelles and the islands in its deep recesses—to step into one of those lugger-rigged boats, and, with white canvas set, to drift past the Pharo, and on towards the fortress of Sainte Marguerite.

For seven months the ancient towers of the so well known citadel met my eyes when rising in the morning; and were seen last at evening, when the shades of night stole across the Mediterranean.

The prison of the lone captive of the Iron Mask—and, in our own day, of Marshal Bazaine—possessed a strange interest for the sojourner at Cannes.

It seemed, however, that constantly, when the morning was very fine, the mistral began to blow fiercely towards evening; and with a good deck-load aft in one of these self-same boats, in the form of a large party, it would not be over

pleasant to be caught out in such a wind—at least for the female portion thereof.

It was a glorious morning; and we set sail, every seam of canvas drawing, and a veteran yachtsman at the helm.

It seems strange that the French Government should have so much neglected the important islands of St. Marguerite and St. Honorat; for they are simply invaluable as a protection, not only for the Alpes Maritimes, but also in a nautical point of view. In August, 1794, the French men-of-war, which had sailed ten days before from Toulon, were driven by Lord Hood into Golfe Juan, where they lay under the protection of the batteries of St. Marguerite, St. Honorat, and also of Cape Garoupe. There Vice-Admiral Hotham watched them; while Lord Hood proceeded to the reduction of Calvi in Corsica.

At present but little protection could be given by the dismantled St. Marguerite to any ship invoking protection. When, after landing, we wandered through her court-yards overgrown with grass and weeds, and looked upon her ramparts bereft of artillery, and saw her soldiers' quarter now only guarded by a sergeant's picket of one of the regiments from Antibes, it was impossible to avoid feeling that there was a great error of judgment in thus leaving so important a fortress—which was the key of Nice, Cannes, Antibes—to the ravages of weather and of time.

Any fleet possessing itself of St. Marguerite, would work infinite danger to the Litoral.

We landed close to the garden, which is near the narrow strait between the islands. This has been described often as the sunniest spot in all Provençe. The crowding pine trees which cluster around keep off the wind's attack, and the sun beams down upon the enclosure with unclouded lustre.

The view is delightful from the tower, which you are invited

to ascend. The long varied panorama of the snow-girt Maritime Alps—the softening outlines of the olive-wooded hills—the red-tiled houses, and the rose-fringed gardens of Golfe Juan—and the blue Mediterranean trending away towards the sun-tinted porphyritic cliffs of the Esterelles. In front, Cannes, with its feluccas and long sea-beach, gemmed with many a feathered palm-tree; and then the Croisette, with its ruined tower and melancholy sea-weed girt shore—contrasting in the rear with the golden fruit of the orange-laden gardens of the Hesperides.

We strolled along towards the fortress, through dense jungle of sweet aromatic myrtle, over which the wild bee hummed its flight; and striking the sea-shore again, entered into the renowned fort in which in days of old the Man of the Iron Mask had breathed out from day to day his mournful life.

The conductress upon whom devolved the duties of cicerone, holding a bunch of large keys in her hand, led us through the deserted courts, unfrequented now by the blue-tunicked soldiers of France.

The dungeon of the *Masque-de-fer* was first inspected by us: a vaulted cell, plastered over, with one solitary window pierced in the thick wall—square in form, and like a ship's port-hole. Through this aperture, guarded by rusted iron bars, how many a weary day the poor prisoner gazed towards the snow-crowned Maritime Alps and olive woods rising full in view across the blue Mediterranean, whose waters washed his window wall!

How interesting a book might be written upon the great prisoners of history! Avignon's Palace of the Popes, and its famed captive, Tribune Rienzi—Chillon's sad walls, and their desolate tenant—and the mysterious masked victim who for so many years gazed sadly through this grated window at the sunny shore of la Croisette.

Here had he thrown into the sea that silver plate, upon which his trembling hand had graven writing, which the ignorant fisherman who found it could not decipher, and which he brought so quickly to the Governor of St. Marguerite! How much would not one give now to have had one view of that plate of silver, and to be in possession of the truth of this perplexing enigma.

We might deem him the brother of Louis Quatorze in all human probability, which would account for the far-distant south being the scene of his captivity, and for the velvet mask, bound with steel clasps, which thus hid his face from man. For as regards the hypothesis of Mattioli, Prime Minister of the Duke of Mantua, being the tenant of this dungeon, it is not probable that, almost within view of the Piedmontese shore, such a captive would be left at St. Marguerite.

The galleys and stout frigates of Savoy's Duke gave trouble enough to France before, and hovered constantly around the islands.

The men-at-arms of the other side of the Var were accustomed to making raids over the border; before this the artillery of the fortress had played upon them. But the great day alone—when all secrets shall be revealed—will explain this mystery.

The walls of the dungeon of *L' Homme au masque de fer* are of great thickness, fully twelve feet; the window in his time was barred by three iron gratings, so as to prevent escape from thence. There was one other means of communication with the sea, by which a rope could have been hauled up, it is true, but of what use could it be unless the gratings had been sawed through. The double doors, heavily barred, and some with massive iron nails, only opened when the governor himself wished to visit the captive; and a narrow corridor, a *cul de sac*,

was his only promenade, at one end of which the temporary altar was erected for an officiating priest who sometimes visited the prisoners' melancholy abode. And so the seventeen long years passed away, whose completion saw the hapless prisoner led away to the Bastille to die, and be interred in St. Paul's Church by torchlight, with but a few officials looking on at the sad ending of the mystery.

These four walls, utterly divested of aught to break their dread monotony, how fearful must they have appeared, day after day, to this poor wretched one. But little consolation when the key turned in the door, and St. Mars, the governor, appeared with the warder bearing his provisions for the day. St. Mars had devised the project of the iron mask when he was charged to bear his captive across France from the dungeon of *Pignerol*, and to allow none either to see or hear him speak. Methinks I should not have liked to spend a night in this lone dungeon next to the cell where refractory soldiers were in after days punished by confinement. I should, methinks, dread seeing this weary man of the mask pacing his dreary round, or gazing, with horror on his brow, in the ghostly moonlight, towards the fair olive woods that cover the mountain slopes.

We inspected Marshall Bazaine's suite of apartments next. He did not want for room at all events, for he had some half dozen chambers *en suite*, and one of them was fitted up as a temporary chapel, in which a priest performed mass. The yard outside, in which he was allowed to exercise, was guarded by a sentinel, and it seems strange how he could have escaped without his knowledge.

The angle of the ramparts over which he scrambled down by the aid of a knotted rope, looked, as we gazed down upon the rocks along which he descended, certainly sufficiently trying for

a man of the Marshal's weight, although a seaman would not have thought much of descending it.

Since his flight the fortress has been almost deserted. The boatmen and fishermen who live on the island, habitate in picturesque cabanouns rising amid the large aloes which grow luxuriantly along the cliffs. The women employ themselves in making a peculiar lace work, which sells highly, and the swarthy children play amid the worn-out old boats, lying with seared and blistered paint upon the pathway sides; there mid spars and oars and rusty grapnel, and brown nets of larger meshes, they tumble about in a veritable Elysium of their own.

Along the sea-girt pathway, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, many a faithful confessor and martyr of the faith once delivered to the saints has walked a prisoner to the dreary dungeons of St. Marguerite. Many a Protestant pasteur has there spent weary hours and days and years of captivity, and many a song of Zion has floated through the barred windows on the sentinel's ear, as he grasped his firelock in the gloom of the still summer eve.

And past this same aged fortress how many a low galley has glided, with clanking chain of galeriens making dismal music to the stroke of their oars; and how many a Huguenot martyr of blessed memory, dreaming 'neath this hot sun and boatswain's cruel lash—of home and wife and child, all given up for Jesus, has found, even when tears have dimmed his waning sight, that He was all-sufficient even then to cheer his fainting heart, and to whisper to his drooping spirit the blessed message of that happy land where he once more should meet, never to lose them again, the loved ones whom he must never again see on earth.

How many a sad chained prisoner there has whispered to his soul—"There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the

weary be at rest; there the prisoners rest together, they hear not the voice of the oppressor. Look upon Zion. Thine eyes shall see Jesusalem, a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords theroof be broken. But then the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ships pass thereby. The inhabitants shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."[1]

Brave soldiers these. Worthy brothers of Catilin Gerard, the Piedmontese martyr, who, standing mid the wood pile faggots, cried, as he lifted two large stones, "When I have eaten these two stones, you will find an end of the religion you are persecuting me for holding." Brave martyr he, in a few moments more destined to win the martyr's crown.

Isle St. Marguerite saw also other prisoners. The Mamelukes were exiled there in 1816, and for eighteen years, till 1859, the fortress served as a prison for the Arab prisoners of war, and for those whom the Algerian tribunals had sentenced to long imprisonment.

An interesting episode is related of one of these same Arab convicts, who, in the year 1872, was sent prisoner by the Ceres transport ship to Cayenne. Among some two hundred French and Arab forçats on board, one named Ben Hamet was conspicuous for stature and melancholy mien.

He had been a frontier chief on the border of Morocco, and one day his father had asked him to avenge him upon a rival chieftain, who had stolen away one of his wives. Ben Hamet acquiesced, and ere long he walked gloomily into his father's tent, and opening his *burnous* threw down upon the ground two

[1] Isaiah xxxiii. 20-24.

severed human heads, those of the rival chief and of the lost wife. The French law would not submit to this murder, and cited Ben Hamet to appear. He did so, and was doomed to imprisonment at Cayenne for life.

The Arab convicts assembled when he landed, and gave him a joyous welcome after their fashion, and then they all agreed that the *sidi*, or chief, should not do any manual labour, that they would perform it for him.

The inspector, an old soldier named Dumont, who had served many years in Africa, and knew the people, was quite content with their decision; so long as the work was done, it mattered not to him by whom it might be done.

He had placed great confidence in the Arabs, using them as orderlies to carry dispatches, and even to bear sums of money; and this preference of his had much irritated the French convicts, and so many an angry quarrel had taken place between the Arabs and the French prisoners.

One day a prisoner was doomed to the dread punishment of the lash. The forçats were mustered, and the poor wretched captive received the terrible punishment in all its fulness of rigour. He had attempted to escape, and so severe was the suffering inflicted that when borne to the infirmary he never spoke again.

Ben Hamet a few days after disappeared; when the gendarmes scoured the country, they found him, after days had elapsed, lying beneath a tree, almost dead with hunger. The Inspector pardoned him. He rightly conjectured that the miserable Arab, rendered desperate at seeing the poor forçat dying under the lash, had endeavoured, in the horror of his heart, to escape away, or that he had lost his way while wandering about.

The French convicts became indignant at Ben Hamet being

thus pardoned, and determined to be revenged upon him. One evening that the Inspector was sleeping in his quarters they seized the Arab, and fastening his feet in the *courbaril*—a kind of stocks—they commenced to apply to him the torture—known by French soldiers as *la savate*.

Dumont, hastily awakened by an Arab forçat, rushed out and ordered the ringleaders to be put in irons. The rest mutinied, and the superintendent, in defence, had to fire upon the foremost of the band. He fell wounded upon the earth, and the others marched away without a word, and some were consigned to the cells.

The next day, Superintendent Dumont, seated upon the trunk of a decayed tree, was watching the forçats as they laboured around him. Some were working vigorously; others were only trying to do as little as they possibly could, without danger of detection.

I have known convicts in my own experience as convict chaplain who have prided themselves upon such malingering. Unfortunately their idleness may be attended sometimes with evil results to the zealous prisoners, who work with a will. I have known a fine young man, with the broad belt across his shoulder and chest, burst a blood vessel and die from over-exertion in order to supplement the want of help given by the indolent ones, yoked to the truck alongside him.

Under the burning sun of Cayenne it would not be wonderful, however, that even the most willing should slacken effort.

Suddenly Ben Hamet, who was sitting crouched a few paces off, made a great leap towards Dumont, and the next moment a hideous green serpent was seen twisting and hissing beneath his feet.

It was the most deadly serpent of Cayenne, bristling with scales, whose sting was fatal, whose bite was incurable.

Ben Hamet struggled with the horrible reptile and killed it, but not before he had received from its poisoned fangs his own death-wound. They bore the Arab, wrapped in his burnous, to his hut, and there the Algerian prisoners clustered in silence around his bed. Dumont, with tears in his eyes, drew near and tried to speak to him, but the dying Arab made a sign that he should let him rest in peace. Towards midnight he turned upon his side, and when they looked upon his face they saw that he was dead.

Oh! that such men as this hapless Arab chief had heard and known the sweet story of the Man of Sorrows, who gave His own dear life for us, to ransom us with His own precious blood.

Mistral thus speaks of these so celebrated *Lis Isclo de Lerin*, or Isles of Lerins:—

> "'Neath the pavilion of sweet morning bright,
> And in the legend's old, familiar light,
> The Isles of Lerins—plumelets of the sea—
> Rise up from out the coloured water's stream;
> And verdant palms of Onorat,
> And greenest palms of Marguerite
> Shadow themselves so brilliantly—
> Like fairy trees they seem."
>
> *Calendau—Chant xii.*

It is pleasant to drift along in one of these white-sailed luggers, and coasting by rock and pine tree shade, mark in the deep blue sea beneath, the sardines swiftly dart past, and the brown-faced fishermen sweep by, and the white sand gleam so brilliantly in the hot sunbeams in the little creeks, and birds flash amid the tree tops, and bright butterflies and locusts darting from myrtle to pine amid the dense brushwood. And then at evening hour to glide homeward once more towards the snow-crowned mountains and the olive-crowned hills rising over Cannes.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FROM CANNES TO AGAY.

As vist noueste casteu, li as pres uno tourreto ;
As rauba sei dentello a noueste campanieu ;
A crouca, toun piucèu, de nouéstei fouent clareto
La moufo verdouleto,
E toun craioun un vièi poncièu.
—*A. B. Crousillat.*

THERE is something very sad and lonely in the closing days of the season at Cannes. The large hotels are commencing to be deserted, and the *table d' hote* becomes a thing of the past. Mine host informs you that it is at an end now, and you sit down solitary enough to your repast. Gone now are all the varied guests that filled the great saloon; preparing to go are the waiters, some flitting to Switzerland, others to Fatherland, to obtain new engagements for the summer.

What changes have occurred throughout these winter months. Some going home with prospects of renovated health, others struggling through the cold of winter to pass away with the incoming spring; some laid to rest in the new cemetery, the sleeping-place where the poor wearied frame awaits the blast of the archangel's trumpet, when He who bought us with His own precious blood shall come for those who sleep in Him.

It is a touching custom at Lucern, to place, enshrined in crystal, the photograph, or miniature, of the dead in a little niche in the headstone of the grave. It seemed so sorrowful, in looking at some of these, to see the young and strong man's likeness, and the fair maiden's face, represented there as that of the tenant of the lonely grave, and yet there was an involuntary thought which came into the mind. What expression will pervade these faces when the music of the Judgment rings through the covered porticos of this old cathedral churchyard? Will that fair maiden face still wear that bright smile of joy? That young student with the merry laughter sparkling in his glance, which now meets you as you gaze upon his photograph, enshrined there—will that glance of joy wither away in the dread horror of despair, or will it for ever rest upon his features? in that day when "There will be sweet singing in the kirk-yard," as good old John Rutherford says.

The waiting-room at the Cannes station was filled with homeward-bound travellers on the morning of the 27th of April, 1876. Piles of lighter luggage, destined for the interior of the first-class carriages, which had escaped the fearful ill-usage which trunks sustain *en route* through France and Italy, and which their ill-fated companions were even now encountering in their way to the luggage compartments, strewed the floor, excited passengers looked eagerly for the opening of the doors, and the announcement of *Voyageurs pour Frejus, Toulon, Marseille,* and presently out poured a stream of English families, seeking places in the long line of carriages awaiting them. Happy those who had a whole compartment reserved, and who need not change at Marseilles, but go right through to Paris, reaching there at half-past eight the following morning. Miserable those who get scattered, some in one division, some in another. At last, the train rolls out at ten o'clock, and we who are only

going to Agay, about an hour's distance, in the region of the Esterelles, can survey with equanimity the efforts of our fellow-travellers to adjust themselves and baggage.

How different, generally speaking, is the courteous manner in which a Frenchman, even of humble rank, will enter a railway carriage, touching his hat to the company therein, to the way in which many of our insular races deport themselves in such a vehicle. The Anglo-Saxon certainly, abroad, is not over-cordial even to his own countrymen.

My fellow traveller to the right was going to Marseilles. We were speaking about matters in Ireland. His property lay in the north of that country; and after the usual method in which two inhabitants of the same land, if of the same creed, will mutually agree, we were unanimous that things were going to ruin altogether at home.

"A friend of mine," he said, "wished to ascend the Matter-Horn, and engaged a guide. The uncle of the guide accompanied them for a part of the journey, and then returned home. They did not use a rope unhappily, and as they were ascending, the snow falling around, suddenly the guide disappeared down a crevasse. My friend heard the poor fellow's head striking against the rocks as he went down the hideous gulf beneath. My friend looked down, he shouted, there was no answer from below. The snow was now falling heavily; he knew not what to do; he knew not the way. For a time he retraced his track, guided by the half-obliterated foot-prints which they had left behind them. But at last he lost the track, and finally came to a deep yawning chasm or crevasse, spanned by a snow-bridge. He felt that he must advance, to linger was death, and yet he knew not whether the snow-bridge would bear him up. At last committing himself to God, he drew back a little, leaped at the crevasse and landed on the

snow-bridge at the furthest end, in safety. On he went cautiously feeling his way with his Alpine staff, and at last he saw a man before him, to whom he shouted. This turned out to be a guide who had lost his own way."

Together they wandered on, until at last the guide exclaimed, "Ah, we are all right. I have it now!" and picked up a broken piece of his alpenstock, which he had left there that morning when ascending the mountain. At last they reached Zermat; but when my friend told the sad fate of the poor guide, his uncle at once accused him of having murdered him. The excitement now reached a great height. My friend reasoned with them; told them that his knapsack with all his money had gone down with the lost guide; asked them, was it credible that a man should murder the guide who was his only way of safety? and asked them to send for the curè to reason with them. Finally, they began to perceive how baseless their supposition was; and they set off with ropes to try to recover the body of the poor guide. All their efforts, however, were ineffectual; the poor dog who had followed them belonging to the lost man alone remained behind. He seemed to have gone down the crevasse seeking for his master, and was never seen more; eventually the body was recovered, and the knapsack.

That evening an Irish gentleman came in, and said, I hear you have met with a terrible accident, and if twenty pounds be of any service, my dear fellow, take them. That same kind fellow-countryman was afterwards shot down in the south of Ireland by some of his own tenantry. But here is the old ruined castle of Napoule, that we are flying past between us and the sea.

The aged castle of the knightly Villeneuves, with massive square towers, dark and gloomy in the sunlight, now appeared. We could mark the immense court-yard, where once the crusaders were welcomed by the fair hostess of this lordly fortress

built upon a reef of rocks washed by the blue waves of the Mediterranean, by Guillaume de Villeneuve, whose former castle, the Chateau d'Avignonet, had been destroyed by Raymond de Turrenne in A.D. 1390, and thus the construction of the fortress of Napoule would seem to have been either at the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century.

In the year of grace 1530, Corsairs attacked the newly-built castle, and succeeded in burning it and the little town which nestled under its walls.

It afterwards was devastated by the Duke of Savoy in 1589.

It would be easy to allow imagination to people again these sombre chambers and lonely court-yards with the stalwart men-at-arms of the past; to recall the illustrious Louis de Villeneuve, surnamed "Rich in Honour," or the noble Romieu de Villeneuve, who was left guardian of Beatrice, heiress of the Comte de Provence, and daughter of Raymond Beranger, and who married his ward to Charles of France, Comte d'Anjou, brother of Louis le Saint, and who thus, by this alliance, succeeded in eventually causing Provence to pass into the dominion of the crown of France.

One might dwell in reverie upon the swart faces of the turbaned infidels descending, sword in hand, upon the lonely village, or see again the grand motto of this ancient race of Villeneuves, "Liberalitè" hanging over the old entrance gate.

But the train whirls on; we glide along the iron track, beneath which lay the great subterranean vaults connected with the castle, which some considered were remnants of the Roman rule, and at last we draw up alongside the station-house of Agay, where we descend, and find the chef de gare performing in his own person the varied offices of station-master, porter, train carriage opener, telegraph clerk, ticket issuer, ticket receiver, and guardian of the house, in which he is ably seconded

by a little, long, low basset dog, who considers himself evidently as holding no mean position on the staff of the establishment.

We leave the station, and beneath a fierce sun move on for our destination.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE ROMAN QUARRIES OF AGAY.

" Arribam en un bras de marina,
E regardant d'el pus alt d'una riba
Ella fou cert d' Agaÿ ser vehina."
—*Comedia de la gloria d' amor d' Rocaberti.*

The little harbour of Agay looked very lovely as we wound along its shore. Towering high above us on a lofty peak rose the ancient castle tower of Darmont, now changed into a semaphore. A brigantine, polaccre-rigged, with the tricolor floating from the maintopmast head, showed her taut spars and gracefully moulded hull, rising and sinking on the long swell rolling in from seaward.

The old fortress chateau of Agay, surrounded by a rampart wall, loomed in the distance on the opposite shore of the harbour, the white wave crests foaming at its base, and the red porphyritic crags rose giant-like in the still sunlight haze; while the peaks of the Esterelles towered majestic between us and Cannes, and the few houses scattered along the sea-shore rose from the white sea foam beneath the shadow of the mighty cliffs.

This little harbour admits the entrance of ships of war of large size and draught of water, and is an admirable refuge

harbour for vessels caught in a gale between St. Tropez and Nice.

It seems a pity that the French Government has not elicited more its capabilities.

The coral fishers make Agay a rendezvous, and the harbour, which has a depth of twenty feet in many places, forms a refuge for the fishermen in their tartanes and for the coasters of the Mediterranean ; when a storm blows along the Litoral, a whole fleet of such craft sometimes taking shelter here.

We wound along the sea-shore, a little fellow carrying a bundle upon the end of a stick overtook us.

"*Bon jou, brave ome, conoisses li carriera Roumana?*"—Good day, good sir, do you know the Roman quarries? "*Si, si, moussu, ma la camin es un poou lonc*"—Yes, yes, sir ; but the way is a little long ; and the lad, with the courtesy of the Provençal race, took off his hat and asked us to follow him.

The little fellow informed us that his father lived at Marseilles, and that his poor mother was only a month dead. She died of an attack of asthma ; that he lived in a *bastide*, house, with his sister and brothers ; that he went to school, and that he could read. I handed him a little book which I had written in the Provençal dialect of Nice, and which included a metrical version which I had made of the beautiful sacred song of the Ninety-and-Nine, which those who have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Sankey sing at the vast assemblages in which Mr. Moody and he laboured, can never forget, and which I thought would be peculiarly suited to the southern race, among whom so many of the allusions to the shepherd's love and care are better understood than in more northern climes. A large flock of dark-brown sheep and lambs were gathered round a swarthy brown-robed shepherd, who was feeding them in a swampy margin filled with myrtles and pale flowered cystus, and with

rich green herbage underneath the aged tower of Darmont. The little fellow took the book and began to read. I give it here that the reader may see the capability of the Nice dialect for such a subject :—

LU NOUZANTA NOOU !	THE NINETY-AND-NINE !
Seguramen embe lou Signour Nouzanta nòou eron ! Ma luèn de lou camin d'aur Sur li collina va un moutoun ! Luèn da pastour paure pecatour ! Luèn da Buon pastour et sieu amour ! *(Bis.)*	There were ninety-and-nine that safely lay In the shelter of the fold ; And one was out on the hills away, Far off from the gates of gold : Away on the mountains wild and bare— Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
Signour Tu has assi Tieu nouzanta nòou Non son assès per Ti ? Lo Signour ha respondut : " Es un de mieu Ha errat luèn da Mi ! Benque li rocas escarpat sigon Vau a desert trouvar' mieu moutoun !" *(Bis.)*	"Lord, thon hast here the ninety-and-nine : Are they not enough for Thee ?" But the Shepherd made answer, " This of mine Has wandered away from me : And although the roads be rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."
Jamai conouisse lo sauvat de Gesù Que negra nuèce lo Signour a passat ! Que profound lu Riou passat par Eu, Avant-che sieu moutoun es trouvat ! Luèn ! Luèn ! Escouta sieu cria— Malauta ! Mourenta ! e si feibla ! *(Bis.)*	But none of the ransomed ever knew How deep were the waters crossed ; Nor how dark the night that the Lord passed through Ere He found His sheep that was lost. Out in the desert He heard its cry, Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.
" Li goutta de sanc—Signour d'ou son Che marcon Tieu camin passat ?" " Pour lo moutoun perdut—escampada eron Avant-che da Ieu es ramenat !" " Signour d'ou, tieu man son si blessada ?" " Emb'espina, son tout escarchada !" *(Bis.)*	"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track ?" " They were shed for one who had gone astray Ere the Shepherd could bring himback." " Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn ?" " They were pierced to-night by many a thorn ?"
Atraves li mountagna par l'eclair fendu : Atraves li rocas escarpat : Ven una cria fort a lu ange de Dieu— " Sighes rejouissant—lo moutoun es trouvat !" E li son allegressa a lu ange de Signour Lou moutoun es rançonnat par sieu amour ! *(Bis)*	And all through the mountain thunder riven, And up from the rocky steep, There rose a cry to the gates of heaven, " Rejoice, I have found my sheep !" And the angels echoed around the throne, " Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own !"

The Provençal dialects are certainly better adapted for poetry

than the French tongue. The great branches of the Provençal —the Nice, the Languedocian, the Marseilles, the dialect of Avignon, and the Gascon with the Catalan sister—all seem to have more, so to speak, of the cliff and rock in them on which to build one's poetic structure. The efforts which Government have for years made to ignore the Provençal, and to substitute the French, will not succeed in expelling the loved tongue of the people from their homes and hearts. It is true the children acquire French in the school, but they speak Provençal at home. French is the language of their studies—Provençal of their amusements. The child speaks French in class, but he sings the wild old ballads of his father tongue at his mother's side, when the household gathers round the blazing pine logs on the hearth.

The old castle of Darmont, which towered above us on the lofty crags—along whose cliffs stately pines and dense brushwood mingled—was once the refuge of the unhappy Jeanne de Provence. Here she found an asylum when the united Barons revolted against her rule, and from the aged rampart she saw the white sails of the ship of war which was to bear her to her kingdom of Naples. There Urban VI., then Pope, having crowned Charles de Duras king of Naples, the unfortunate Queen was besieged by him in the castle of Chateau Neuf. Her Provençal Barons, forgetting the past, sailed to her rescue; but, detained by contrary winds, only arrived to find her the captive of her rival, and to hear from her own lips, when a deputation of their number was admitted into her dungeon, a brave exhortation never to receive as their sovereign the tyrant who held her prisoner, but rather to regard the Duke of Anjou as their king.

In the silence of the midnight hour the unhappy Queen was murdered, on the 22d of May, 1382. The remembrance of La Reino-Jeanno still is loved by the peasantry of the wild moun-

tains of Tanneron. She it was who gave to the ancestors of these mountain proprietors the little farms which their descendants still cultivate. She wisely prohibited the cultivation of those steep mountain slopes, formed of granitic soil, in order to prevent thus the action of the torrents—which, sweeping from the hill tops the soil, would leave only the bare rocks behind them. And thus the trees were allowed to grow, and reign undisturbed monarchs of the mountain ranges.

Our little guide walked on rapidly; and, at last, winding around the base of the hill of the Tower of Darmont, we reached the shore again; and pointing to a house a little inland, he said, "*Aco es moun bastide*"—(Here is my house).

We soon reached the habitation. It was built at the foot of a craggy hill, densely wooded. On one side, a quarry, in which men were working, was visible; in front was the blue sea; to one side the mountains trended far away—St. Tropez, Cape Cambarat, hiding in the haze. On the other, a wood of unbroken pines hid a picturesque mass of red porphyritic rocks, which rose up a little island off the shore, and which the guide denominated Isla d'Aur—the golden isle. A felucca was working through the channel that separated it from the shore, and a long narrow pier, composed of single planks upon iron pillars, ran out into the sea, with a tramway leading to it from the quarry.

A guide was secured here for the Roman quarries, and part of our company remained behind, while two of us accompanied him up the steep sides of the hill over the house.

The expedition took, going and returning, some two hours from the time that we left the guide's house, who turned out to be proprietor of the adjacent quarry, and of a large terrain around. It was truly, in the intense heat of the day, a very fatiguing march. Ere we crossed the hill tops we

came to the first of the Roman quarries, which offered but little of interest, being partially filled with jungle and brushwood.

At last we arrived in a delightfully situated wood, where the white and mauve cystus flowers, the arbutus berries, and the heath mingled with the luxuriant myrtles and balmy scented pines, through whose dense masses we made our way. We emerged into a wildly solitary valley, through whose scattered trees the startled partridge flew heavily. Our guide stepped on with a light tread across the valley, and presently we approached another of the ancient quarries. Three colossal steps excavated in the rock led down to the area below, which was partly filled with rank vegetation and brambles. We passed by a farm-house, guarded by three surly dogs, who barked and howled at us as we approached. An orchard of rich mulberry trees faced the habitation.

"The proprietor has sent his sheep into the forests to avoid the heat of the sun," said our guide. "Our region here has a good many wild boars, especially over there towards the Esterel road, which you can see traced along the mountain. A license to shoot costs twenty-five francs, but there are ten francs more to be paid. I have shot the *sanglier* myself. You must shoot him in the shoulder—it is the best place; and if you miss him, he runs like the wind, and *vraiment il est mechant.* You must look out for yourself then, for he is ferocious. I should have been obliged to go away," he continued, "but fortunately I drew *un bon numero*, and so I escaped having to become a soldier." And thus he talked away, until at last we came to the third Roman quarry, where we halted to examine the excavations.

Two large blocks of stone first attracted attention. They lay as they had been left by the Roman quarriers, amid the grass and

brushwood. Each of these great stones had two squared grooves cut in its base.

The story of the discovery of these quarries by the celebrated architect, M. Tenier, is told by himself in a memoir sent to the Academy of Sciences. In it he speaks with much admiration of the blue porphyry with which the Romans had enriched the city of Frejus. Even still, upon the Grand Mole and upon the pier of the harbour, enormous columns are placed, which served to moor their galleys to the shore, made of this porphyry, of a greyish-blue colour, tinged with white spots; and which columns were universally deemed as being Egyptian granite—nothing having indicated that their native quarries were not far distant from the city. Strangers used to carry away chips of these columns as being of a great rarity. In the year 1829, M. Tenier discovered the abandoned Roman quarries after a long and laborious search. Speaking of the second of these, he says that probably great workshops were established here by the Romans, for a great quantity of *debris* of bricks, amphoræ or jars, and tiles were found, as well as little vases and cubes hewn out. These, unhappily, have been all broken and used in the construction of the *bastide*, or farm-house, which we passed. It is sadly curious also to see the holes in the porphyry rock, to which were chained the unhappy slaves and prisoners doomed to work there for life, beneath the summer sun and winter blast.

The very holes to which their rusted fetters were sealed still remain. Unfortunates, they only quitted their prison with the live rock to which they were fastened!

Strange to realize these wretched ones toiling with their waists chained to the rock, and their weather-beaten arms driving the iron bars into the porphyry, which they were ever endeavouring to detach! Might we not picture in yonder

unhappy ones thus bound the emblem of the poor wretched slaves of Satan, bound down to the cold chill rock of sin and despair—for ever toiling, but never free! Oh, to break these galling rusted fetters, and to cause that poor weary one to rejoice in the glorious liberty of the children of God!

It must have been a work of much difficulty to transport from out this wildly picturesque valley amid the mountains, these porphyry blocks to the Mediterranean; in all probability it was effected by means of carts drawn by oxen, and when the sea was reached, coasting galleys bore them to Frejus and other ports. As we descended towards the sea by another route, the long line of the mountains towards St. Tropez gleamed majestically in the sunlight haze. Behind us, peak after peak towered on high of the Esterelles, where the guide remarked wolves used to be found until the railroad was formed. Beneath us the deep blue Mediterranean slept; a solitary felucca working up for Agay; and the beautiful porphyritic rocks of the Isle d'Or, or Golden Island, rose precipitous from the waters, gleaming like golden fire in the sunlight, while the modern quarries, now in full working by the miners, were sending forth their granitic contents. A long, narrow pier of planks extending into the sea, serving as a connection with the feluccas which come in for lading, and then bear away their stone cargoes to Marseilles, Nice, Cannes, Toulon, and other ports, and even to England. It seemed strange that such a source of wealth as the Roman quarries should be, after their discovery, still abandoned. The guide said that the proprietor did not wish to work them. He stated that he gave his own quarrymen seven francs a-day. This seems good wages, and transit must be expensive; but still these porphyry cubes and blocks would command a great price in the foreign market or at Paris.

One flat slab, sawn by Roman hands and polished, was the most exquisite grey porphyry I ever saw.

As we walked along, the felucca, which had been tacking for the channel between the Isle d'Or and the umbrella pines, which covered the rocks of the projecting cliffs of the shore, now made a long stretch to leeward of the golden isle. Around us myrtles grew intermixed with many a wild flower, while bees hummed drowsily.

A sweet little Provençal poem by a *fellibresso* of our day, came into my memory, called "*Vene Me Culi*,"—Come gather me. Let me translate it for the reader's pleasure :—

VENE ME CULI.

The fields one day, so swift passed through
The gentle maid Marie ;
When around her cried each flower that blew—
Oh, come and gather me !

The Rose came first—My stalk behold,
It needs support from thee ;
The butterflies sip me times untold—
Oh, come and gather me !

The Lily cried—From thy brow each tress
That wanders, I'll bind for thee ;
The dews me bless, and the winds caress—
Oh, come and gather me !

The Daisy said—Sweet maiden fair,
Of all the company
Of us alone, you can form a crown—
Oh, come and gather me !

Thus each flower around that decks the ground
Beneath the olive tree,
Addressed the maid, and these words soft said—
Oh, come and gather me !

But no violet in her wreath she set
That perfumed company ;
For it alone had whispered not one—
Oh, come and gather me !

We sat down, when we had rejoined our party, beneath the pleasant shade of the umbrella pines, towering over the sand-covered rocks of the headland opposite to the Isle d'Or. It was very grateful, after our long march to and from the quarries, to rest and enjoy the view which extended before us. The felucca seemed to be making nothing of her efforts to pass through the channel; occasionally her long, tapering yards, rising with enormous spread of canvas, would tower over the rocks of the golden island, and then she would drift back upon the losing tack again.

A douanier's hut nestled under the shadow of a lofty pine, into whose recesses one might creep in and be able to rest by lying on the ground. Above us towered the castle of Darmont, with its telegraph wire sweeping down from the semaphore across the trees of the rocky sides of the mountain and over the valley beneath.

Then, as we wandered along towards Agay, a small fleet of feluccas lay anchored in the harbour, and the brigantine spread her white canvas from the yards, as the seamen weighed anchor and the light breeze filled her head sail, and the tricolor floated out languidly from the peak, and the aged chateau reflected its shadow in the still waters of the harbour, and the deserted battery at the end of the cliff frowned in the shades of evening as though remembering the time when its aged ports were manned by brass culverins, with the fleur-de-lys graven upon them, and swarthy master gunners awakened the echoes of the mountain from their long muzzles.

A perfect little gem of a creek, lined with cork trees and pines, with fishermen seated on the sands mending their long trains of nets, and their boats hauled up on the beach, was passed by us. Flocks of brown sheep browsing mid the myrtles; brown-jacketed, white-stockinged shepherds, with red berettas

and dark frieze trousers to the knee, guarding them. We pased by the only *auberge* at Agay, without any inscription to mark its profession ; saw that of *villa d' été, apartments a louer*, and then we looked in, ascending to the railway station, on a little parallelogram of cottages, before which grew some beauteous white acacias, and at one end of which a little rustic chapel was built ; and advancing on, we reached the river of Agay, spanned by the railway bridge of three arches ; at some distance an old rustic bridge, represented now only by long worm-eaten planks ; fish leaping pleasantly in the evening sun. "There are plenty of mullett in it," said the chef de gare ; "we capture them in baskets into which they enter, and can't escape, like lobster traps ;" and at the point of escape of the river into the sea, a small lake had formed itself on the shore, and a narrow deep mouth had worked itself in the shingle, and the river water escaping met the long white foaming waves of the Mediterranean as they beat upon the beach.

Around the peaks of the Esterelles glowed, rosen hued in the last rays of the sun, massive porphyry cliffs towering up from the mountain line, and in front the coral fishers leaned over the bulwarks of their long, low feluccas as the great yards swing lazily aloft, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean rippled against the bow.

A shrill whistle—a gleaming lamp—here comes the train—"Agay! Agay!" We leap in, and are borne amid the shades of even towards the aged chateau of Napoul.

Note.—The little book referred to in this chapter as having been given to the boy guide, was La Paraula De la Crous, which I had written in Provençal, and published at H. Vidal's Imprimerie, Cannes.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ABOUT INSECTS AND SCORPIONS.

Fisher of men, wouldst thou no more
O'er empty nets still weep?
Glide not along the shaded shore,
Launch out into the deep.

Anon.

The insect life of Cannes and its vicinity is deserving of attention. When we arrived at the Villa Millaïa in the early part of November, the weather for some days resembled our July at home. The humming bird moth[1] floated over the flowers in the garden, darting its long tongue into the corolla in search of food. This handsome brown moth, with head shaped like that of a mouse, is known in Ireland during very warm summers. I have seen them repeatedly in our home garden.

Indeed, I have met with more gorgeously-coloured butterflies, and even larger, along the sunny grass banks of Horsehead, on the beautiful Lee near Cork harbour, than I have ever seen even in the south of France. Among the luxuriant arbutus trees in the south of Ireland, the butterfly seems to revel with delight. The night butterfly, or, as it is termed in the Provençal *Parpalhora*, is interesting.[2] The ordinary butterfly is called *Parpalhoun*.

[1] *Macroglossa Stellatarum.*

[2] The word for a little butterfly is *Papilhounet*. For the sea-butterfly *Trauca-peira*.

Peasants from the Alps around Nice traverse the country, bringing honey with them for sale. It is, generally speaking, aromatised in flavour from the myrtle and other aromatic flowers upon which the bees feed.[1]

The hornets are very large and singularly fierce, they are termed *Chabriant* in Provençal. But the dreadful Cousin,[2] or musquito, is the insect plague of Cannes. He was in force when we arrived, and the musquito nets were in full requisition. Towards the end of December, he gradually vanished, but, in the end of April, his vindictive trumpet-blast awoke the tormented slumberer once more.

The trap-door spider will form an object of much interest for naturalists to seek for in their rambles through the olive woods. The warm slopes of the mountain of the Grand Pine are a favourite abode of this singular insect, which forms a little den of a cubic shape, and at the end of this, which is about the diameter of an elephant steel-pen, a little round door is fastened by a hinge to shut down upon the hapless fly that enters in. In the Mentonese dialect these spiders are called, "Tarantore che fan o niu reun dame una porteta," spiders which make a round nest with a small door, and it is curious that the male insect has not been found. The female is brownish red. They construct their nests of whitish clay,and sometimes shut up one exit after making it to open a more suitable one.

The green frogs form, too, a very interesting study. As soon as Spring has fairly set in, his croak is heard all night

[1] *Abelha*, is a bee; *Abelouna*, a little bee ; *Abelhassa*, a large bee; in the Provençal language.

[2] *Culex*, in Latin, sometimes called *Maringoin*, or *Moustique*. The large meat fly, called *Mousca de la Vianda*, is dangerous, because of its sting, which may cause blood poisoning. There is a large gnat with two antennae from the tail, which is very dangerous, as its sting poisons the blood also.

long,[1] and sometimes even louder than the storm, resounds the united chorus of these sleep-banishing tenants of the ditches and pools. This little *Rana Esculenta*, or eatable green frog,[2] is very active, he will leap several feet upward in search of flies, whom he eagerly devours. His cousin, *Hyla Arborea*, or the green tree frog,[3] is to be heard croaking from the branches of the trees, among whose leaves he lies hid high in air, and there leisurely devours the insect whom he darts at with his wide mouth.

My children brought home a dozen of these frogs; they bore the long journey very well, and appear more acclimatised. It is curiously interesting to watch them when they perceive a wasp,—a sudden leap, a wide gulp of the mouth, and the wasp meets his doom, unless he succeeds in stinging his assailant, who then with his fore paws piteously rubs his mouth and face, and after reflection proceeds to swallow his opponent, unless he has been devoured by another of the band.

When rain is coming on, it is foreshown by the loud constant croaking of these little prisoners.

The procession caterpillars are also curious. In the grounds of the Villa Millaïa we observed, one morning, a large ball, apparently like a mass of caterpillars covered with cobwebs. As soon as this was shown to one of the labourers, he at once said that it must be destroyed—that there was a fine if such were allowed to remain on the branches of the tree when we

[1] It is necessary to observe that spring in the south of France commences on the 20th of March. Summer begins on the 21st of June. Autumn on the 23rd September, and winter commences on the 22nd of December.

[2] In Provençal, *Granoulha*.

[3] In the Provençal termed *Raineta*. The *Rana Alpina*, or Alpine frog, found in the Maritime Alps, is also termed *Granoulha*: and there is a sea frog called *Baudruelh*; a little green frog is denominated *Loupauta*; a place full of frogs is in Provençal *Granoulhiera*; a toad is called *Babi*.

detected it, as they were destructive creatures. The caterpillar, a large brown one, is commonly supposed to be blind. It moves along in Indian file, one holding on by the other, and I have seen in spring, when they begin to leave their nests, a long track of these caterpillars thus crossing the road, having descended from their nest in some lofty tree or friendly jungle bush. They have a hard time of it, for man and bird are allied against them. The *chenilha,* called also *touera,* or caterpillar, is possessed of wondrous obstinacy.

I have watched a little black-haired chenilha endeavouring to climb a lofty wall. It has succeeded in ascending it about two feet and then dropped off. Down in the dust it lay, and then it re-climbed the barrier; down it went again, and thus some thirty times it fell, and still it kept on endeavouring to gain its object—a veritable "Excelsior."

I have spoken already of the scorpions which abound beneath the large stones, and which sometimes enter houses and lie concealed in bed-clothing or in curtains. It is just as well, when sitting in the spring sun-heat out of doors, to examine whether any of these black, hideous creatures may not be domiciled beneath your resting-stone.

And yet scorpions are not without their use. The common scorpion, or, in Provençal, *Escourpion,*[1] abounds in Antibes and the Isle St. Marguerite. There is also the red scorpion or *Escourpion rouge.*[2]

Among the experiences of a garrison military chaplain, there are few more pleasant than when a letter is received from some long parted friend.

At one of our weekly barrack services in the old Spanish town of Kinsale—of which much has been spoken already in

[1] The *Scorpio Europæus* of Linnæus. [2] *Scorpio occitaneus.*

another work,[1] dealing with its legends, and with the strange side of the life of the Irish clergyman—I observed one evening a young lady and her husband, who seemed to pay much attention to the exposition of the Word of God. They had been recently married, and his position was one of much influence in the regiment, whether for good or evil.

I had soon the great pleasure of knowing that they both had given themselves unreservedly to the service of God ; and I shall not soon forget the joy that shone in her fair young face, and lit up her lustrous eyes, as she timidly told me that she had found joy and peace in believing on her dear Saviour.

Years passed away, and from India an occasional letter would arrive from my friend, who had gone out with his young wife along with the regiment. They had been working earnestly in efforts of doing good among the men. There was much to discourage, but there were bright gleams of light across the path, which made them rejoice.

The little band of those who were soldiers of the Lord Jesus in the regiment, used often assemble, for want of a better meeting-place, in an old idol temple, long since disused by its votaries ; and one evening the sounds of some sweet hymns of praise which they chanted inside fell upon the ear of an English gentleman as he drove past. He entered the building and then invited them to assemble for the future in a suitable hall in his own house.

But at last many movements took place in the regiment, and the praying band was scattered, and the love of some of them began to grow cold. A few years had rolled away, and then a letter fringed with deep mourning reached me at my present sphere of duty, the old Molyneux Church in Dublin. It told of her who had fallen asleep in Jesus in sweetest peace and hope.

[1] "Real Pictures of Clerical Life in Ireland." J. Nisbet & Co.

Her husband said that they, alas! had begun to fall away from the fervour of their first love for their Saviour's cause; that they had gradually, almost imperceptibly, given up working for Him, and felt no longer that happiness which once was theirs.

"One day," he said, "I found a scorpion and brought it in to show it to my wife. I placed it in a glass of water and laid it on a table. My wife soon after entered the room, and I showed it to her. In the course of the evening, she being thirsty—never thinking of the scorpion—took up the same glass and drank off its contents. The moment she had done so she cried out to me, 'I have swallowed the scorpion; I am lost.' With what joy I told her that I had previously, foreseeing some such danger, thrown away the scorpion, and that I had re-filled the glass with fresh water. 'Oh!' she cried, 'where would my soul be now if I had really swallowed the scorpion? I should, I know, have been lost eternally'—and then she and I fell upon our knees side by side, and we asked our loving God to forgive us both our sad backsliding from Him; and so the old peace and old joy came back again, and we once more felt happy. But her health, which had long been delicate, was undermined, and failed entirely; and at last she lay upon the bed of death, but oh!" he said, "what glorious joy, what ecstacy was hers! There were few dry eyes when we laid her to rest in the grave where she slumbers, awaiting resurrection to eternal life in Him."

What a day will that be when all shall come, who have loved and trusted Jesus on earth, to love Him everlastingly in the land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

CHAPTER XL.

PARAOULOS DE VOULOUN !

"Cannes ville, Cannes roseau, cane canard,
Je suis toujours a l'heure, etant pas en retard."
—*Vouloun.*

I HAD heard that Cannes possessed a local poet of its own, and for some time I felt desirous of having an interview with him. I had taken a long journey some few years before down to Agen, in order to visit Jasmin, the renowned Gascon poet. I had seen Madame Jasmin, and, alas! only beheld Jasmin's temporary tomb. The sweet poet had laid aside the pen for ever, and a few faded roses plucked from his garden now lie in my desk—souvenir of the scene where so many touching and exquisite poems of the Coiffeur poet were wrought out by the noble, warm-hearted, chivalrous son of the south.

It was touching to observe in the poet's *salon* the many evidences of the love and honour in which his name was held.

The golden crown of Toulouse pre-eminent among them, bestowed upon Jaques Jasmin by that city. The varied translations of his poems—placed foremost among which Longfellow's poems, sent to the poet by the author, appeared; and, close to which, a metrical version of Jasmin's charming Idyll Françonnette which I had composed, was laid by Madame Jasmin's hand—homage to his memory.

Jaques Jasmin stands unrivalled as the poet of nature and the heart. If he be the Provençal Wordsworth, then Frederic Mistral is the Homer of the south—or shall we say the Walter Scott, who looks as much into the inner play of his hero's mind, as the outer scenery in which he is enshrined.

These two giants—Jasmin and Mistral—stand forth upon this Provençal arena, champions of that sweet music-breathing language of their forefathers which they—Roumanille, with his fiery utterances of song, Anselme Matthieu, Theodore Aubanell, and many others in our day—have shown to have even a far greater power now than in the days when good King Renè sang and painted with marvellous skill.

"If any poet of the future," says Lamartine, "be seized with the ambition of writing an Epic poem, he must look for his subject in the recesses of the human heart."

Antoine Vouloun, the poet of Cannes, was content to take his subjects from a less mysterious and more easily deciphered ground of contemplation.

When I inquired at the Gare, of which he is the *concierge*, where I might have a chance of seeing the Sieur Vouloun, I was pointed out a restaurant, where the poet was then engaged in taking his dinner.

Proceeding thitherward, and asking the garçon which, amid all the varied guests there engaged in sipping beer of Cannes and playing dominoes, might be the poet, he pointed out a robust, good-humoured man, elderly in aspect, with a keen eye and a general air of satisfaction with himself and all around. Approaching the poet, he pleasantly informed me that I needed no introduction—that he had already heard of me from Monsieur H. Vidal, the printer, as the Englishman who had brought out a *brochure* in the Provençal; and then and there he summoned the garçon, who speedily re-appeared bearing two *bocks*

of foaming ale, which were set before us, to my dismay. With some diffidence I apologised to the poet, and then to the poet's friends, who seemed exceedingly annoyed that I did not partake of the ale—that they must excuse my leaving it untouched, as I never tasted ale. Vouloun graciously admitted the excuse, and partook of the beverage himself.

Then we sauntered forth together, and the poet took out a cluster of loose *brochures* in the Provençal, and began reading his own poems, which he did with all due Southern fire and gesture. And thus we wandered on towards the traffic department of the railway station.

When Vouloun had finished one poem of about five hundred lines, he drew out another and began to declaim, with voice sonorous, the cadences thereof. This lasted until we had reached the little wooden office at the traffic gate, into which we entered. "You see," observed the poet, "Jeu sien conciergi a la garo de Cannos." And then he sonorously recommenced:—

> "Cannos ooujourd'huei, grandi touti leis jours ;
> Chaque home intelligent li presto soun councour,
> Car se mi rappelli, la douze ou treze ans
> Que sieou arriva a Cannos——"

A lumbering waggon, drawn by two powerful horses yoked tandem-wise, as the Cannes custom is, interrupted the poet's reminiscences of Cannes. When he had attended duly to the claims of duty, again he recommenced:—

> "Cannos ooujourd huei, es un pichoun Marsillo,
> Touti leis ans voou lou rivaliza.
> Leis entreprenour, que soun pleu de genio,
> Dins seis travails saboun ce distingua.
> De grands villas, un grand hotel de Cannos
> A linterieur, oui, lan ren ooublida :

Tout a lentour, la ren que de platanos,
Es lou Prougres, Lou Prougres que va fa!"[1]

And the poet sonorously repeated the last line with triumphant energy—"I was born at Arles, Bouche du Rhone, 24th Juillet, 1824." A rush of railway porters—a crush of waggons—a hearty clasp of the hand—and the poet and I parted; but not before he had read, with tears in his eyes, an address to his brother, and half apologetically chanted—

"Touti leis estrangiers vogoun mi pardouna,
Ce moun pichoun ouvragi, leisso a desira;
Oui, ma voulounta, es toujour de beu faire,
Vous demandi pardoun, ce Iou marchi de caïre:
Moun sujet es bouan, Iou diou la verita;
Aï recu de leicoun, ren que par carita!
Siou jamai ana a l'escolo, n'en douni ma paraoulo.
Oou regiment, moun lie me servissie de taoulo,
Coupiavi su de libri, doou matin oou seir;
Eme aquelli leicoun, deviou pas veni fouar.
Siou un Arlesien, empléga á la garo,
Agissi en counciengo, faou pas coumo lavaro,
Renfermo soun tresor d'un double tour de claou.
Lou touquarie pas, per un peca mourtaou."[2]

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[1] "Cannes to-day is a little Marseilles—
Every year it means to rival it.
The speculators, who are full of genius,
In their works well know how to distinguish her—
With grand villas—a great hotel of Cannes—
Inside—ah yes! they've forgotten nothing.*
All around, there is nought but plantains:
It is Progress!—'tis Progress which does all!"

[2] "All strangers kindly pardon me,
If this my little work leaves ought desirable.
My wish has ever truly been to do good.
I ask your pardon if I walk but stumblingly:
The subject matter's good—I speak the truth—
The lessons I received were but of charity:
I never went to school—I pledge my word;
My lap has often served me for a table;

* Not even to charge the bill, moun brave Vouloun.

"Adieu, moun cher Moussu Vouloun. Vive Valeque!"

I walked away from the *Gare*, and passed along, leaving the avenue in which the new church of the Holy Trinity is situated, and arriving on the Croisette. The feathered palms were rustling in the evening breeze, and the deep blue sea plashed around the old ruined round tower at the end of the peninsula. There in olden days the men-at-arms of France had watched the swarthy soldiery of Spain as they garrisoned Fort Marguerite and the island, which they had captured by a sudden invasion. And cannon had been trained to bear upon the woods and cliffs of the island shore, from whose fierce possessors the fishermen and citizens of Cannes oft expected a predatory raid.

What a land of roses is the region of the Littoral!—roses blooming amid whirling clouds of dust driven before the mistral —roses peeping at you from the little gardens of town houses —roses in hedge-rows, perfuming the air—roses in fields, with potatoes planted on either side—roses forming whole plantations, with violets growing around their stems! Roses in the gardens of *Pensions*, where pale-faced invalids love to linger and drink in their sweet fragrance, as they sadly think that before the next year's roses bloom, they will be lying in the quiet grave!

Books I have copied out from morn till eve,
With lessons such—I never could reach to greatness.
Native of Arles I; on staff of railway here,
I ever acted from my conscience voice:
Unlike the miser, who, with trembling heart,
Shuts up his treasure with double turn of key,
And deems the spending it a mortal sin."

CHAPTER XLI.

ORANGE FLOWERS.

A FADED SHAMROCK.

A TINY little shamrock ! each leaf is withered sadly,
  Yet I love it all the more tho' faded it may be ;
For my longing heart recalls how eagerly and gladly
  I bore it off rejoicing from the pillar by the sea.

A tiny little shamrock ! once a thistle in fond keeping
  Guarded well its loved companion so faithful and so true ;
And when beneath the green grass in foreign climes still sleeping,
  That loved little shamrock shall lie this heart close to !

A tiny little shamrock ! where's the loved hand that gave it ?
  Where's the loving eye that sparkled—her welcome-giving smile ?
Thinks she ever upon him who would gladly die to save it,
  Were *her* own life in peril. loved shamrock of our isle ?

Thinks she ever of that even when the waters peaceful slumbered,
  When the sounds of music stole so sweetly thro' the air ?
And fleet those moments passed, ah ! how sadly oft remembered,
  When she gave her loving promise by the crested wavelets there.

Thinks she ever of that hour when with gentle love's endeavour
  His tortured soul was soothed with cadence of a hymn ?
And when with loyal heart, "She at least is true for ever !"
  He cried amid the twilight of that evening dark and dim ?

Feels she ever for his anguish when, with silence long unbroken,
No loving smile now greets him, or backward-turned head?
Thinks she ever of her vow, once 'fore high Heaven 'twas spoken,
Or the sickness of his heart when he marks her careless tread?

Thou tiny little shamrock! to soothe my lonely sadness,
Will word or message ever come my drooping heart to cheer?
Will this tortured mind be blessed by no second word of gladness,
Or word of loving solace e'er fall upon my ear?

Dear tiny little shamrock! each leaf is withered sadly,
Yet not more withered truly than the hope which once was green:
And so with moaning heart I recall the hour when gladly
I pressed thee to my lips, as her parting form was seen!

Orange flowers—rather I should say, orange blossoms—with their white, snowy, star-like petals falling from the nimble fingers of the gatherers, as they surround the orange tree, perched upon ladders, and gather the perfumed wealth which nestles amid the green leaves.

The air is almost oppressive with the sweet yet heavy perfume of the orange flowers. Wherever you turn, all through the olive-shaded farms and violet-planted gardens; amid the hedges of rich roses and 'neath the gnarled wide branched fig trees, there the orange flowers are fast falling into the sheets lying beneath the tree, and the song of the gatherers floats upon the ear.

And still, if you accost these sun-burnt gatherers, they will tell you that the seasons are not what they used to be; that it costs some eight sous for picking a *kilo* of orange petals, and that the profit will be only about eight sous more when sold to the perfumers of Grasse or Cannet.

Orange flower gathering is the time when one hears in perfection the quaint old ballads of the Provençal shore. Around the trees half a dozen women working busily at each large one, then comes the well-known chanson, sounding marvellously sweet in chorus, known as the "Nightingale."

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Whence come you, oh, fair maiden?
The nightingale that flies;
Thine arm with basket laden
The nightingale that flies, that flies;
Thine arm with basket laden,
The nightingale that soon will fly.

Oh, sir, I carry oranges,
The nightingale that flies;
Now take one if you please,
The nightingale that flies, that flies;
Now take one if you please,
The nightingale will fly away.

Some six he takes away,
The nightingale that flies;
Forgetting her to pay,
The nightingale that flies, that flies;
Forgetting her to pay,
The nightingale will fly away.

The little maid is wise,
The nightingale that flies;
Better she sobs and sighs,
The nightingale that flies, that flies;
So bitterly she sighs,
The nightingale away will fly.

What ails thee, maiden fair?
The nightingale that flies;
Whence all these tears and care?
The nightingale that flies, that flies;
Whence all these tear-drops are?
The nightingale away will fly.

For my oranges I weep,
The nightingale that flies;
Their price, alas! you keep,
The nightingale that flies, that flies;
Their price, alas! you keep,
The nightingale away will fly.

His purse he holds in hand,
The nightingale that flies;
A hundred crowns of royal brand,
The nightingale that flies, that flies;
He gives her on the strand,
The nightingale away will fly.

Now let your father guard,
The nightingale that flies,
These crowns with watch and ward,
The nightingale that flies, that flies;
These crowns with watch and ward,
The nightingale away will fly.

My father is a captain,
The nightingale that flies;
He'll give them to his men,
The nightingale that flies, that flies;
He'll give them to his men,
The nightingale away will fly.

Then let your mother guard,
The nightingale that flies,
These crowns with watch and ward,
The nightingale that flies, that flies;
These crowns with watch and ward,
The nightingale away will fly.

These crowns, alas! won't tarry,
The nightingale that flies;
My mother wants to marry,
The nightingale that flies, that flies,
My sister to her true love,
The nightingale away will fly.

Then let your brother care,
The nigh ingale that flies,
These crowns that yours now are,
The nightingale that flies, that flies, *etc.*

My brother gambles night and day,
The nightingale that flies;
These crowns he soon will cast away,
The nightingale that flies, that flies, *etc.*

I think that I am wise,
The nightingale that flies;
I'll guard them 'neath mine eyes,
The nightingale that flies, that flies;
I'll guard them 'neath mine eyes,
The nightingale away will fly.

LOU ROUSSIGNOU.

Doun v'enanas, filletta,
Lou roussignoù che vola;
Emb' au cavagnoù au bras,
Lou roussignoù che vola, vola;
Emb' au cavagnoù au bras,
Lou roussignoù che volerà!

Moussù, puorti d'aurange,
Lou roussignoù che vola;
Prenev 'en se v'en plas,
Lou roussignoù che vola, vola;
Prenev'en se v'en plas,
Lou roussignoù che volerà.

S' en pren miegia douzena,
Lou roussignoù che vola;
Senza lu li pagà;
Lou roussignoù che vola, vola;
Senza lu li pagà,
Lou roussignoù che volerà!

La fia ch'es sagetta,
Lou roussignoù che vola;
Si va mettre a plorar,
Lou roussignoù che vola, vola;
Si va mettre a plorar,
Lou roussignoù che volerà!

Che n'aves o filletta,
Lou roussignoù che vola;
Che non fès che plorar,
Lou roussignoù che vola, vola;
Che non fès che plorar,
Lou roussignoù che volerà!

Neu plouri meis aurange,
Lou roussignoù che vola ;
Che non m'aves pagà,
Lou roussignou che vola, vola, *etc.*

Si mette man en boursa,
Lou roussignou che vola ;
Cent ascu li a donnà,
Lou roussignou che vola, vola ;
Cent escu li a donnà,
Lou roussignou che volerà.

Donna lu a voustre pere,
Lou roussignou che vola ;
Che vou lu garderà,
Lou roussignou che vola, vola, *etc.*

Mou pere es capitaine,
Lou roussignou che vola ;
Pourria pagà lu sourdà, *etc.*

Donnalu a vuostra mere,
Lou roussignou che vola,
Che vou lu garderà, *etc.*

Ma mere n'a de filla,
Lou roussignou che vola,
Pourria li marridà, *etc.*

Donnalu a voustre frere, *etc.*
Che vou lu garderà, *etc.*

Mou fraire es un giugaire, *etc.*
Lu mi pourria giugà, *etc. etc.*

E Ieu che sieu sagetta, *etc.*
Lu mi sauprai gardà, *etc. etc.*
Lou roussignou che volerà :

The time for orange flower gathering is a happy time for young persons especially. The manners of Provençe are in many respects now an after shadow of the chivalrous days of King René.

When a young peasant attains his sixteenth or eighteenth

year, he generally becomes a servant or labourer, and ordinarily betrothes himself to a young maiden of the same age. Then, for some two or three years, their life flows away happily—their engagement is recognised openly. If you meet him beneath the olive tree and ask his name, he is denominated Meou (Bartholemew), or Jau or Jacques, the engaged to Ghidon Bridget; or, if you meet the young maiden and inquire, she is, you are told, Rosette, the betrothed of Henri.

At rural feasts, the young couple sit together, they walk together, are seen together at the *Romerage*, or pilgrimage made to the shrines of the old cypress-planted chapels. He beats for her amusement the tambourine, or plays the *Galoubet*.

He binds a ribbon given him by his *fiancée* in his button-hole, and wears in his chapean the flower plucked by her hand. This latter being conspicuously done when he has succeeded in making himself *Abbat* of the *Trin* or *Romerage*, a much coveted distinction.

These *romerage* are the occasion also of foot-races, in which the victors receive *joyes*, or, as they are termed in the Provençal dialect of Nice, *Gioja (Li)*, or prizes, which they carry at the end of a long staff. The young maiden delights to wear the cluster of violets which he has brought her, or the odorous cassia plucked for her, from the sweet smelling fields. Thus somewhat of the *Abend gluh* of the chivalrous ages still lights up the mountains of the south, and then what an impetus to these self-same old customs of the knightly age has not the *Felibrige*, the wondrous band of *Felibre* of the nineteenth century, given in one day. Why, even the very origin of the name Felibre is symbolical of ancient times of mystery.

Under the deep shadows of the Font-Segugne, near the city of Avignon, upon the 21st of May, 1854, seven friends, among

whom Mistral, Roumanille, Aubanel sang their sweet Provençal ballads, saw approaching an aged, wrinkled peasant woman, a veritable Sybyl, who sang with strange accent some of the old chansons of Provençe. Ever and anon she repeated the word *Felibre*, which term none of the poetic band could discover the meaning of, and so, when she disappeared, they repeated the word so often that at last they began to salute each other by the appellation. The poets were seven, and Roumanille tells us that the aged women seated by the wood fires, oft used to speak of the seven *Felibre* of the law, a mystic name for teacher, in all likelihood; and so perhaps the poets at the well may afterwards have found the meaning of the term, and applied it to themselves as the guardians of the grand sonorous Provençal language, which they have so earnestly laboured to refine from all its errors introduced by centuries of neglect.

It is to be hoped that the *Assemblée Nationale* will accede to the petition, which they have received, asking for the creation of a chair of Romance Philologie, (*langue d'oc*, and *langue d' oil)* in the three faculties of Aix, Montpellier, and Toulouse.

When such interest has been evinced in Germany, Russia, Ireland, in the Romançe language, it is surely wonderful that France should thus neglect the mother tongue of millions of her sons.

The first sounds that one hears in the sweet month of May are the songs of the orange-flower gatherers. They startle you from slumber—they last through the hot day—they endure in the cool evening, as though the voices were as unwearied as the hands working amid the green leaves.

The orange tree is an important one at Cannes, Nice, Mentoni. Even the picking of the flowers thereof does not much injure the quantity of fruit, which the gatherers take from it in

the early part of January, or the end of the month of December. It would be necessary, even if the petals were not an object of commerce, to remove much of their profuse magnificence.

The orange ripens about the end of February or the beginning of March; but to bear transit better, it is plucked earlier.

There are not many lemon trees to be seen in the Cannes district. Monaco and Mentoni surpass it in the production of this fruit. Nice has a fair supply of this tree; but to see the citronnier in perfection, it is well worth going to Mentoni, and rambling along the valley of the Carrëi.

There, passing up the shingle-covered bed of the torrent, whose stream meanders along towards the Mediterranean, diminished in volume to a brawling brook—save when the rains and melted snows of the mountains mingling with its waters whirl along, wolf like, past the bridge of the Carrëi—I have seen the orange and lemon tree in this picturesque valley clothing the mountain crags with green—losing the monotony and unformity of the plains—the branches relieved from the *destrau* of the cultivator, assuming a picturesque shaping and irregularity of outline, as they bear the white stars on high amid the romantic cliffs.

The white orange flowers are used in the composition of the essential oil, or *neroli*, as it is known in commerce. The leaves and flowers constitute, when prepared, the orange water, or *Eau de fleurs d'oranger*. The orange peel is used also to flavour liquors of various species; and the orange pulp, when the peel is consumed, is largely adopted for feeding cattle.

"There is always, Moussu, something to be done on one's terrain," said a peasant proprietor to me under the shade of the olive trees.

The remark was a true one—the orange tree alone requiring much and constant care. The best manure for it being rags,

which are laid in a trench round its roots, in some parts of Italy the rags from the hospital are eagerly purchased for this purpose. Liquid manure is applied also, in a trench cut near the tree, so that it can gradually reach its roots.

The orange tree requires a good deal of shelter, and an old wall to screen it from the mistral is of great service.

Even in our English or Irish climate, I am certain that the orange tree could be much more utilized than it is. It would be well deserving the experiment of allowing the trees to remain out all winter, if planted with a semi-circular wall around them, and open to the south. If a roof, that might be rolled back on a sunny day, were then extended over the orangery, the plants would become more hardy, and likewise more beautiful.

It is a pity that some lover of trees does not import the olive into the south of England or Ireland. It would never, perhaps, be much of a fruit-bearer, but I am persuaded that it would prosper, and in sheltered sites become a pleasing addition to the landscape.

The Eucalyptus also, which in the course of a few years has spread so amazingly through the sunny spots of the Maritime Alps, I am persuaded, would under favourable circumstances grow in the south of Ireland, where already the cork tree has attained giant proportions.[1]

The Eucalyptus coming from Australia has reached an enormous height near Cannes. Its properties are well known as a prophylactic against marsh fever; and it has already been tried with success in the Roman Campagna. A court-yard being

[1] There is a magnificent cork-tree to be seen in the gardens of Summerstown, near Cork. A clause in the lease forbids its being injured under a penalty of £50. This tree is mentioned by Loudoun. As the place belongs to me, I feel in a severe winter a peculiar interest in this grand old tree.

planted with these tall graceful trees, where fever and malaria constantly assailed the inhabitants, so that the house was uninhabitable, after a time it was found that they could reside in it with impunity.

We had some very beautiful Eucalyptus[1] trees in our garden at the Villa Millaïa. The leaves are said to possess the enviable power of giving sleep to those who place a bunch beneath their pillows, or hang it from their musquito curtains overhead.

I have tried it, but without much success. At all events, it seems to be very disagreeable to the musquitoes, whose malignant trumpet-blast one hears with such dread terror. When wearied out, that swooping tiger of the night sounds his *pas de charge* in your startled ear, as his challenge seems to say—

> "Bonhomme tu n'es pas maitre in ta maison
> Quand nous y sommes!"

[1] The Eucalyptus derives its name from Ευ-καδύπτα, I hide well, in consequence of the manner in which its seeds are covered and protected.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE TENANT OF VILLA BERTRAND.

> At what a darksome pool of fond philosophy,
> Begirt with nettles and wild bramble leaves,
> Have I been stooping for a noisome draught!
> While close 'longside the crystal streamlet ran,
> With ripples gleaming 'neath flower-shaded bank,
> Which would have quenched my thirst for evermore.

The Villa Bertrand is a large three-storied edifice, rising from beneath the shadows of one of the lesser mountain spurs of the Maritime Alps.

A rich olive wood surrounds the house, and a garden—in which gnarled fig-trees spread their wide drooping branches to the ground, and rose trees bear countless roses, and violet patches exhale a sweet perfume—extends itself behind the rear windows.

In front a large *remisa* or garden house, filled with wood and implements of husbandry, affords a shelter in the heat of the day, in which the gardener splits wood or works at any congenial task; and a disused gangway leads to the hall door, which apparently has been closed for years past—all entrance and exit being managed by the ground floor door, close by the *remisa*.

In this villa, so lonely and yet so beautifully situated, with the blue Mediterranean trending away towards the Esterelles

and St. Marguerite before it, and the pine trees of the mountain crags rising behind—there had lived for very many years one who now apparently was not very far from the dread bourne of death.

He was deemed to be a sceptic by all who had visited him, and who had introduced the subject of religion. In truth, the old man made no secret of his opinions, and so in course of time those who still came to see him had thought it better to abstain from a topic which only appeared to irritate him.

It was a lovely spring evening when I knocked at the lower door, and upon sending in my card was asked by the servant to enter. The old man was lying on a bed in an apartment of the ground floor. As I approached him he courteously invited me to be seated.

I had expected, from what I had heard, that I should have met with a stern, displeasing aged man, who would have rejected all attempts on my part to see him. Instead, I found a courteous, evidently highly educated gentleman, whose voice and manner were those of one who had lived in refined society.

"I see," he said, "the Earl of Kintore has told you of my existence. I believe he leaves to-day for England; is it not so?"

Lord Kintore, who had been holding drawing-room meetings at my dear friends' (Monsieur and Madame Valez) apartments on the Boulevard de Croisette, had asked me to see the speaker, as he took a deep interest in his welfare.

We entered into conversation, and the old man introduced some episodes in his own life, which he told with a peculiar power.

"This country," he said, "has been greatly changed in climate since I first came here, some thirty years ago. At that time my harvest of figs was really profitable; now they are

liable to be ravaged by the worm, and are scarcely worth the expense of picking. The olives are unremunerative, and the orange trees do not pay now as once they did. When I came here first, Cannes was very different to the Cannes of to-day."

I had asked to be allowed to read a portion of the Holy Scriptures, and he consented. When I had concluded, I knelt down by the bedside and prayed.

"My mind," he said, "can never believe that which it cannot comprehend"—and the old lawyer shot a keen glance from beneath his eyebrows at me.

"And yet there are many things in life which we believe, and still which we cannot understand," I answered. "It seems a manifest impossibility, for instance, that two lines can so be placed as to approach each other continually, and yet they never can meet—and still it is a well-known fact in mathematics."

"That does seem strange," he answered.

I have always found, when dealing with sceptics, that whatever form of unbelief may be theirs, they invariably, after a time, end by attacking the Bible.

One evening, while I was garrison chaplain at Kinsale, at the conclusion of our Thursday evening service—which I held in one of the large huts for the troops—a young bandsman accosted me, evidently labouring under great agitation, and said, "We have two of our band who are very clever infidels, and they are daily instilling their poisonous principles into the minds of their comrades. I can assure you a very evil spirit is rising in the men's hearts, and they seem very mutinous. I fear we shall have trouble before long. I wish," he continued, "that you knew these two soldiers."

I promised him that I would introduce myself to them ere long, and very soon after I found both men seated in their hut

reading; and, sitting down alongside them, I at once introduced the subject which my mind was full of. They candidly confessed that they were utter disbelievers in revelation. However, they said, "if you will consent to meet us openly before the men, and to answer our objections, we shall be glad." Johnson—one of the men, a very intelligent-looking fellow, a Manchester man—then brought forward some sixteen pages of objections against Holy Scripture, drawn chiefly from Renan, Colenso, Payne, and Spinoza. "You can take them with you," he said, "and we will hold a public meeting in this hut, and upon such a day at such an hour you can come and answer these objections." He said, with a sneer, "Afterwards I will give you more to reply to." I took the document with me home, and glanced over it. The objections were subtle enough. However, I sought for God's gracious blessing, and went to work to answer them.

Some of them were founded upon ignorance of the Hebrew text, as that old objection drawn from the inaccurate rendering in our English version, in Exodus xii. 35—"they *borrowed* of the Egyptians," which, it is well known, means "*demanded* of the Egyptians"—being rendered by the Vulgate *petierunt;* by Nicholas Brylinger's Greek and Latin Bible, published at Basle in 1650, it is translated also *petierunt*, which means *asked for*, but never denotes borrowing, and is rendered by Arias Montanus, in his great Hebrew and Latin Bible, *Postulaverunt—entreated or demanded.*

We met together in one of the large wooden huts which was filled with soldiers, and the two sceptics sat down to discuss the controverted points with me. After about an hour, I saw that there was a division among them, and they seemed to lose temper. Presently, when our first conference had concluded, they requested that the next one should be private, and to this

I assented; at the same time that I perceived that they began to see that their side was losing ground in the opinion of the men assembled. And so we discussed the various passages together; and I observed that one of the men, named Alexander, was very thoughtful. Some days after I met him alone, and said to him—"You must admit that I am in a far safer position than you are, for if there be no Heaven, no God, there will also be no Hell for me, and then I am safe; but if there be a God, a Heaven, oh, consider your dreadful danger—you are lost."

I heard afterwards that he had renounced infidelity; that he said that he was haunted by these words, and could not get rid of them.

The other man told me that at least for the future he would keep his infidelity to himself, and not endeavour to make proselytes.

The regiment marched away very soon after, and I never saw either of them again.

It was a true observation of Lord Brougham's that "No man knew more scientific truth than Sir Isaac Newton, more intellectual truth than John Locke or Pascal, more physical truth than Sir Humphry Davy, nor more of the laws of legal evidence than Sir Matthew Hale; and yet all of these were firm believers in Divine revelation.

Bacon, Boyle, Locke, Butler, what a Christian quadrilateral against the scepticism of any day.

We are told that when David Hume and the Hon. Patrick Boyle were both in London, and when the former had just lost his mother, Mr. Boyle found him one day in a flood of tears. Mr. Boyle faithfully said to the sceptic—"My friend, you owe this uncommon grief to the fact that you have thrown off the principle of religion; for if you had not done so, you would have been consoled by the firm belief that the good lady—the

best of mothers and most pious of Christians—was now completely happy in the realms of the just." Mr. Boyle mentioned to Mr. Alexander Carlyle, who was his most intimate friend, that Mr. Hume replied thus—"Though I threw out my speculations to entertain and employ the learned and metaphysical world, yet in other things I do not think so differently from the rest of mankind as you imagine." This is recorded in the life of the Rev. Dr. Carlyle, published in 1860.

Hume, we are told, never attempted to overturn any man's principles; and yet who can forget the scene which occurred when being at a friend's house in Scotland? Coming in late, he saw the Bible on the table, which the host had been reading at family worship, and although breakfast was waiting, Hume would not advance, but pointed to the Bible, and cried, "Take away the enemy," and would not sit down as long as the Word of God rested on the table.

If ignorance of the Word be the cause of a vast amount of unbelief, does not this incident show us that dread of and animosity to the Bible, either because of its denunciations of sin, or revelation of God's wrath against sin, is the cause of much of the infidelity of the day.

There are many infidels who are so because they will not give up sin. "I am an infidel," said the chief officer of an American liner to me when visiting the ship; "but I have a dear wife who is a true Christian, and I always keep my unbelief to myself, *for I might after all be wrong.*"

I might be wrong! How this dread spectre must haunt the sceptic's mind. I might be wrong! How it must poison his enjoyment; how it must meet him in his dreams, stand by his dying bed, and fill his heart with horror as he launches forth across the white capped foam waves of eternity.

It was a fine observation of Guibert—"The Church has

remedies, because she possesses the words of life which Jesus Christ has left her. Old remedies, and yet always new, which have never ceased to cure humanity, until humanity has ceased to accept them."

The old man seemed tired, and I left him. When next I called upon him, he said, I have heard much of the strange movement which has occurred in London, as also in other parts of the kingdom ; I mean these two Americans whose preaching and singing has attracted such tens of thousands to hear them. I am passionately fond of music, and I should so like to have heard one of these hymns.

I took out the little American hymn-book, and said, "I shall be happy to read one or two of them, if you please." He acquiesced, and I read the touching one called "The Ninety-and-Nine." I saw the old man's lips quivering as I read about the one that was lost, and how the Good Shepherd was seeking after it.

"Lord, whence are these blood drops all the way
That mark out the mountain track ?
They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back ;
Lord, whence are Thy hands so pierced and torn ?
They are rent to-night by many a thorn."

The old man did not say a word, but I saw a strange, sad gleam in his eyes as he lay there, and as the vividly-painted picture arose before his mind of that wondrous love of Jesus, I turned to another striking little poem.

"Who is this Jesus ? Why should He
The city move so mightily ?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will ?
Again the stirring tones reply,
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

As I read the solemn refrain, and my voice dwelt upon it, I could see the old man trembling. He is passing by now, I said. Will you not receive Him as your Saviour and your God?

The evening was a lovely one. A flood of sunlight bathed the Mediterranean, and the purpling peaks of the Esterelles rose up over the shadowy castle of Napoule, while a felucca stole along with snow-white canvas spread towards St. Marguerite.

As I looked towards the distant Corsica, suddenly white towers and ramparts gleamed beyond the island of St. Marguerite. Across the blue waters houses and walls, turrets and domes rose up with strange, unearthly brilliancy. I looked—still the beauteous city gleamed across the sea, tinged with radiancy of fire from the sunlight lingering lovingly on these distant battlements.

At first I thought that I had seen Corsica, but reflection convinced me that it could not be any city of that fair island, and then I knew that it was the mirage.

Still, even when I brought the telescope to bear upon it, the walls and turrets lingered, but when the sun sunk lower behind the mountain peaks, and the clouds above were transmuted into carmine, gold, and purpling walls of azure, then the phantom city slowly vanished away—turrets and domes, walls and ramparts, houses and chateau—all melted away.

Fitting emblem of the vanishing joys of life fading for ever, and leaving us, if without a Saviour, standing alone and wrapt in gloom by the shore of the great sea, on whose waters the voices come from the spirit land, calling us to cross their white foam crests, while Death spreads his sail and wafts us before the great Judgment Throne.

The old man seemed to have his mind full of the hymns which I had read him. "If I could but hear them sung," he

exclaimed. I said that my wife and little girl had been accustomed to singing them together, and that they would gladly sing them for him if he pleased.

The old olive trees outside the windows were rustling their leaves in the gentle breeze, that ruffled the green grass and played with the acacia blossoms. The old man seemed to catch at the idea which I had thrown out.

"I ought," he said, "to be more thankful than I am. Our mutual friend, the Countess Blanche, who lives in the Hotel Beau Lieu opposite your villa, often has visited and spoken much to me. I know that there are some who, like her, are most anxious about my eternal state. I should like to hear the hymns sung—perhaps your wife will kindly gratify me?"

Some evening hours were afterwards spent by the old man in listening to these sweet hymns. In fact, he never seemed tired of hearing them.

Upon the last time that he was visited, he was asked by my wife—"We shall never meet again until we meet before the throne of God. In whom are you trusting?"

The old man slowly and feebly stretched forth his hand, and pointed to the words, "Looking unto Jesus."

He passed away a short time afterwards, and lies in the English cemetery, where so many rest till the great trumpet's sounding.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE GRAND PINE!

"Sieu Mai, lou mes d'amour
E de flour
Alisque lou terraire
Vers quan amas lou Mai,
Calignaire,
Anas planta lou Mai,
Riguen!
Jouguen!
Sauten!
Caliguen!
Canten!"

So saith the Provençal poesie of May—sweet May! the month of roses, nestling amid the grass and orange flowers, with their perfumed white snow peeping from the green leaves! It was an exceedingly warm May day as I passed along, a stout olive stick, with a long iron ferule upon it, in one hand, to aid in ascending the steep ascent of the mountain of the Grand Pine, and the inevitable white umbrella, to guard the head from a *coup de soleil*, in the other.

The Grand Pine is one of those famous trees, similar to the great olive tree of Beaulieu, that has lingered to our day, albeit scathed by the course of time, and weather-beaten by tempest battlings with the fierce mistrals from the Esterelles, or rough easters from the snow-clad Alps behind.

It is, too, one of those trees which has escaped the photo-

grapher—the most enthusiastic professor of that art could scarcely bring his camera to bear upon its mighty—albeit, almost (to it) inaccessible—trunk and wide-spreading branches.

I believe but few, comparatively, of the people of Cannes have given themselves the trouble of ascending the mountain of the Grand Pine. They leave that enterprise to the strangers sojourning among them.

It was pleasant, as one walked along through the olive woods, to mark the orange-flower gatherers mounted on step-ladders, some half-dozen of them gathered round a large tree, and picking the white petals, then dropping them into pockets on their aprons, or on a great sheet lying beneath the orange tree. As they pick the flowers, they sing very sweetly some old *canson* in their own dialect. Every succeeding orange grove the same view met the eye—all preparing for the perfumeries of Grasse. I was told that it costs some eight sous to pick a kilo—about two pounds and a quarter weight of the flowers—which then would be only worth about fifteen sous. Indeed, during the last twenty years at Cannes, many complaints have been made by the *masier*, or small farmers, that the olives are now much inferior in size of fruit—that the oranges are scarce worth picking, and that the figs are infested by worms, and will not keep. Risso enumerates some forty varieties of the olive growing in the county of Nice alone. Along these luxuriant shores the species which we observe as the one most generally cultivated is *L'olivier pleureur*,[1] or weeping olive, which grows to from thirty to forty feet in height, and hangs its lower branches to the earth. Its fruit is oblong, of a rich dark violet hue, and makes capital oil, excellent for keeping.

[1] *Olea Europea, ramis pendulis; Aulivié noustrat*, or *auriola*, in Nizzard dialect.

The olive grows rapidly, and propagates itself readily. Birds carry away its berries, and drop them into the crevices of rocks, and wild places where they have never grown before, and they soon spring up and shadow the crags with their light grey leaves. Millions of such wild olive trees have been counted in Corsica by order of the Government.[1]

Valuable indeed is the classic olive to the proprietors of these built-up *terrains*, rising like stairs above one another along the mountain slope. Its wood is turned by the *ebenistes* of Cannes and Nice into those pretty tables, boxes, and ornaments which one sees in every shop. The cows are fed upon its tender branches and leaves; the gum of the bark of some varieties serves as a valuable perfume. The green fruit is a preserve that Provençals much esteem; and the oil of the ripe berries forms one of the greatest sources of traffic and of profit of the south.

The cultivation of the olive tree is a work requiring much labour. Every year the soil around its trunk must be dug up and heavily manured. The branches must be well lopped every third year, or else the crop of fruit will dwindle away. The dry timber must be carefully removed.

The olive tree is a hardy one, for some of these grand old giants are more than a thousand years old. It is quite common to meet with trees five or six hundred years of age. Indeed, there are olive trees at Monaco that are supposed to have lived during the Roman occupation, and to have witnessed the great Empire of the Cæsars.

I have often thought, when seeing such a giant olive as that of Beaulieu, how strange if such a tree as this, that may have sheltered the Christians of the first century as they met together to sing hymns to the Christ as unto God, should still

[1] In the county of Nice alone a million of olive trees are to be found.

wave its grey leaves when that blessed Redeemer shall come again, to gather His own dear people unto Him, and to reign over them for ever!

As I advanced, emerging from the olive woods, a beauteous palm tree caught my view, growing in front of a *bastide*, nestling under the crest of a richly wooded flank of the mountain. A rippling stream ran alongside the path—the birds burst into a delicious melody of song; and, presently, an old stone-paved way of the middle ages, rising up ledge over ledge, conducted up the steep mountain side. Exquisitely-painted butterflies glittered in the sun—the locust flew from the broad leaves of the aged fig trees, or rested exhausted on the hot earth—the lizard darted into his stony den. Still up—upward—I climbed—the green pine trees rising above the waters of the canal of the Siagne, as it ran like to some great serpent along the mountain brow.

At last a pretty little *bastide*, with a vine arbour in front, and a few grand old figuiers growing alongside, was reached; and here the first halt was made, as I went in to ask for little Antoine Brocas, who during the winter had been my guide to the Grand Pine.

The first time that I had endeavoured to work my way upward to the great giant of the mountain, the disagreeable fact became evident that, as one advanced upwards, the tree itself became invisible. It was easily marked from the olive woods beneath, or from the Villa Millaïa, on commencing one's route; but now a dense mass of pines shut out their great leader from the view. It was just then as I wandered, ascending up amid the dense trees, that a boy of about twelve came running up to know if I wished for a guide. Little Antoine, I found, was a Protestant—a member of Pasteur Marrauld's congregation on the Route de Grasse.

When I now knocked at the door, Antoine's little sisters soon appeared, and told me that he was away, and presently his father appeared, bearing his *magau*[1] upon his shoulder, and with a huge straw hat upon his head.

Le bon Dieu vous doune lou bon vespre. May you be granted a fine afternoon, and he hospitably welcomed me to his little abode. The fire of wood was burning on the hearth, as I looked in. A gigantic rabbit in a cage, the dark pines overhead, and the great blue Mediterranean with Isles of St. Marguerite and Honorat below, and the Esterelles trending far away into its waters, while the red-tiled houses of Cannes, and the olive shaded *bastides* glowed in the haze of sunlight.

"I work this terrain myself, Moussu," said Brocas, "I graft trees, look after figs, mind the cabbages, you see they are tied up from the sun, and their outer leaves brought over the heart; there is always something to be done. One has to plant potatoes, and what with looking after the artichokes, pruning the vines, and keeping the soil ready, I am busy enough. But come little ones, we will bring Moussu to *paigran's cabanoun*,[2] he will be glad to see him, *se me fases l' ounour de me douna voste coumpagnia.*[3] We proceeded along the Siagne Canal until we reached a little hut, outside of which an old man of venerable aspect was standing alongside a cluster of *cannas* or long reeds used for making fences, staking plants, and sometimes for constructing huts. The old man came forward and saluted me courteously. "This is my little terrain, as you see. I pay

[1] The *Magau* is the two-pronged iron hoe with which the southern peasants cultivate the soil, it is about twelve inches long in the iron portion, which is attached to a wooden handle of from three to four feet in length, and is worked by the arms, the man striking the earth with the points. Thus the muscles of the arms and back are constantly in play.

[2] *Paigran's cabanoun*—Grandfather's cabin.

[3] If you will honour me with your company.

sixty-five francs a year for it, and during the summer I sleep in this hut." We entered into conversation, and I soon found that my new companion was a singularly pious Christian. "The view here is very beautiful, but oh, what is it compared to the prospect of that city, of which we are told, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, to conceive the things that God hath prepared for those that love Him.' I think of that blessed land and of that Father's house much, when I am alone up here," said he. It was very pleasant as we all talked together of that better land, to hear the Provençal dialect of these poor Protestant *metajés*,[1] and to see the eye sparkle as the thought of the eternal joy with JESUS came to mind. "This is your path, *Moussu*, to the Grand Pine, you take this *caminoun*, you will find it *escourcha*, the shortest path, and ere long you will reach the crest of the mountain."

I took my friend's advice and ascended through the dense pines. At one moment catching sight of Cannet with the Brigand's house beneath, at another looking back on Tanneron, anon resting on the trunks of slain pines, the victims of the woodman's axe, then again pushing forward for the monarch of the wood. At last, I gained a comparative clearing, when the view became truly an exquisite one. Beneath, on one side towards France, the gulf of Napoul extended itself, and on the other towards Italy. Nice and the Maritime Alps, their crests white with snow, lay at my feet, whilst the deep gorge of the Saut de Loup, and the picturesque town of Mougins capping its mountain peak, and Grasse redolent with perfumes, caught the eye.

A pole, fixed to the topmost branch of a mighty pine, was now looked for, and glancing at Vallaury burnt up, and red-

[1] The *Metajé* is a small farmer.

tiled in the valley beneath, I pushed on for the Grand Pine to which this signal-staff is fastened.

The Grand Pine is truly a noble tree, although one of its great stems is lopped off. The trunk itself is about twelve feet round, then, after ascending some feet, it bifurcated, and one of these divisions has vanished cut across, it may be struck by the lightning of some thunder storm of the mountain. The other stem then, after towering aloft over its lost companion, divides into three mighty branches, looking towards Cannet. The tree was truly grand, it was well worth coming all this hot, weary march to see, even after visiting it thrice before.

From the Grand Pine it is easy to cross over to the Montagne de Pezou. You observe that a great mass of large stones, half wall, half road, runs along the summit of the mountain of the giant tree. This road wall leads on to Mougins, and is remarkable for its enormous masses of aged stone. The Pezou summit is still more interesting on account of the vast rock stones, which lie there as though heaped up by giants to defend the round summit, on which the ancient races who held the land built their entrenchment. One can notice large blocks of stone, almost as large as rocks, which still in some places remain laid one upon another, and which are evidently the remnants of some very ancient encampment. From thence these fierce barbarian soldiers gazed down upon the blue sea, and watched for the hostile galleys hovering off Antibes, or inland surveyed the valley of Vallauris, beneath their station, and the snow-crowned mountains that tower far away into the dim distance beyond.

I struck right away down the steep side of Pezou, directing myself towards the little brook half hidden beneath in the valley, and at last reached a pathway leading by a farm-house, in front of which the orange flower gatherers were collecting

the white perfumed snowy flowers, and were solacing their labours with song.

Still keeping along the path, an aged pathway paven with stone was gained, and then one of these little roadside chapels which are so frequently met with in the south. A painting represented S. Cassien evidently being set upon by a half-dozen boys of some twelve years of age, who were beating the recumbent monk with a whip, or throwing stones at his head. This apparently was an act of penance on his part, and his young tormentors evidently enjoyed their share of the proceedings.

At last Vallaury was reached, and passing through this most uninteresting little town the Hotel de Ville was gained. To one side of this edifice an old building is seen, into whose courtyard you can enter, passing under the shade of a magnificent sycamore. This building is now a perfumery. As you pass up its stately stone stairs, with low, massive balustrade, room after room displays itself, and a sweet perfume of flowers fills the whole house.

"Que voulez vous, monsieur," exclaimed an aged female as I ascended the stairs. "Je desire, madame, voir la chapelle s' il vous plait." A tall, blue-bloused Provençal, with dark eyes appeared, and, taking down a key, conducted me up another flight of stairs, and then opening a door, said, "Voila la chapelle."

The little chapelle was, in truth, an interesting one, built in the style of transition of the twelfth to fourteenth century. Its long, very narrow windows allowed a dim light to enter. The vaulted Gothic roof terminated in a semi-circular apsis. The stones were placed on each other without mortar. This chapel was that of the Seignorial chateau of the monks of Lerins, who then were Lords of Vallaury. It is now used as an oil mill—the machinery standing up in the very centre of the chapel.

A wooden figure of the Madonna, with the Child held in one arm, struck my attention, standing against the wall of the little gallery in which we were. It was evidently very aged, for the other hand held an open book—intended, doubtless, to represent the Holy Scriptures.

It is impossible to avoid the conclusion which is forced upon the mind of one who resides for a lengthened period in the south of France, that the Roman Catholic religion is losing its grasp upon the people. In fact, it seems to me to be dying out. The little chapels by the road-side are neglected—rubbish, stones thrown into them through the grated door or barred windows, destitute of glass. The small oratories which meet one's view as you pass along, containing—or supposed to contain—an image of the saint to which they are dedicated, only contain now his mutilated fragments—his little statue being broken in pieces, and stones which have accomplished its destruction lying there unheeded. Unless these oratories are protected by wire grating I have invariably seen them thus. In one case, the broken-off head of the inhabitant lay amid the stones which had been cast at it.

Then the people seem to treat the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics with little respect. I have seen them, when engaged in the favourite game of *boules*—which amusement is shared by some dozen men, casting wooden balls along the road so as to strike ball against ball—when a priest has been passing along in his broad black hat and cassock, bowl up to his very feet without the slightest regard or respect.

It may be all true that the Romish priesthood are drawn from the ranks of the peasantry and lower classes, and that thus the people do not look up to them as they would to those of a higher station originally; but where are a priesthood more superstitiously reverenced than in Ireland, where they are re-

cruited from the sons of the peasantry. The truth is that Romanism has lost the love and regard of the people of France. They see their Bishops ready as one man, as a French writer naively says, and their priests likewise—ready to set their cabbages in their gardens with their heads down and their roots up, should the Pope decree that thus they would grow better. They see the great crucifixes in some places no longer with the image of the Saviour, but with a heart instead—the spear and reed at either side—and view the terrific strain of Infallibility of their Pontiff, snapping the cords of belief, already giving way under the idolatrous character of the image worship of their Church. It is not then to be wondered at that men should reject Romanism and, too frequently, alas! not knowing of anything better, should drift into infidelity. It is surely, then, the imperative duty of those who can aid in such a noble undertaking, to spread the Word of God through France, where it is now making its silent way, and teaching many a poor troubled heart God's way of Infallibility.

"If any wish to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."[1]

An inscription upon a stone set in the corner of a house, to one side of the Hotel de Ville, met my view. It was found, in 1856, at Golfe Juan :—

TIB. CAESAR. DIVI. AVG. F.
AVG. PONT. MAXIM.
TRI. POTE. XXXII.
VIAM. REFECI.

That is to say—

Tiberius Cesar—divine Augustus—
Son of Augustus, great Pontiff.
Of Tribunitial power, the thirty-third year,
I repaired the way.

[1] Εάν τις θελη, St. John vii. 17.

Striking off between the Hotel de Ville and the chapel, ascending past the cemetery, I turned to the right and found a paved road, evidently of very ancient origin—contemporaneous with the Roman occupation in all probability. The olive trees on either side fringed the way, and an old roadside chapel, dedicated to St. Bernard, on the right hand, forms a limit, twenty paces below which, to the right also I took another paved path, leading amid blocks of rocks and stones heaped up fantastically, and conducting past pine trees hewn down and massed up in heaps for carrying down on muleback, until at last I found myself arrived at the summit of the celebrated mountain of Incourdoules.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LE MONTAGNE DES INCOURDOULES.

"La paisaneta,
Neta,
Pouorta la sieu gourbeta
D'amberge e de raïn,
Su d'un canton de la plasseta,
Dou lou sieu mouscadin
La ven veire toui lu matin."
—*Canson en dialecte de Nice.*

I WAS sitting on a huge rock, and a large white mule, with two creels swinging at each side, and laden with branches of the pine, came carefully picking his steps amid the glistening stones of the old Roman way. An old peasant woman, with enormous straw chapeau, followed after, occasionally uttering a word of encouragement to the steed.

The mule in the Maritime Alps attains to a great size, fully as large as the horse, and a large proportion of the inland traffic is carried on by means of them. It is not more than sixty or seventy years ago when, even at Marseilles, carriages and vehicles were comparatively unknown. Then, after the procession of the Fête-Dieu, the great event of the Marseilles year, the bourgeois who possessed a country *bastide*, would wait the arrival of the *megie*, or sub-tenant farmer, who, instead of rent, used give a portion in kind of the produce of the soil, who would

arrive early in the morning with his placid and strong donkey. Then a comfortable Turkey carpet would be laid upon its back, and the *placens uxor* would be seated thereupon, *Monsieur le pere* walking alongside, and to use the proverbial aphorism, *moussu lo megié couchava l'aï, emé un visi de gaveou ;*[1] other *megie* would lead other animals of the same species, each laden with a *pareou d'eissaris*, or couple of large wallets made of spartero grass, and fastened together with a broad leathern strap ; in each of these a small chair was placed, and upon each sat a child ; and thus the citizens of Marseilles went to the country in the good old days. Nor need we wonder at such primitive conveyances in the great southern metropolis, where now the tramway cars make constant traffic, when we remember that M. Auguste Laforêt tells us, that in the time of Francis the First there were only three carriages in all Paris in the year of grace 1547, of which the queen possessed one, and Diana of Poitiers another, and René de Laval, being too stout to mount on horseback, the third.

The mountains of the Incourdoules has long exercised the ingenuity of savants, for its name seems not reducible to any known language. Some have derived it from *Cordoglio*—lamentation, the equivalent of the Latin *Cordolium*, and the discovery of shattered blocks of stone bearing inscriptions, which had evidently formed part of Roman tombs, seems to sanction this interpretation.

Upon one of these the names Balbia et Lucilia were graven. Another singular inscription is recorded by M. M. Gerard and Barest as having been read by them upon three stones, but which, though I searched for it diligently, taking the bearings by com-

[1] "The farmer made the donkey go by beating him with a vine sprig." The word *visi* means properly a faggot of the cut-off vine branches. The gaveou is a large bundle of vine branches, cut off, and meant to be burnt.

pass, I could not find, although it is described as being on the south-eastern side of the mountain :—

ERNAEM MULTI LIUS PATER
IUM NA ET SI BI POSTERIS
VIVIFE ERUNT.

This inscription was graven upon two fragments of stone distant fifty metres from one another, but evidently from their fractures forming originally one block.

It seems to form the inscription of a family tomb, erected by the Father Multilius for himself and for his posterity. How beautiful a resting-place this wild mountain of the Incourdoules ! something of the Roman love of the sublime had caused this old crag-strewn crest to be made thus a sleeping place. It would seem as though even in death these bronzed old warriors, helmet and spear laid aside, were keeping ward over that fair land which their conquering eagles waved over.

There is a something peculiarly touching in these old Roman inscriptions. Some of the tombs themselves are graven with sculptured work ; the vine leaves tremble in the summer air, the shepherds breathe upon the lute, and merry dancers move upon the sward ; but this is only as the flowers which we see lying upon the bed where the dead form lies, more ghastly in contradistinction with the perfumed buds around.

It is the utter hopelessness, the sorrow of despair, which these inscriptions breathe—without God, and having no hope.

At Castelaras, on a mountain hill, covered with verdure, to the east of the town of Mouans-Sartoux, and which, in ancient time, was also a camp of the Ligurian soldiery, from whence they could signal to the mountain upon which I now stood, amid the ruins of a Roman country house a tombstone was discovered.

A. D. M.

Respice, Prætereiens, oro, Titulum, Q
Dolebis, Qum, Præmature, Nimium
Sim Mortis Adeptus. Triginta, An
Norum, Rapta, Est Mihi Lux Gratissi
Ma Vitæ : Et De Gente Mea solus sine
Parvolo Vixi Quem Mater Miserum,
Flevit, Quod Pietatis Honore Relicta
Est Q. Luccunio Vero
Raielia segundina Mater
Filio Piissimo Fecit.

How mournful a strain sounds through these touching words :—

TO THE (DIIS MANIBUS).

Behold, O passer by, this inscription, and you will weep, since too prematurely I am caught away by death. At the age of thirty years, the light of most happy life is taken away from me, and alone of my race I lived without a little child. Whom miserable a mother weeps, that she is deprived of the testimony of my affection.

To Quntus Luccunius Verus. His Mother, Raielia Sequndina, erected this to her devoted son.

Listen to the wail of the broken heart that sounds fresh in our ears, after some seventeen or eighteen centuries. What a world this would be, how bitter its desolation, how terrible parting from it by death. Were there no loving Saviour to lighten the valley of the shadow, and across the Jordan stream, to show the dying one the pearl gates and golden streets, where the ransomed people washed in His precious blood, are all rejoicing in the glorious summer light of Heaven, as they throng around Him whom they love, and who never more will leave them.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE GOLDEN GOAT OF LES INCOURDOULES.

"Quand vous maridas lou diluu,
Au bout de l'an sias tres o un!"

"If on a Monday the bride's hand's won,
At the end of the year you are three or one."
—*Provençal Proverb.*

In the last chapter it was mentioned that there was much uncertainty as to the etymology of the name *Incourdoules*. It seems to me very probable that it is derived from the old Celtic, which the conquered inhabitants of this district spoke —*In cær diaoul*[1]—the house or camp of the demon. For a singular ancient legend asserts this mountain to be the haunt of an evil spirit, which appears under the form of a golden goat, and which is denominated in the Provençal dialect of the peasantry, *Lo cabro d'oro*. This demon, it appears, resides in a great cavern on the mountain side, and is possessed of vast treasures of gold and precious stones. Many hunters have from time to time seen him at night-fall upon the rocks near his retreat, and some adventurous ones have even dared to follow him into his gloomy abode; but none of those rash men have ever returned to the light of day.

[1] Or more likely still from *Cor*, a rounded hill in the Celtic, and *diaul* the demon, with the Celtic article prefixed, and altered into *In*.

In the quiet evening hour as I walked along, seeking the entrance of this ill-omened cave, no apparition of aught *uncanny* struck my view. It may have been too early for his rambles, or he may have shut himself up in displeasure at the cutting down of so many of those grand old pines that sheltered his cavern home.

Years ago, a lonely *cabanoun* on the mountain's brow was tenanted by a mysterious personage, concerning whose past history much and varied speculation was prevalent amid the inhabitants of the red-tiled *bastides* between Vallaury and Les Incourdoules.

A low-sized grey-haired man, wearing the sheep-skin garments of the Brigasque shepherds, a red turban upon his head, and blue sash, in which gleamed a long Spanish knife, was observed one morning at daybreak working diligently in the erection of a rude hut, at which he had evidently been toiling through the night. Large blocks of granite, which seemed far beyond the compass of one man's strength even to move, were observed by the wood-cutter who passed by to be laid in position, so as to form the walls of the edifice. And as the astonished beholder looked on at the unwonted work, he could hear the builder singing a strange wild chanson in some language unintelligible to him.

"Bon jour, brave ome!"[1] at last said the wood-cutter.

The builder made no reply, but suddenly burst out into a hoarse mocking laugh, and cried—

"Taragnigna! Taranigna!
Fai attension a la mouissara!
Vau a la vigna.
Vau a la vigna.
Vai-ti-pia!
Vai-ti-pia!
Taragnigna mia!"

[1] "Good day, dear sir."

Cobweb! cobweb!
Mark that spy!
I am going to the vineyard.
I am going to the vineyard.
We are in danger—we are lost!
Cobweb mine!

An enormous black spider, the wood-cutter ever after used to say, came swinging towards him from the pendant branch of a pine. Its looks were so menacing as it advanced, that seeming to him fully the size of a *Testa-negra*,[1] he made a precipitate retreat down the mountain, while a loud mocking laugh sounded in his ears, and the dread refrain —

"Taranigna! Taranigna!
Fai attension a la mouissara!"[2]

swept after him as he stumbled down the rocks. The fame of the wood-cutter's adventure soon circulated through the district, and few cared after night-fall to wander over the mountain crags. The unknown, however, did not appear to distress himself much on that account. He soon completed his *cabanoun*—cleared a small space around it, which he planted with potatoes, and then guarded with a rough wall—laid in a stock of firewood for the winter, and evidently prepared for making himself as comfortable as circumstances would allow.

It was remarked very soon that he never went outside his hut, apparently, upon the Sabbath. He was never known to enter the chapel doors, and never cared even to return a greeting.

[1] *La Testa Negra*, or Blackhead, is the linnet, of which there are several varieties in the Maritime Alps. Another species of the same bird is *La Testa Roussa*, or Redhead. *La Kinsoniera*, or Linnet with white wings, is found at la Mairis, in the district of Luceran.

[2] The word *mouissara* means, properly speaking, a musquito. It is used in the dialect of Nice to signify, metaphorically, a spy.

CHAPTER XLVI.

TARAGNIGNA !

"Adeunc, vai-t'en en pas ! E s'ome
Tournes enfin e gentilome,
Te dirai s'èro dous lou mèu que m'as adu—
Oh ! parauleto claro e gènto !
Lou cèu se duerb, l'oundo s'argento,
Di roco lou lauroun sourgento
Entre li flour ! . . . Cantas, roussignou escoundu !"
—*F. Mistral.*

"Erco n'es pas de figo bourjassoto !"[1] The words rolled out in a deep bass voice, as the speaker, with his *magau*, or two-pronged hoe in hand, sat upon a huge granite rock beneath the shade of a wide-spreading fig tree, whose long horizontal branches were propped up by strong wooden posts, and whose gnarled trunk told of a goodly old age.

In the south each farmer has a few fig trees growing around his house; and poor must that peasant be who has not one at least shading his door, with its broad green leaves.

"*Penchinen pas la cato !*"[2] added the same speaker, after a few moments' pause, in which he seemed to be listening to

[1] *La Bourjassoto* is a species of black fig. The expression, which is popularly applied to denote it is not a matter of little importance, literally means, These are not black figs (to gather ——).

[2] Let us not make the cat's toilet—*i. e.*, Let us not spend our time in trifling. A well-known expression.

the timid accents of a young girl of some eighteen years, who stood, *coulougna* in hand, looking down pensively upon the geranium border, which, rich in luxuriant growth and brightest masses of colour, bordered the narrow walk. A heavy, luscious perfume of orange flowers filled the air. Quantities of the beautiful star-like petals were lying upon large sheets in the summer sunlight beneath the trees, which had recently been picked of the flowers destined for the perfumer's manufactory.

The Sieur Anfos Guizol was a tall, weather-beaten, sun-bronzed farmer, who had by the labour of his own hands built up the olive terraces, which now well repaid his exertions. He had purchased, for half-a-franc the metre, several hundred metres of rocky land, and had blasted away the rocks with incessant toil; and as he cleared away a space, planted orange trees and olive trees, in place of the fantastic, old, gnarled trunks that grew—quite decayed within, mere outward envelopes of bark, in fact—upon the hot crags of his domain; which, he said, reminded him of his late father's *Oliu*[1] near Nice.

To plant—or, rather, to build up—an olive-yard in the south is as costly, they say, as to erect a house. But Anfos expended not much money, but great personal labour in blasting the stones, then carrying them up and piling them as walls, to prevent the soil—which he likewise carried up from below—from being swept away in the rainy season.

Sieur Anfos kept also a couple of cows, which he fed upon olive branches, and such other food as he raised in a more fertile corner of his *terrain;* and whose milk and butter brought him in large profits at the neighbouring town, and which department of household care was under the charge of his niece Rosette, whom we have already seen timidly replying to her uncle.

[1] Olive-yard.

It was the old story again: Rosette and Gastoun had plighted their troth—Rosette, the acknowledged *belle* of all the country round; and Gastoun, the open-hearted, manly, noble-looking young man—the best shot and player on the green at boules—the most hard-working toiler, and tenderest son to his widowed mother.

Tidings were not long in reaching the Sieur Guizol that Rosette and Gastoun cared for one another; and so he had sternly forbidden the young man to come near his house, and had ordered his niece never to speak to Gastoun again.

It was a sultry summer evening—the very air seemed on fire with heat—the leaves appeared almost to shrivel in the reflected radiance cast back by the hot grey rocks, as the stern old man ascended the crest of the pine-clad mountain of Les Incourdoules.

The tall trees, grasping the barren rocks below with their long sinewy roots, shot upwards towards the blue sky; and from between their moss-covered trunks, exquisite vistas of olive woods beneath and red-tiled *bastides*, with majestic alpine ranges melting into the Mediterranean, gleamed before Sieur Guizol's eyes.

Exquisitely-coloured butterflies fluttered around—the song of wild birds soothed the ear—a gentle shivering murmur stole through the pine crests. The old man heeded nothing, but pushed on towards the lonely *cabanoun* which belonged to the mysterious sojourner amid the mountain rocks.

The rudely constructed hut was thatched with reeds, and beside the door one small glassless window admitted light within. Guizol stood upon the threshold; and as he paused there, endeavouring to decipher the scene presented to his view in the half gloom, which was broken by the fitful fire-

flashes of the *legno*[1] smouldering on the hearth, a strange cold shivering seemed to creep over his frame, and an unaccountable feeling of depression stole into his heart.

A voice was crooning out a strange, wild, eerie chauson:—

"A quinge an, la chato ris;
A vint an, elo chausis;
A vint-e-cinq, s'acoumodo;
A trento, pren go que trovo!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" And the burst of laughing was so hideous in its accents, that Guizol was half tempted to turn right round and re-seek his own farm-house.

"Ha! ha! ha! Moun Vesin, toucan li cinq sardino ensen!"[2] And the next instant five bony fingers, like so many cold serpents, seemed to crawl around Guizol's right hand, as a long arm was extended down from the rude flooring 'neath the rafters, and a pair of keen malicious eyes glittered with a strangely horrid mirth. Then the shrill voice chanted forth—

"Taragnigna! Taragnigna!
Fai attension a moun Vesin!"[3]

and the great black spider, which had previously frightened the passer by, now seemed, as it nimbly ran down a long silken cord, as though its evil eyes were fastened, like its master's, upon Sieur Guizol.

Presently the owner of the long arms descended from his perch aloft, and motioned to a stool which stood alongside the fire. Guizol sat down, and gazed at his strange companion.

[1] *Legno*, in Provençal, means wood for burning. *Bosc* is a grove or wood; *boscos*, the same. The Provençal which Sieur Guizol uses is that of the county of Nice—he being a Nizzard, though long dwelling near Vallauris.

[2] Let us touch the five sardines together, my neighbour! A fisherman's expression for shaking hands.

[3] "Cobweb! cobweb!
Pay attention to my neighbour!"

The matted grey locks of hair which stole from under the red turban, half concealed, half displayed a broad massive brow, beneath whose shaggy eyebrows a pair of wildly gleaming eyes shot forth intermittent glances, anon of fierce, wild pained expression, and then of a strange indefinable seeking, as though some much sought-for object was ever receding from their view.

The brown Brigasque sheepskin jacket seemed as though, despite the warmth of the sultry evening, unable to keep in the necessary caloric, even though aided by the fire, for its wearer. Guizol could perceive that he seemed to shiver as though in an ague fit. Occasionally he would stoop down, and cast another log upon the blaze, and, as he did so, the light glowed upon his face, which was as pale as the driven snow of the Esterelles.

"So, neighbour, you have taken a fancy to come up and inquire what I am engaged in up here. Well, I suppose you know that I am a treasure-hunter—ha! ha! ha!"—and he showed a double row of white glistering teeth. "I am looking for the Cabro d' Or—ha! ha! Taragnina, you and I are going to make our fortunes, and then to a strange wild air, he hummed in the patois of Mentone—

Barba Garibo, e giorno, leve vo !
Porte de zenzibo
Dame do a tre mério.
Un ome come vo
Ch'ha vist tante cause
E ben giust che se repause
Che vos par d' aissò ?
Barba Garibo ! Barba Garibo !

and, as the singularly-rendered tune stole through the cabanoun, and as the words Barba Garibo![1] thrilled out at the end, the

[1] The peasants, both of Nice and Mentone, call those who have

hideous black spider seemed to dance with ecstacy depending from his long silken line.

Guizol by this time had begun to feel himself very uncomfortable, the black spider had commenced to vibrate with such an impetus, that he seemed to the half-dazzled eyes of the farmer, to be within a few inches of his own face, and dread visions of poison, should the horrible-looking creature fasten upon him, tormented Sieur Guizol sorely.

The owner of the turban seemed vastly to enjoy his discomfiture. Ha! ha! ha! Yes, Taragnina, thou and I shall yet see the Goat of gold, and he will give us of his treasures."

"Do you believe then," stammered Guizol, "that the Cabro d' Or really lives in this mountain? I know that many have thought that they met with him after nightfall, but truly the shadows of the pines may have deceived them in the moonlight, or the wine of the auberge may have had too much fire in it. Ha! ha! and he tried to laugh. It would be a good way to pay our rent, brave ome!"

"Ha! ha! dost hear him, Taragaina," and the man of the brown sheep skins laughed immoderately. "He doubts that the Cabro d'Or lives here; and yet he won't doubt when we get some of his golden laveso,[1] and when Rosette and I shall then be duly married, and we all will go down to the dear old Sieur

passed their fifteenth year, Barba, or uncle. The above refrain, which is very ancient, means—

Uncle Garibo! it is day, arouse thyself!
Bring dry raisins,
Two or three small new potatoes—
A man like you,
Who so many things hast seen,
It is most just, he should repose himself.
What think you of it? What think you o it?
Uncle Garibo! Uncle Garibo!

Laveso in Nice dialect means a cauldron.

Guizol, and thou shalt dance *Li Mouresco*[1] for him every night, and I will hold the orange and not thou; and then thou shalt give us *Lis Ouliveto*, and we shall have music, for the Sieur does not know perhaps that I am a *cornamusaire;* and with that the mysterious being drew out from a press of very primitive construction a species of corna-musa, or bagpipes, which he commenced to play, while Guizol, who had begun to stammer out in an excited tone, "Come, come, neighbour, leave Rosette's name alone, if you please; a joke is a joke, but too much of a good thing is good for nothing," found himself, as he listened to the eerie music which the player evoked almost involuntarily, obliged to rise from his seat. "What, brave ome! Ha! ha! art going to dance? Now let us see if you have forgotten La Farandoula, and the musician lilted up a wild fantastic tune, and Sieur Guizol's feet began to keep time to the music, and anon faster and faster as the player played, faster and faster poor Guizol danced, while the spider swung about as though in rapture.

At last, with a deep sigh, the musician laid aside the corna-musa, and Guizol sank back exhausted on his seat. It was singular to observe with what dread he now seemed to look upon the strange being who now moodily sat gazing into the fire, as though he had quite forgotten his existence.

It was towards eventide when Guizol left the cabanoun. As he stood upon the rock-covered mountain, a melancholy breath of air ruffled the pine crests, and as he looked upon the blue

[1] Li Mouresco, Lis Ouliveto, and La Farandoula, are various kinds of dances which the Provençals occasionally, upon certain festival occasions, display their skill in. The first is supposed to be of Saracen origin, the second symbolizes the olive gathering, the last is danced upon occasions of great rejoicing. The people of a whole city have been known to dance it, as at Nice, through the streets, high and low uniting in its mazes. The corna-musaire is a bagpiper.

sea beneath, a dread darkness seemed to creep across its waters towards the shore. Looking towards the Esterelles, he perceived a dense black cloud creeping over the serrated peaks, and drifting rapidly along, glooming the summits with a shroud that floated on towards the mountains of Tannaron. On drifted, with appalling speed, the deep black fringing cloud, and now it came upwards towards the mountain of the Grand Pine, the great tree stood out with wondrous distinctness beneath the awful mass of darkness above, and then with a roar like thousand pieces of artillery, peal after peal of thunder resounded through the crags of the mountains, and rattled up towards the Incourdoules.

A wild outburst of rain drenched the rocks, and flash after flash of vivid lightning gleamed before Guizol's eyes as he hasted on towards his habitation. Ill at ease, he hastened in, and still the loud music of the thunder roar rolled out in its deep bass, and still the lightning played through the farm house, and the wind moaned with eddying gusts around the building as though a hundred spirit forms were wailing around, and trying in vain to effect an entrance.

"I wish I had not promised to join him in his search for the *Cabro d'Or*,"[3] muttered the terrified Guizol.

[1] The belief in the existence of the demon known as *La Cabro d'Or* is almost universal in the South of France. This very year an expedition has been organised to inspect the dread recesses of the Garagai—a temple cavern which opens about 200 metres from La Crous de Provence beneath the mountains of Santa Venturi.

M. Lo Curat de Rousset, at Tres (Bouco dou Rose) is the secretary, and only ten francs is demanded to cover expense of ropes and capstan, and other necessary engines.

In this cavern Marius is related by tradition to have slain 300 Teuton prisoners ; and among the treasure-trove which it is anticipated may be found, perhaps La Cabro d'Or, says the Curé, may be discovered.

Mistral in his *Calendau* thus speaks of it (Canto xi., La Drihanço, or the Orgies) :—

Noun, luchen mies ! L'amour supreme
Es dins lou sacrifice estreme . . . . .
I'a, sus lou mount Venturi, un garagai afrous,
E que se perd dins lis entraio
De la terro : se noun t' esfraio,
Véne, camino apres mi braio,
E dins l'englouti dou cabussen touti dous !

No, we will struggle better. Love supreme
Rests in the sacrifice extreme. . . . .
There is Venturis mount beneath, a cavern dread,
Its way is lost within the very heart
Of earth : Come now depart,
If fearest thou not close to my steps to start
Into the dark abyss, we'll plunge with reckless tread.

CHAPTER XLVII.

ROSETTE AT HOME!

Tú, que hasta el solio dil empiréo vuelos,
Sublime Fé, divina protectora
Del mortal afligido que consuelas,
Ay! dite donde mora,
Esa Deidad que reverente adora.

—*Don Joaquin de Mora.*

BENEATH the shade of two venerable olive trees of great antiquity, a cabanoun stood with a little *Hort*[1] or garden in front of it. Haricot beans and artichokes grew side by side; potatoes and peas, with their white flowers, surrounded by hedges of exquisite roses, and large cactus, with luxuriant semi-tropic growth, spread out along the walks, pushing the geraniums out of their way as they disputed with them for possession of the sun-baked *terrain*.

Behind the cabanoun, in a little enclosure, rose a square of Portegaliè, or orange trees, sheltered from the mistral by a rudely constructed wall of stone, and sheltering, in turn, the clustering Parma violets, which were the peculiar care of Gastoun's little sister Marie. Indeed, her *panseas*[2] were the best in

[1] This Provençal word is the Latin *Hortus*. A very small garden is *Jardinet*; a large one, *Jardinas*. Garden stuff is *Hortoulalha*; a gardener is *Jardinier*; a female do., *Jardiniera*.

[2] The word *Pansea* is the Provençal term for the three-coloured violet. The *Viola tricolor*, or heart's ease—a name as familiar to our English gardens as the flower.

all the gardens around. No weed was ever allowed to grow amid these carefully-tended flowers, amid which a trickling rivulet of water was led from the well.

This well—a round, stone-built tower—was periodically worked by Gastoun's old grey horse, which, when harnessed to the traces, went round and round with calm equanimity of mind, raising thus the fertilising stream which poured forth from a pipe skilfully conducted through the varied portions of the garden.

A great massive cliff rose immediately behind the orangery, and reflected the sunbeams upon them, and treasured it up for the vines that clothed every available spot of its rocky surface.

A few mulberry trees grew in a sheltered spot to one side of the cabanoun. The *amoura*, as the Provençals term it, proved of much profit to its owners, producing first-rate mulberries, despite its unpropitious name—*amoura de malaut*.

The cabanoun itself was a model of tidiness; the wood house was well stored with fuel; the few poultry were carefully tended; the half dozen sheep had a shelter for themselves, and the big house-dog, Pelleton, looked as good-humoured as though trespassers were unknown.

Gastoun's household were members of the congregation that worshipped in the church presided over by Pasteur Latour. A near descendant of one of the martyrs for the faith, the old pasteur was a singularly impressive preacher, and a most devoted minister to the flock that worshipped in his old church.

In truth, it was chiefly Sieur Anfoz's strong dislike to his niece being married to a Huguenot that had caused him to break off the relation between her and Gastoun.

The young men around could not conceive why Gastoun would never, upon the Lord's day, play with them at their national game of *boules*, instead they saw him reading the

venerable old Bible that had belonged to a long line of forefathers before him, seated on the wooden bench 'neath the grand old fig-tree in front of his home—still, when upon some evening he rolled the large wooden balls upon the grass, or tossed them with a skill that knew no superior; or when he single-handed had attacked a wild boar, and brought down from the mountain, with the grey horse's aid, the dead warrior of the pine glen—they all felt a pride in Gastoun, although difference of religion led them to believe that he was in a very bad way indeed as regards future prospects, after the battle below was ended. Indeed, his gentle, yet manly manner, his open, liberal heart, and willingness to oblige had conciliated many. Some had even furtively listened to pages of the old Bible which he had read to them in the dark winter evenings, as they sat around the wood fire.

In truth, in France the people are not as much opposed to the progress of the Bible as might be supposed at first; and, except in some places, there is not that intense bigotry to be faced by the French Protestants, which, alas! we in Ireland have to encounter. But then there are the perpetual harassing enactments directed by Government against French Protestantism, and the hostilities of Prefêt and Maire, incited by the Roman ecclesiastics, to be faced.

For when the law of the land allows the French Protestant pastor equal rights with the Curé in the public cemetery, still, practically, Monsieur le Maire, when wrought upon by the ecclesiastics, will prohibit all funeral addresses, and will consign, if stout opposition be not made, the dead Protestant to the corner of the cemetery where suicides are laid.

One night Gastoun was crossing the mountain of the Incourdoules. He was anxious to make some purchases in Vallauris, and darkness was fast glooming over the pines and

larches around. His way led past Sieur Guizol's terrain, and as he passed up the path bordered by olive trees, the light in the front window shone out cheerily, a beacon through the darkness. How much Gastoun would have given for the privilege of being able to enter the house, and to have had a few minutes' conversation with poor Rosette, but such was now impossible. The old farmer's iron will had placed a barrier between them.

At that very moment Rosette was seated by the wooden fire, her coulougua hung idly from her hand. She was musing, thinking of Gastoun, who could not resist the temptation of approaching the window, in order to have even one peep at his loved one. Never had he seen her look so handsome; the *kaireu*[1] which, with its triangular folds adorned her head, covered the rich masses of hair, bound with a black velvet ribbon after the fashion of the maidens of the county of Nice, where she had lived some years ago; long round ear-rings, and a cadenou or chain of gold hung round her neck, a gift of her uncle's.

"*Le bonheur è echappé non s' aganta plus,*"[2] she said sadly, looking into the glowing embers on the hearth.

"*Pas tan de ciarra e mai de fac,*"[3] quoth the gruff voice of her uncle, as he entered the room. Sieur Guizol was evidently prepared to go out upon some expedition. His long brown *capota*, or long cloak, had its hood drawn over his head, from underneath which his eyes shone out with an anxious gleam; in one hand he carried the *magau*, or two-pronged hoe, with which, instead of a spade, the southern peasant works; and in the other a lamp was grasped, whose rays fell upon the floor.

[1] The kaireu is a triangular muslin kerchief bordered with lace.
[2] The happiness that escapes away is never caught again.
[3] More acts and not so much trifling talk.

"Art thou going out again, Uncle Anfoz?" said Rosette, "and this dark night too?" "Tush, child, *sies una cougourda*,"[1] replied Anfoz; "give me a draught out of the *giarra*[2] there. You will soon see your old uncle Anfoz, *embe li bourmiera pleni*."[3] "Alas, dear uncle Anfoz, *non foú pas coujounar*. You must not jest; have you not enough already? Oh, I dread you thus going out night after night to that lonely mountain yonder; there can be no blessing upon it, and you may incur the wrath of *lo diau*, the demon himself. What if you chance to meet the *Cabro d'Or?* have you not enough already? is not this the most comfortable house on this side Vallauris? *Tout si frusta, ecetuat Dieu e l'eternitat*—all will vanish away except God and eternity;" and Rosette arose and laid her hand beseechingly upon Anfoz's shoulders. "Eh ben! eh ben! Rosette, *sies un fayou*,"[4] and he stooped down and kissed her. "See what a *clavandiè*[5] thou shalt have next market day;" and he opened the door, and gazed out into the intense darkness.

As may be imagined, Gastoun did not await his approach, but hasted out into the pathway, and was soon breasting the mountain side, while looking back he could see the swinging lamp which Sieur Anfoz carried, steadily approaching in the rear amid the wind swept pines.

Gastoun had already seen enough and overheard enough to quicken his curiosity. What could the old farmer be seeking at this hour of night? Revolving this in his mind, he presently

[1] You are a little blockhead. The *cougourda* is a gourd or pumpkin called also *couassa*.

[2] Giarra is a jar; giarretta a small jar.

[3] With the pockets full.

[4] Sies un fayou—You are a little stupid. Fayou is a haricot bean literally.

[5] *Clavandiè* is the silver chain hanging from the waist by a hook, to which a pair of scissors is attached.

perceived another light before him, which seemed stationary, and pushing up amid the scattered crags and rocks which lie so plentifully around, he found himself approaching the light which shone steadily out into the darkness, and which he now discovered to be gleaming from the window of the dreaded recluse of the Incourdoules.

Gastoun had often heard strange stories told by the peasantry of this mysterious being; he had sometimes seen him lying under the shade of the trees in the day time, when he had occasion to cross the mountain, and to approach his cabanoun. But to tell the truth, it was one thing to see him then, and quite a different matter to pass by his habitation such a dark, dismal night as this.

Still he was now determined that he would watch whether Anfoz's visit to the mountain was in any respect connected with the presence of this so dreaded inhabitant thereof.

The lamp behind was now steadily approaching, and as Gastoun placed himself behind a large rock, from whence he could command the door and window opposite, he perceived, after waiting some time, that Sieur Anfoz was at last standing at the door, and as knocked he heard him say, "It is a night to make one *battre la generalla.*[1]

[1] Tremble with cold.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE TREASURE SEEKERS.

"Car l'eu, emé tout l'or dou mounde,
Es impoussible que m' apounde
Un soul rai de souleu, d'amour, de liberta . . .
E quand, un jour, sarai de coupo,
De la mort sautarai en groupo,
Countènt de rejita ma roupo,
E de chanja mis os per l'immourtalita!"
—*A. Mathieu.*

"With all the world's gold, could I
A single ray of sunlight buy—
Of love—or liberty!
And when my time's for reaping come,
Behind pale Death I'll gladly roam,
Content to cast life's robe away,
And change this scene for endless day!"

"Well, *Moun Vesin*," croaked a voice from the interior of the cabanoun, "one would think that you took me for a *Porc-sanglier*,[1] that you stand out there on the threshold without coming in. Perhaps you would like another blast of the *corna-musa*—if so, I am at your service. Come out, Sieur Anfoz, and don't stand there with your teeth going, as though you were a *chica strassa*.[2] I am just putting a keen edge on my *destrau* for the last couple of hours, for we shall have a

[1] Wild boar.

[2] Eater of tow. Said of one who seems to be always chewing something.

hard task to-night. Eh, Taragnina, Taragna mia! and we shall be well *enplastrat*[1] by the cock-crow hour. Eh, Taragna, you have had an *enteriga*,[2] moun brave—*escasi*, almost;" and the huge spider seemed sulkily to assent, by spinning round slowly from the end of his silken line. "Thou must not *faire la moutta*,[3] but thou shalt catch plenty *moussioun* gnats—*Es ome d'espressi*.[4] And now, Taragnina, thou must *faire un penech*[5] until I return to thee. *Vau a la vigna*[6] for a few hours, and thou must mind the *Viroulet*.[7]

Guizol had prudently withdrawn a little from the door when he heard the hint of the bagpipes; and now, as soon as the recluse came out, *destrau*[8] in hand, they both advanced in silence at a brisk pace amid the crags, over which the tall pines began to shiver in the cold breeze.

"Hush! what was that?" cried Anfoz, as a long melancholy sound burst upon their ears from the bushes on the right. "Tush! 'tis but the screech-owl after all," he muttered; and drops of dew stood out upon his brow as he strode on after his leader, who advanced towards a dense cluster of crags in the side of the mountain, and now seemed to be looking earnestly for an aperture. Apparently he was successful, for he disappeared in a few moments; and Gastoun saw the glimmering lamp of Anfoz following in through the door, which a heap of brushwood seemed placed to conceal. Obeying a sudden impulse, the young man grasped a stout stick of chestnut wood, and glided in noiselessly after his predecessors, who were by this time quite lost to view.

[1] Daubed over with lime. [2] Teeth set on edge.
[3] Languish. Spoken of small birds who roll themselves up in their feathers for the night, or when they are ill.
[4] He is a laughable man. [5] Take a nap.
[6] I am going to the vineyard. Wooden latch to the door.
[8] The *destrau* is a hatchet for cleaving wood.

Gastoun groped his way for a few minutes in complete darkness; but, as he proceeded, a few faint glimmering beams of light fell upon his sight, which gradually increased in lustre, until, turning round a buttress of rock, he found himself entering into a wide cavern, whose recesses the recluse was now engaged in examining by the light of a couple of blazing pine torches.

The walls of this vault seemed to sparkle with a strange sheen, reflecting the torchlight from a thousand crystals gleaming along the surface. Guizol and the mysterious tenant of the *cabanoun* seemed to know the cavern well; and the old man at once began to excavate the earth with the *magau*, which he plied with vigorous arms, casting off the *capota* that he might labour with greater ease.

"This is the eventful night which crowns our fate," said the recluse. "Work on, Sieur Anfoz—let the old cavern re-echo your strokes—we have not much time, for *lo diau* will soon awaken from his slumber. Thou knowest he guards his treasure well."

Anfoz worked away with desperate energy—the big veins stood out upon his brow as he plied blow after blow upon the hard soil. The recluse watched him assiduously as he toiled, encouraging him every now and then with a word of cheer.

"It is a pity that this spot is such a *bourmigoun*[1] that I can't help thee, as thou goest *ballalin, ballalan*[2] there, *Paigran*[3] Anfoz!—though no one who saw thee working there would call thee Paigran;" and he laughed a hideous laugh.

"*Che cagnart*,[4] sullenly muttered Guizol. Working is not a

[1] Small corner, nook.
[2] A term imitative of the swaying of a heavy waggon in a deep rut.
[3] *Paigran*, grandfather.
[4] It is very hot, burning. Expressive of great heat.

fuec de paja[1] with me. *Ramassa nova ramassa tougiou ben*[2] was never said of me." And he made a few tremendous blows, and then with a cry of delight the recluse leaped forward, and seized hold of a large flagstone which had been partially disclosed, and by the aid of an iron bar endeavoured to prize it upwards.

"It is no use hurrying," said Anfoz; "we must clear away around it first, or we shall never remove it."

"But *lo diau*, the demon, our time will soon be up to-night, and we *must* have it. He will be awake soon, and then *Vaiti piglià !*"[3]—and the speaker absolutely foamed at his mouth with impatience, and again tore at the flag, which at last yielded to their united efforts. Gastoun by this time felt himself almost as much excited as the two men before him, and incautiously—in his eagerness to behold what might be the result of their labour—stepping forward a little, a stone slipped from beneath his foot. The moment the sound struck upon the recluse's ear he started up with a wild cry.

"*Attention ! li ha de baraynas*"[4]—and as Gastoun fell back within the deep shadow of the cave, the torches were waved savagely by the speaker above his head, as he glanced inquiringly and menacingly around.

Apparently the result was satisfactory, for in a few moments he applied himself to the task before him.

"Ah, the dear little *bletta d'oulivié*,[5] thou didst not deceive me, then, after all," muttered he, rejoicingly.

The two men had now succeeded in raising the large flag-

[1] Fire of straw, transient ardour; metaphorically.

[2] A new broom sweeps clean.

[3] All is lost ! Otherwise *Vaiti pia.*

[4] Attention, there are listeners. *Baraynas* literally means briars.

[5] *Bletta d'oulivie* is an olive rod which is used by treasure hunters to ascertain where gold is to be found.

stone, and as the recluse held the pine torches eagerly forward and looked down into the cavity beneath, the glow cast upon his pale face gave it an indescribably ghastly appearance.

"*Paigran*, Anfoz, there is a *giarra* at one end (I can see it), and there are bones, I think," he muttered; "and I see a sword, and there is a larger jar—ah, it must be gold at last! Gold, gold!—but *lo diau* must be well nigh out of his sleep now, alas! Gold—gold—at last!" he hoarsely whispered; and then Gastoun saw a glance shooting from his fierce eyes as he looked towards Guizol, which made him sick at heart. The next moment he had lifted up the iron bar, and as Guizol stooped to inspect the jars a murderous blow descended upon his head, and, with a stifled cry of horror, he sank into the pit.

"Gold—gold—all mine now!" the infuriated murderer shouted, and again he aimed a blow at the prostrate farmer, bending over the pit to reach him—but the next moment Gastoun had grappled with him with a wild shout, and backward and forward the two combatants were struggling, the pale, ghastly face of the recluse, as he gnashed his wolf-like teeth, turning round to ascertain who his adversary might be; and Gastoun finding that with all his strength he was not more than a match for the hideous being with whom he was now grappling in the death combat.

The man of the cabanoun was now evidently endeavouring to draw his knife from the sash which girt his waist, and Gastoun felt that if he once succeeded in this attempt, the issue of the struggle would not be doubtful.

It was while thus madly swaying backwards and forwards that they perceived that they were in almost complete darkness. Aufoz's lamp had fallen into the pit where he was lying, and the torches had nearly flickered out—casting a faint, inter-

mittent beam upon the dread death-grapple that was in progress in the cavern.

While still grappling with each other a curious incident now occurred. A light was seen approaching from the outer door, and Gastoun felt the recluse shuddering as he viewed it. Presently a singular form appeared. Upon its head two enormous horns appeared, which the misty light of the cavern magnified tenfold; the eyes seemed sightless, and yet it steadily advanced, waving a lamp. The very moment the inmate of the cabanoun caught sight of this dread figure he uttered a wild shriek of horror.

"Lo Cabro d' Or—Lo diau," he screamed, and with one wild, mad burst, broke away from Gastoun, and bounded past the advancing form into the outer air, and then next moment another wild cry was heard, and Gastoun, as he started forward, saw Rosette throwing aside the goatskin which had served as her cloak, and reel half fainting into his arms.

Rosette had grown so uneasy about her uncle that she could not tarry in the house. A dread presentiment of danger was in her heart, and it seemed to her excited imagination that she heard a voice say in her ear, "*Les Incourdoules—Les Incourdoules.*" At last, in a perfect fever of dread, she threw around her head a large goatskin with which in winter time she used sometimes in play sally forth around the *terrain*, and with timid steps sought the mountain side. Familiar with the crags and mountain path, she found no difficulty in finding the cabanoun, and glancing in she saw no appearance of Sieur Guizol there, but a ray of light, as she wandered on, streamed from the crags near, and she found herself entering the cavern entrance, inside of which the combat was then raging. And thus Rosette had proved herself the ender of this dread contest of life or death.

Meantime they—when she had recovered from her faintness

—approached the pit and found that Anfoz was beginning to stir himself again ; and at last they succeeded in bringing him out of his resting-place, and when they had waited a few minutes they discovered that he had recovered consciousness again.

Before long they were able to help Guizol home, but he insisted ere leaving that Gastoun should examine the jars which had been discovered. When they were opened they contained only a few coins, and these not gold. Beneath where Guizol had been lying, the bones of a very tall human skeleton were visible. When Guizol reached home, suffering from great pain in his head, he lay down upon his bed, and Gastoun sat up during the night to watch him along with Rosette.

In the morning the old man was very ill, and Gastoun brought the *cirurgien*, or surgeon, from Vallauris to see him, although this was expressly against Anfoz's wishes.

"What want I," he said, "of a *charculiaire ?*[1] I shall soon get well again. My head is hard, and no bones are broken—my hat was smashed, and not my skull." However, Rosette insisted, and the medicin came. He looked very grave, dressed the wound with plaster, prescribed strict quiet, and said, much to Guizol's horror, that he would call again.

"Ah, yes, *ès una testa vana,*"[2] grumbled Anfoz ; "I may as well order my *taut*[3] at once. Instead of being one who would wish, as he should, *faire vigoria,*[4] I heard him say, '*Ah, se lou picara au pous, restava sec !*[5] What news he told us !"

It was evident that Anfoz was still thinking about the treasure. Indeed, he over and over again kept recurring to it, and he really seemed as though he would have endeavoured to go out again in search of it.

[1] Unskilful surgeon.
[2] Thou art an empty head.
[3] Coffin.
[4] To encourage ; cheer up.
[5] If he had been struck on the temple he would have been dead.

"Ah, I suppose," he said, sorrowfully, "he has got it by this time with his sorcery, and his awful taragnina. Gastoun," he cried, towards nightfall, "would you just ascend the mountain and see if you can perceive any traces of him? I hope the *pastrouje*[1] won't hear of what has happened, and then some one will get all the treasure"—and Anfoz groaned. "I wish, Sieur Guizol," said Gastoun, "you would not agitate yourself about the treasure. There is a treasure that I wish you would think about; I have an old Book that tells all about it." "Eh, Gastoun, a treasure, brave ome! Let us have the book that tells about it. How is it to be got?" Gastoun said he would let him hear ere long, and went his way. Having procured the book which he sought, he came round by the mountain. The cabanoun of the recluse was deserted—the door was swaying backwards and forwards in the night wind which sighed amid the pine tops. Gastoun tarried not inspecting the ill-omened habitation, but hastened on his way; and as he passed by the mouth of the cavern it struck him that brushwood had been placed in front of it again, as though to conceal it, and a strange icy chilliness seemed again to grasp his heart. It was no time, however, for exploration, and he passed on through the crags and rocks, over whose pine trees the pale moonlight fell, and lighted up the weird projections of Les Incourdoules. He soon reached the door of Anfoz's *bastide*.

"It seems as though *Lu cieiou*[2] were singing in my head," said Anfoz, "and all for such *Patau*."[3]

[1] Gossips. [2] The little forest birds. [3] Old, worthless money.

Note.—In the ancient Hebrew Spanish spoken by the Jews in Spain, and by the Jews of Constantinople, *Chirimias* is Bagpipes—evidently akin to *Corna-musa*.

CHATER XLIX.

THE CABANOUN ON FIRE!

A mule once bore a skin of oil,
Thro' Sevi'le's streets, with pain and toil;
His master gaily plied his trade,
Selling the oil, good profit made.

At eve with pace by no means light,
The mule his stable seeks for night.
"Alas! he cries—'tis a fearful thing,
All day that skin of oil I bring
From door to door, while here I pine
At night,—not one drop of that oil is mine!"

I fear that the man who good books will buy,
When on this fable he casts an eye;
Will laugh with scorn, and toss his head,
Should he buy them without their e'er being read.
Bnt still some profit may yet ensue
If only he'll read and digest it through.
How many we see immersed in care
In heaping wealth which their friends will share;
And many a burden all their life will bear
In making gold for a spendthrift heir

From the Spanish of *Tomas de Yriarte.*

Sieur Guizol had never tarried to study the sound philosophy which Yriarte has embodied in these verses, and yet Guizol was not alone in this, for, unhappily, how many do we daily see who are toiling and working for those who will spend every farthing

recklessly, of what they have perilled their souls to acquire for them.

A friend once said to Mr. Astor, the richest man in the United States, "You must be happy in the possession of your great wealth." "Sir," he replied, looking earnestly at him, "will you take all the care and responsibility of my business upon you for just what you can eat, and drink, and wear?" "Oh no," said he, "I would not." "But," replied Mr. Astor, "that is all I get." "But Mr. Astor, surely, you enjoy your gains?" "Ah yes, but I feel my losses too. I only get what I can eat, drink, and wear." "Now, again, will you take all the responsibilities of my business for that?" "Certainly not," was the reply.

The question, "Are you satisfied with your life as a whole, Mr. Astor," was once asked of this same millionaire. "Oh no," he sadly replied, "my life has been a failure."

"I have been an infinite fool," said a dying young man to a most earnest clergyman. "I have had praying parents—I have had religious instruction—I have had great opportunities, but I have put off repentance—I have procrastinated and deferred the hour of giving myself to my God, and now I have lost my immortal soul—I have been an infinite fool—I am all dark, dark now—I have lost my soul;" and so he died.

And so you say *lou ome a tout espanat*[1]—he must be *estrambalat.*[2] *Pies lou malau*[3] said that *cirurgien* to me, I can only allow you a *lesca de pan*[4] and a little soup, not even a *rifoua*, radish. One would think he wanted to extinguish me.

Gastoun, at his request, used to read a portion of the Book to him, and he seemed to listen with interest. Sometimes Rosette would read for him also as he lay there. He used

[1] The man has quite disappeared.
[2] Lunatic.
[3] You are going to be ill.
[4] Slice of bread.

often to request them to read about the evil one sowing the tares in the field; and then he would linger on the verse which says, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field, the which, when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field." Indeed, to the Provençal the Bible is a book in which a peculiar delight must be felt, even from the fact of the very peasant understanding so many of those allusions to a country life which is so similar in his own and in the Holy Land.

A revolution seemed to have occurred in his mind as regarding Gastoun and Rosette; for one day he informed the former that he had now withdrawn all opposition to his engagment with his niece. And when he had recovered so far as to be able to walk about and superintend his farm once more, with his full consent Rosette and Gastoun were united together in bonds of matrimony, and Gastoun, at his special request, took up his abode at the farm house. There was a dread upon Guizol's mind that he was not yet done with the vanished inmate of the cabanoun of Les Incourdoules, and the strong arm of Gastoun, he thought, might yet be in requisition.

One midnight Gastoun was awakened by a strong, heavy, sickly odour of fire; and starting up he saw clouds of dense smoke bursting up the ladder into the upper room. Hastily Rosette and he descended as soon as possible, and then a dread scene met his view; flames were breaking out from Anfoz's room, mingled with stifling smoke. Bursting into the apartment, he could see the farmer still lying on the bed, and with Herculean strength Gastoun bore him in his arms into the kitchen, and thence into the open air. To his horror he seemed badly burned, and as he feebly attempted to speak—"Gastoun," he said, "it was *he* did it; he gave me this blow of the knife here, and as I lay back fainting—for I seemed in a nightmare

—I saw him set the bed on fire. Oh, it was so horrible! I could not speak nor cry." Gastoun, leaving him to Rosette's charge, rushed back into the bastide; the fire was burning fiercely now, and the window was open.

It was soon seen that the house must go; the fire had caught the rafters, and a blaze shot up through the olive trees that seemed to laugh at their feeble efforts to extinguish it. Strange to say, as Gastoun chanced to look towards the mountain, an answering beacon fire appeared there; amid the pine tops a pyramidal column shot up sparkling with million scintillations Then a dull explosion was heard, and as the terrified neighbours gradually assembled, some who ventured up to Les Incourdoules reported that the hut of the recluse was a mass of smouldering ruins. A howl, more like that of a maddened wolf than of a human being, they said, had resounded from the ruins, but they were afraid to venture in.

The surgeon said, when he reached the spot where Anfoz was lying, that there was no hope for him. The old man heard the sentence with composure; he was too severely burned to feel any pain.

"Gastoun," he said, "you used often read for me, 'Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' I have often since thought much of my sins; but weary and wicked as I have been, I remember how it was said of Him, 'This man receiveth sinners,'" and he closed his eyes. That night as they bent over him, they heard him saying the word Treasure. "I have lost one treasure," he said very feebly as Rosette looked earnestly at him; "but—but—I think I have found the other, which will endure for ever." The next moment his spirit had departed to the God who gave it.

Some months afterwards Gastoun found himself towards evening upon the Incourdoules, near the charred and blackened

cabanoun of the recluse. A feeling of curiosity induced him to enter it. It was a scene of utter chaos, burnt rafters and huge stones mingled together in wild confusion. The pine trees overhead waved their scorched leafless branches gloomily in the mountain wind, and a raven croaked dismally from a neighbouring larch tree.

As Gastoun stepped over the rubbish and ruins beneath, he suddenly started back with horror—a blackened skull, with cavernous hollow eyes, was, as it seemed in the deceptive light, glaring at him from amid the stones and rafters; and an arm, with the fingers of the hand crooked and curved in a most hideous manner, was lifted from amid the charred rubbish as though to threaten back the intruder upon its dread domain.

Gastoun drew nearer, and gazed upon the melancholy sight. It was evidently the skeleton of the recluse; he had found his death amid the ruins of his own habitation. Presently a rustling sound was heard, and a huge black spider ran hastily across the stones, and climbed up on the dead man's skull; then it rested, spread out its loathsome limbs, and seemed to fix its red eyes full on Gastoun, and to prepare its poison fangs for combat. As he still stood looking on, the creature shot forth a long silken line, and allowed it to be wafted by the wind, which sighed drearily through the doorless entrance to the few rafters which still half burnt rested aloft. Then with amazing speed it darted up the line, and presently began to twist and gyrate in the air in a most fantastic, and yet hideous, manner. Gastoun stood as though glued to the ground, while the creature swung round and round, a perfect *gavotte*,[1] thought Gastoun. In truth, it almost seemed to Gastoun as though there was a correspondent action on the part of the dead man's

[1] The gavotte is an ancient dance of the Gavots or Alpine mountaineers.

upraised arm. He half fancied that the long charred fingers seemed to move with a sound as though of castanets, and that the eyes seemed to follow the movements of the horrible taragnina thus delighting himself aloft.

Gastoun shuddered, and endeavoured to withdraw from the cabanoun. Strange to say, he felt somewhat of the sensation which the dreaded *Pen*[1] produces in slumber, and found a difficulty in withdrawing from the fascination of these dread red eyes which seemed to fasten themselves upon him. At last, with an effort, he tore himself away, and bounded out of the cabanoun.

"*Pècaire! un taou es bé de plagné!*"[2] cried his mother, and she charged him never to enter the ill-omened ruin again.

In truth, no one ever cared to do so; the story of the hideous inhabitant thereof, and the repute of the cabanoun, caused a wide circuit to be made when the peasants passed through the Incourdoules. But there were some who affirmed that they had overheard strange sounds proceeding from the ruined hut after night-fall, and one Brigasque shepherd, tending his sheep and goats upon the mountains, positively said that he had even heard the strains of a *corna-musa* proceeding from the cabanoun, and being of a venturesome disposition that he had approached nearer, and had seen a hideous skeleton seated upon a stone, and playing a horrible strathspey. The *clerjé*[3] made some inquiry about this startling intelligence, and the *Brigasque* persisted bravely in his statements. He lodged himself in a farm-house, in whose stables he sheltered his flock at night.

[1] *Pen* is the nightmare or *cauchemar*.

[2] Poor fellow, you deserve to be pitied. The word *pècaire* is an interjection either of pity, disdain, or tenderness. Sometimes it is as in the Languedocian Provengal an expletive, as in the phrase *assa n'en pècaire! demouras*—"Ah, indeed, finish him!"

[3] *Clerjé* is a Languedocian term for clerics or ecclesiastics; sometimes it is written *clerghé*—hence our English word clergy.

fall; but it was observed that being of a social disposition, he used now make the round of all the houses of the neighbourhood, where of an evening, as they sat around the kitchen table, and partook of supper, he used to tell the tale of his so strangely assisting at the dread dance of the cabanoun. Far be it from me to impute any evil motive to the Brigasque; but he had been heard to say, that he had found, the year before that he descended from the mountains, the farmers rather slow in inviting strangers to their fireside.

The strains of the bagpipe floated upon the midnight air for many a winter's night in popular opinion, until at last a sceptical farmer purchased the terrain upon which the cabanoun stood, and dispersed the stones to form a fence around the garden, and had the skeleton laid beneath the earth of Incourdoules.

No one ever ventured since to enter the cave, the secret of whose aperture is only known to a few.

The hideous taragnina had disappeared, but not before he had immensely grown in popular estimation, his size having been exceedingly magnified. Still, the mountain is not deemed a lucky place to venture into after night-fall.

It was not true of Gastoun and Rosette that —

Plesi d'amour
Fenis en plour.[1]

For many a year they worshipped in the good old pastor's church, and some of their descendants still remain in the vicinity of Vallauris.[2]

[1] Pleasant love
Will sorrow prove.

[2] It is remarkable that the people of Nice have also a singular belief in the existence of a demon, who watches over the safety of a treasure chamber which is built under the bed of the river Paglion. In the midst of this treasury stands a round table, upon which a goat and kid as large

as life, and made of pure gold, are standing. The demon sleeps only half an hour in the twenty-four, and by his side is a golden trumpet, which, even should he awake, if the adventurous treasure hunter be bold enough to grasp and sound, the demon must remain as though chained, and a troop of minor goblins will then swarm out to carry away the treasure wherever the seeker pleases.

The entrance to this treasure chamber is locally reported to exist in the *majon magica* of a magician's house, which is situated between the *la Tina dei Pagani*, the Pagan's Wine Vat, or Roman Amphitheatre, and the Temple of Apollo, situated at Cimiez, and which passage passing under the Paglion, ends in another opening at La Cuola de Vinaigre —Mount Vinaigrier.

I have given an interesting legend current among the peasantry of an ill-omened attempt made to seize this treasure in my "Handbook to the Modern Provençal Language, spoken in South of France, Nice," etc.,[1] which work the reader will find useful, especially for acquiring the Provençal dialect spoken in the county of Nice.

[1] J. Russell Smith, 36 Soho Square

CHAPTER L.

NICE, AND THE VAR.

"Knowest thou the land where the citron blows—
In darkling bowers the gold orange glows—
A softer wind from heaven's blue expands—
Silent the myrtle—high the laurel stands?
Knowest thou it well?
'Tis there! 'tis there!
Might I with thee, my beloved, repair!"
—*Goethe.*

Nice is only some fifty minutes by rail from Cannes, and yet the contrast between the two health resorts is very marked.

Cannes, young and prosperous, having yet its fortune to make, is pushing its rival hard.

Nice struck me as being sadly in want of being painted. The houses looked dingy and weather-beaten—the sun seemed to have scorched away the colouring—the very palm trees looked draggled and forlorn. Truly, Nice is not what it used to be, and as I remembered it ere the Monte Carlo infatuation had commenced. Gambling has made Nice a dangerous city to reside in. There is not only high play at the Cercle—where one can ruin himself with the greatest ease—but the proximity of Nice to Monaco has brought a floating population to dwell in the former city, composed of the doubtful society of Europe; and which deters fathers of families from bringing their sons

within reach of the pernicious seductions of Monte Carlo, and mothers from exposing their families to any contact with the *Chevaliers d'Industerie* who abound in Nice.

Until Monte Carlo be closed as a gambling establishment, Nice must consent to be abandoned by all who do not wish to expose their households to temptation. And this is one great reason why Cannes is going ahead so fast.

United action ought to be taken by the Mayor and hotel-keepers and citizens of Nice—and Mentoni also, as well as Cannes—entreating the French Government to abolish this sad blot upon the lovely Riviera.

Some meetings were held at Chauvain's hotel this spring, at which the English chaplains, and especially Rev. Mourant Brock of Mentoni, took a prominent part; and a petition, signed by many resident and English gentry, was organised, imploring Government to interfere, and take away this centre of temptation and focus of ruin, which at Monte Carlo has wrought such ruin, and sent so many suicides before their Maker's dread presence with their blood upon their hands.

The petition was sent to Cannes, but few persons in the town apparently heard about it; and so, I dare say, it received but few signatures, besides being too late in the season to catch the majority of visitors.

I trust that this ensuing season the matter will be vigorously taken up, and public opinion brought to bear upon this centre of pollution—Monte Carlo.

Nice has established a *Jardin d'acclimatation* near the station of the Var, which does not, however, appear very flourishing. Its people of the lower classes are not very cordial to the soldiery of France; and I suspect that a strong desire to follow the tricolor of Italy still lurks in the Nizzart's heart.

Nice seems to look down upon Hyères, but scarcely yet to

have real sed the existence of Cannes or of Mentoni. In the waiting-room of the Gare you see two frescoes of gigantic proportions—one of Cannes, and the other of Mentoni; but Nice is very sarcastic upon the four palm trees of Hyères; in fact, it seems to think that Hyères has no possible right to have palms at all.

The River Var, which well deserves its ancient Latin name *Vārius* (variable), as some derive it; or *Varus* (curved), according to others—in either case the origin being perfectly justified and intelligible—formed in days past the frontier line of France and the Sardinian State; and now that the Italian line of demarcation is marked at Mentoni by the picturesque ravine of St. Louis, the Var still serves as the advance guard of the territory of Nice.

In days gone by, the long wooden bridge used to form for us Nice residents a very pleasant drive, when one of the two-horsed *voitures de place* would convey a pleasant party along the shore of the great river.

When, as in 1855, the Bible was not allowed to be printed in the Sardinian States, and was treated as contraband, we used to bring in large numbers of Italian New Testaments from the French side of the Var, by having them deposited in a safe place in French territory, and then placing the boxes in the carriages under the seat, they would be brought in safety past the Sardinian *doganieri*,[1] who were quartered at the opposite end of the bridge.

[1] The word *Douane* is derived from *Dogana*, which comes from *Doge*. This latter was a Venetian tax imposed on merchandise for the sole benefit of the Doge himself. It is interesting to know that the French *Octroi* began in 1323. Compiegne, in 1352, first obtained permission from the king to establish an Octroi—or town dues. The Romans used to call the Octroi the *Portorium*. The ancient Publicans corresponded to the Octroi.

I have known myself the whole of the city of Nice searched by the Sardinian carbineers for the Word of God; and one winter evening, at the residence of my dear friend, Rev. W. Carus Wilson—now with God—I shall not easily forget the Sardinian soldiers, while the gendarmes were searching in other houses, taking away the New Testament by hundreds, and scattering them among their comrades in the Caserne, who eagerly received them. Full entrance for the Word of God is now admitted in Italy—even in Rome. There the British and Foreign Bible Society Depôt is to be seen, and the peasants reading that Book which is able to make them wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus.

The Var—dry enough as it now seems, with a meandering stream running serpent-wise through the shingly islands that form its bed—sometimes can be wolf-like enough. Pliny speaks of it as *Omnis Varus ex alpino monte Cemeno profusus.*

And no description can be truer. It rises from the side of Mont Cemenus, near to Esteac, in the commune of Entraunes—which is supposed to mean "in the middle of the waters." At first it descends from north to south, then it changes its course from the west to the south-east. The view up the valley of the Var is very grand: the snow-crowned Alps—the picturesque Saint Laurent du Var guarding the river—the tall Eucalyptus growing luxuriantly in the rich plain of the *Jardin d'acclimatation* below—the waves of olive trees, the spreading growth of centuries; and, to the other side of the double track which serves as railway bridge and line for road passengers, the blue Mediterranean, dotted with the boats of the fishermen, ardently engaged in ensnaring the anchovies which abound at the broad mouth of the Var,[1] where it pours the

[1] The Mediterranean possesses two species of anchovy *(engraulis encrassicolis)*. The smaller of these is fished for off the Var, and is consumed generally while fresh, being much esteemed by the Provençals.

dense yellow alluvial matter which it brings with it in its course into the Gulf of Antibes, forming, with its dense deposits, marshy banks, continually devoured by the hungry sea waves, and yet continually increasing through the constant supply of shingle which its waters hurry down. The Var itself may easily be discerned a considerable distance in the open sea, its yellow tide working its way towards the old Roman towers of sea-girt Antibes.

Although ordinarily the Var trickles along a stream, amid islands of sand and glistering stones, still it sometimes deserves its Latin name *Varius*, variable. When reinforced by rains, or melted mountain snows, it whirls along madly covering every foot of its vast bed with yellowish waves. The immense mass of water which it then pours into the sea is estimated at 143 times the quantity which it usually sends down. Four thousand cubic metres are reckoned then to pass in one second into the Mediterranean; at ordinary times the amount being 28 cubic metres. The Seine itself, only in floods, exceeds its low water mark some eighteen times. Grand old river, pouring down from its distant source, some 80 miles off, amid the chestnuts, pines, and larches of the snow-girt mountain peaks.

In olden times, travelling along the Cornice was rendered dangerous in the rainy season by the sudden swelling of the torrents, the minor *riou*, or brooks, often becoming hazardous. Railway travellers have not always escaped since the line from Toulon to Genoa was opened. The sad disaster which, on the 24th of January, 1872, occurred to the train which left Mentone for Cannes at 24 minutes past four, when nearing Antibes in the gloom of the evening, going full speed, will perhaps be remembered.

The larger species is better adapted for preserving, and is fished for in July—the smaller being found all the year round off the entrance of the mighty river into the Mediterranean.

The torrent which is crossed by the viaduct known as the Pont de Brague, swelled by a great accumulation of water, had whirled along fallen trees and other *debris*, which gradually accumulating brought an immense pressure to bear upon the viaduct. The Chef de Gare hastened from Antibes to the point of danger, and stationed three of the officials to warn the approaching train. In the darkness of the evening, their signals unfortunately were disregarded. At half-past five the viaduct gave way, and shortly afterwards the Mentone train came up full speed for Cannes, and dashed into the torrent; four dead bodies were extracted by midnight, and twelve passengers were found to be severely injured. The engine-driver and the fireman also perished, the engine and the greater number of carriages being dashed into pieces. The number of passengers was only in all about thirty, of whom seven escaped without receiving any hurt. How terrible for those hastening on in the hope of soon reaching their homes at Cannes, to be called before the Judgment Seat, if so be that they were not ready to meet their GOD; but, if they were, though dread the death, a few moments more and within the walls of Zion all tears were wiped away by His hand who loved them and gave Himself for them.

I have often thought, when passing through the wards of some city hospital, and marking the many accident cases daily brought in, how, in one moment, some dread accident might cause one's mutilated, tortured frame to be borne in and laid upon one of these beds. How grateful to the All-Loving Father our hearts ought to be for the daily and hourly preservation which He bestows upon us!

One of the most touching instances, mentioned by one since gone to his rest, of what consolation the poor weary one is granted in such a dread time of accident and death, I have

endeavoured to delineate below. The *Record* states that "the Rev. Thomas Alexander, of the Presbyterian Church, Belgravia, said it had been his lot to visit a member of his congregation lying in St. George's Hospital, with an arm broken in four places. He found the man in a state of mind which made him feel that, although he came there to teach, he went away taught. The man had only been a year married, his wife was just confined with her first child, and it was his painful duty to convey to her the tidings of her husband's misfortune, which news she bore with Christian fortitude. The arm having been meantime amputated, the sufferer's brother came up from Scotland to see him, and was asked by the patient to read Romans, 8th chapter, unto him. He read, 'There is therefore now no condemnation, to them who are in Christ Jesus. . . . Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord;' and as the brother read this last verse the man said, 'That's enough for me,' and peacefully expired."

Midst the rolling of the chariot wheels, as the onward tide advances,
And the shouting of the footmen—a single form I see,
Bruised and bleeding on the earth, 'neath each hoof that madly prances,
And silent is the voice of the strong man's agony.

But it speaks with power tremendous, from the eye that madly glances,
From the clammy brow that's moist with the damp of biting pain,
As each move the bearers make, the stinging nerve fierce dances,
As they bear him to the hospital amid the falling rain.

And his weeping wife hangs o'er him; but twelve months, on her finger,
That broken arm had pressed the tiny golden ring;
And she is watching o'er him—ah! how slow the moments linger,
Until her tender arms with wild embrace fast cling.

'Tis true, he's but a poor man, who worked right hard for living,
And she a loving lassie, who loved him well and true;
But he's going now away, where sorrow's not, nor striving,
For Jesus wipes the tears that mortal sorrows strew.

"Now bring me here the Bible, with this fading sight I can't see,
But open, brother dear, the blessed words of old,
For there is my sheet-anchor; oh! blessed truth, I want thee
To cheer my soul and spirit while this mortal life grows cold."

So they read the precious promise of life and love and glory,
All given to the sinner through Jesus' saving blood;
And they sound the blessed accents of the ever lovely story,
While tears of grateful yearning pour down in rushing flood.

But his eyes are waxing dimmer, and his heart is beating slowly;
"One long last kiss, my darling, one parting kiss from thee;
One clasp of thy hand, brother—read that verse, for it is holy—
From His love who'll separate us—and that's enough for me.

So fare thee well, my friend, thy toilsome days are ended;
Leave thy widow and thy child, saith the Lord God, unto Me;
Thy accents long ere this with the angel hosts have blended,
And the love of thy Redeemer shines for ever upon thee.

CHAPTER LI.

VILLA FRANCA.

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou knowest, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage—
And so, by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.

—*Shakespeare.*

The United States sloop of war *Franklin* was lying in Villa Franca harbour—her taut spars and white clouds of snowy canvas glistering in the sun—a striking contrast, and one pleasant to the eye she presents, being one of the old wooden ships, to the three ironclads that lay in Golfe Juan, with the French tricolor floating from the peak.

I heard from a French gentleman that some thirty of her crew had deserted while lying in the harbour.

Discipline is maintained with a stricter hand, I believe, in the United Sates navy than the men approve of. I have seen a notice posted up between decks on board an American frigate, calling on the men to remember that they must always salute their officers when they meet them.

I remember when the *Cumberland* (U. S. frigate) was lying at Villa Franca, in 1855, a liberty party of her men were out

over the hills, galloping away on the donkies which they had hired. In the dusk of the evening I was returning to my apartments in Nice when I observed a strong force of the Sardinian carbineers bringing in a number of the blue-jackets whom they had captured for being too noisy, and one, a ringleader, was accused of striking one of his own quarter-masters. The brigadier stormed at the seamen, who did not understand a single word that he uttered, and I undertook the duty of being interpreter. It was difficult enough to soften down the indignant comments of the seamen on being told that they could not be allowed to return on board their ship. The brigadier fumed, the sailors stormed, and at last they were allowed to depart.

A few days afterwards, off Genoa, the frigate, in a squall of rain, ran up a man to the yard-arm, while a heavy gun thundered out its echoes. I have always imagined that this was the hapless seaman who had struck the quarter-master.

I found that the pleasantest way, while residing at Nice, to visit the Villa Franca, was to hire a small latteen-rigged craft, and sail from the mole, with its green-coated Doganieri prowling about, and, lynx-eyed, watching the seamen of the shipping along the quay.

Dashing out to sea with a breeze filling the triangular canvas, a noble prospect soon unfolds itself.

The blue Esterelles melting away in the distance—the peaks and cols in the foreground clustering around the stately summit of Mont Chauve; olive-shaded crests softening the grandeur of the scene, and the Witches' Rock towering in the distance, with bluff, precipitous crags, on whose platform the unearthly reel is danced by the assembled wrinkled, ghastly *sorcières.*

Nearer us, as we glide along, Monte Vinaigrie and Montalban, with its crumbling fort and half dozen soldiers guarding

its venerable ramparts; a polaccre brigantine, rising and sinking in the long rolling Mediterranean swell, her white canvas shivering in the breeze, and high-prowed boats, manned with swarthy fishermen, red capped and brown jacketed, standing at their oars as they sweep along beneath the cliffs.

Then, gliding in around the old battery of San Culotte, the blue waters of Villa Franca extend before us, and the tremulous murmur of bells floats on the ear from out the belfry of the aged church, while the brown houses rise with cameo cutting of distinctness from the grey olive tree framework.

In 1855 I found, in the confession box of the aged chapel, a notice fastened up as a guide to the priest who should hear confessions.

It was denominated thus—

"Cases which, *ipso facto*, incur excommunication, viz.:—

1st. The entering into a Protestant church or assembly for the purpose of hearing the doctrines propounded there.

2nd. The subscribing to a Bible Society (pro pravis diffudendis libris) for the diffusion of wicked books."

Charles Semeria, a native of Villa Franca, has written in that dialect, which, although spoken in the old town so close to Nice, yet differs from the Niçois dialect in some respects. Thus, it has li laciera, li paisana, li artisana, instead of the Niçois form—li lacieri, the milkmaids; li paisani, the peasant girls; li artisani, the artisans, etc.

Some of his poems are rather sarcastic. In his "Milkmaids of Nice" he deals with an abuse not confined, alas! to Nice—

LI LACIERA DE NISSA.

"Li paisana de la campagna
Dei environ d' esto pais,

Doù Rai, doù Var, e de li Sagna,
Sabon faire de bei pastis.
De Sant' Elena,
La Madelena.
Coma de Drap e Cantaron,
Han pous, macina,
L'aiga vesina,
Non li mancou pa de valon,
En la metten en lu bidon,
Non s'en vau pa en rouina." *(bis.)*

S'achela coucagna durava
Era un Potose, era un Perou,
Autre che semenà de fava
E vendre de bouchet de flou.
Lou ladronissi, non es ch' un vissi
Che vou pourta a la perdission.
En esto monde, ca poù esconde,
En l'autre li ha la dannassion
Se caucun cres d' ave rason
En l'errour si confonde !" *(bis).*

which we may render—

THE MILKMAIDS OF NICE.

"The maids of each campagna,
All around this pleasant land
Of the Rai, the Var, the Sagna,
To make good tartlets understand !
At St. Helena,
La Madalena.
At Drap and Cantaron
They have wells and a machine,
The water close is seen ;
For value it won't fail
When they mix it in the pail,
Nor shall it go to ruin I ween. *(twice.)*

While lasts this wretched wrong,
'Tis Potosi and Peru !
Besides sowing beans along
And selling flowers to you.
Still knavery is villany

Which brings one to perdition ;
In world below, oft hid we know,
In the next sad condemnation,
For those who think that wrong is right
There's ceaseless consternation."

The climate of Villa Franca is described as being very mild, perfectly sheltered from the mistral it dreads not the terrible dust-clouds which hang over Cannes and Nice when this fierce wind blows. The winter temperature is more elevated also than that of Nice. It seems strange that its inhabitants do not more vigorously endeavour to attract the invalid floating population of the health haunts of the Riviera.

If some suitable villas were to be erected amid these luxuriant orange and olive groves, where the date palm grows so luxuriantly, because it is so sheltered ; and if a good hotel were to receive the foreign guests, and an English church were to be built after a time, Villa Franca, which has so many advantages, would ultimately become a favoured station.

The railway now brings passengers and traffic to its doors. The constant proximity of the ships of war would interest many ; the facilities for boating and fishing in this beautiful little harbour must prove a great boon ; the excursions which can be taken by donkey rides over the hills, or by voiture to Nice and other places, all unite to render the old town, if it were drained and cleansed properly, a superior sanatorium in some respects to other places along the Riviera.

When the wind blows from the south, great rolling waves sweep in the harbour, and burst upon the quays of the old town ; still the south wind can bring no dust to Villa Franca. In olden days, the royal galleys of the Duke of Savoy used to anchor here, and guard the coast from the fierce Saracen onslaught. For a time the Russian flag floated, and now the French tricolor has replaced the banner of Sardinia.

CHAPTER LII.

THUNNY FISHING.

" Ai vist la roso adematin
Tout bello e fresco espandido
De—vèspre, l'ai visto passido !
En aqueste mounde es ansin :
Tout pren fin.

E sènt encaro bon la roso quand èi morto.
O Crestian, quand la mort t'emporto,
Tu peréu laisses apres tu
Lou dous prefum de ti vertu." [1]

—*Roumanille.*

THUS beautifully, in his own loved Provençal, writes my friend, Joseph Roumanille, sweet felibre of Avignon's ancient city, washed by the mighty Rhone.

We cannot wonder that all Provençals should love their grand old language, and should vigorously protest against the indignity of naming it a patois. But it especially irritates the

[1] " I have seen the morning rose
So fair and fresh its hues disclose.
Withered at eve, its petals close !
In this world ever so,
All to their ending go.

And as the rose, when dead, breathes odour sweet,
O Christian, when death's escort thou shalt meet,
Thy holy life its perfume sweet will leave,
And fragrant odours to thy mourners give."

real Provençal when he sees a southern attempting to imitate the accent of the northern French, or speaking French even without necessity. Then he turns away with disdain and calls such *Franciñot*.

The French beyond the Loire, on the contrary, he denominates as speaking French as their mother tongue *Franchiman*, a name derived from the Germanic or Tudesque *Franch-man*—French man.

The great difficulty of learning the Provençal is the great number of dialects into which it is divided. The Provençal spoken in the county of Nice is substantially the same as that spoken at Cannes. The dialect of Monaco approaches more to that of the Genoese, which may be accounted for by the constant maritime relations between La Superba and the old town of the rock.

Again, the dialect used along the Bay of Mentoni, from Roquebrune perched on flinty heights, with its ancient vaulted houses, some of which crowning the crags are said to have slipped away, descending towards the sea, until brought up by a root of broom, which fortunately intervened, to the torrent St. Louis, the frontier of Italy and France; this dialect spoken at St. Agnes, Castelar, Gorbio, Cabrol, and Monti, etc., as well as at Mentoni, has certain affinities with the Genoese dialect,[1] but it also resembles the Niçois dialect.[2]

Strange to say, it is all but impossible to procure a dictionary of any of the Provençal languages. In the year 1863 I published my "Handbook to the Modern Provençal Language, spoken in Piedmont and South of France,"[3] there being

[1] The Genoese *scara*, a staircase, answers to the Mentonese *scaa*.

[2] The word for night is *nuec* in Niçois and Mentonese. *Vent* is wind in Mentonese and Niçois, as well as in French.

[3] Published by J. Russell Smith, 36 Soho Square.

absolutely no grammar published of the Provençal except a little *brochure*, now become very rare, by the Abbè Miceu. I am glad to see that M. Bruyn Andrews has published, last year, an "Essai de Grammaire du Dialect Mentonais," which can be purchased at Cannes or Nice.

In the modern Greek language they have adopted a carefully polished, elaborately purified grammar. They have rescued it from the patois spoken in the Levant, and have swept away the rust and rubbish and weeds which covered densely the tongue in which Demosthenes pictured the clanking chains of advancing Macedonian tyrant as he thrilled the hearts of the assembled Athenians with his war-cry—"Let us march against Philip; let us conquer or die;" and yet although the grammar and the tongue are purified, still there are scarcely any modern poets to sweep the attic harp; there is the language, but the literature seems dead. It is exactly the reverse with the Provençal.

There has leaped into life a goodly array of Provençal poets within the last half century. The works of Roumanille, Mistral, Anselme, Matthieu, Aubanel, Buonaparte Wyse, Reboul, Jasmin, besides hundreds of other *Felibres*, have refined, have polished the language; but there still exists the want of a comprehensive dictionary of all the Provençal dialects and languages, although my friend the Chevalier Frederic Mistral will, ere long, supply this want by the publication of his great dictionary in two volumes, which has been retarded by the Franco-German war; and Felix Piat, who is remarkable as a Parisian for his devotion to the Provençal, has, as he informed me at Cannes, likewise a Provençal dictionary upon the anvil. In acquiring a knowledge of the Provençal dialects, more than twenty years ago, I found almost insuperable difficulties from these above-mentioned facts. No grammar, no dictionary, no

vocabulary, no recognised standard of the language. Strange to say, even many of those who spoke Provençal fluently, being unable to read it so as to understand it, although educated men, able to read French.

The *Armana Prouvençau*, which is a very interesting Provençal annual, edited by my friend Joseph Roumanille, Felibre of Avignon, has already done good service in refining the language. The poems and tales contained therein are some of them of much merit.

The following sweet little poem, written by A. Glaize in the dialect of Montpelier, is very touching :—

DAISY.

In heaven above, the sun to rest had gone,
Robed with the kingly purple on his throne ;
Across the fields and lonely path we go,
Our faces pale, our eyes suffused with woe.

A breath of peace sighed through the evening air,
Each aged tree raised high its leafy stair ;
O'er our white robes its branches waved high,
And with its wings caress, the summer wind did sigh.

To see us pass along, the jessamine
Bent down its head longside the purpling vine ;
And all along the path each daisy white,
With tender murmur, whispered out, Good night !

Adieu, oh, sister dear ! sweet flower, farewell !
Thou leavest us, in Heaven above to dwell ;
Transplanted from the olive shaded sod,
Thou bloomest fair in paradise of God !

I am at present very desirous to succeed in publishing Colonel Trenca's translation of the Gospel of St. John in the Mentonese dialect, which is admirably ren-

dered, and will then give to thousands of Mentonese Provençals the opportunity of reading the glad story of the love of Jesus in their own dialect. It is strange that any should think that a Provençal-speaking peasant can be satisfied with a French Testament, printed in a language of which he knows perhaps but a few phrases correctly. Whereas, even if he cannot read, some one of his friends can do so; and thus thousands will take delight in listening, upon the long winter nights, as they gather round the hearth, to the Word of God.

There is a Mentonese *cansan*, or song, written by *Sciu*—Monsieur Tonino de Brea—given by M. Bruyn Andrews, which I shall translate for the benefit of those who may not know the dialect:—

A MI SOCH ME FA!

"Che r' aiga d' a marina
Sia doussa o salina,
A mi soch me fa!
Su belo consola,
Su belo, su belo consola (*bis*).

Che trone o che lampe,
Che piove su re rampe,
A mi soch me fa!

Che faghe caud o freï
Su o poant de Careï,
A mi soch me fa!

Che me crouan ru seglie
Che perde u me cabeglie;
A mi soch me fa!

Che a mia philosophia
Semeglia una folia,
A mi soch me fa!"

WHAT MATTERS IT TO ME!

"Whether the water of the sea
Fresh or salt perchance may be,
What matters it to me!
For I shall happy be--
For I shall happy—happy be! (*bis.*)

The thunders roar—the lightnings gleam,
And rains pour down in rapid stream,
What matters it to me!
For I shall happy be—
For I shall happy—happy be!

Whether it hot or cold may be,
Upon the bridge of Carei,[1]
What matters it to me! etc.

My eye-lashes may drop away,
My hair upon my head not stay,
What matters it to me! etc.

Whether in this philosophy
Traces of folly you may see,
What matters it to me!
For I shall happy be!
For I shall happy—happy be!" (*bis.*)

Besides the anchovy fishing which we have already spoken of as belonging to the mouth of the Var, there is a celebrated fishing-station, in April, May, June, at Saint Hospice, where upon one occasion no less than 4000 thunny fish were captured in the *madrague*—many of these weighing 60 or 66 lbs. The tunny fishing is very singular.

At the mouth of the creek the thunny net is moored to strong stakes on the shore, that it may not be swept away by

[1] The Pont de Carei crosses over the torrent of the same name, which, when swollen by the rains and snows, winds along, a trickling stream, amid beds of gravel. It is bordered by fine old plane trees, and girt on each side by orange and citron covered cliffs. It runs into the Mediterranean, being crossed at its mouth by the suspension bridge, or *poant* de Carei.

the enormous pressure of the shoal of fish. The other end is carried out seawards—first of all, as it is technically termed, *lis espan de la grand maio*, or nets of large meshes; then *lis ourdre mendre*, or those of smaller meshes; and then finer meshes still, in which the smaller fish which fly before the thunnys are captured.

The great enclosure, which sinks in the waters like some labyrinth of winding passages, is moored either by anchors or by heavy stones termed *bando*, and floated above by pieces of cork.[1]

The watchers line the cliffs 'neath the shade of the caroubia trees, and the appearance is eagerly awaited of the azure bank of fish, which swim rapidly along in a triangular cohort, *pèr ordre apignela*, to use the expressive term of the Provençal fishermen, or like to the setting of the pine-tree cones. In a moment the cry is heard, "*D'aut! D'aut! revihas vous, patroun e mossi! embarcas vous!*" (Up! up! wake up, captain and men! into your boats!) And out they sweep from the shore, clad with blue jackets, which have not even a single button, but are fastened with thongs; for as Mistral, in his grand epic, says—

> "Car, un boutoun que s'agantesse,
> Pourrie se faire qu' empourtesse
> L'ome au founs de la mar, quan jito soun fielat!"

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[1] The *mandrague* is also termed *tonnaro*, and a large one costs a great deal to keep in repair, as storms often do great injury to the net, and a license tax has to be paid for permission to work it. Oftentimes also, when a *Verdoun*, or shark, becomes entangled in the nets, he carries away a large portion of it if he succeed in escaping. A boat generally floats over the inner chamber of the *mandrague*, with a man stationed in it to telegraph, by means of flags, should the tunnies enter it. The moment the signal is given the waters are covered with small boats, flashing their oars like lightning as they haste towards the net. The tunny is cut into pieces, and preserved in oil. Quantities are exported, and a great amount of it is exposed for sale in wooden pails in the quaint old shops of the narrow streets of the southern shore.

"For the button which is caught,
To the ocean depths has brought
The seaman casting nets down below."

Red Catalan bonnetos guarding their heads from the sun's rays, sashes round their waists, and huge trousers—or *li grand braio*, as they call them—beneath, the men rest on their oars, and watch the army of thunnies rushing on into the different chambers of the floating net, driving before them the terrified shoals of smaller fish, which dash themselves against the pine-shaded rocks in their mad efforts to escape.

Then the fishermen encircle the net, now a swarming mass of life—the agitated thunnies plunge in the contracting circles of the coils around them, dashing up the salt sea foam in their impetuous dartings to and fro. *Lou corpo*, or the pocket of the net, is now hauled on by ropes, and then the boats close in, and the men strike their prey with harpoons, tridents, winged lances fastened with cords, called *lou foume;* and now the flashing emerald and ruby colours become tinged with blood, and the boats are filled with the struggling fish, while still with hatchets and oars, and boat stretchers and tillers, the encircling fishermen aid the efforts of the lance throwers and hurlers of the trident to capture the thunnies; while the net is still dragged upon, and at last captured, by nervous arms—the fish are hurled in, and the great shoal are prisoners.

The old Greeks who founded Marseilles have left many traces of their language in the vernacular of the fishermen along the coast. Capstan is *argue*, evidently the Greek ἔργον. Nail is *bletoun*; Greek, βλῆτρον. *Brefounié*, which means the roar of the storm, or stormy weather, is the Greek βαρυφωνία. *Cala*, to cast into the sea, χαλᾶν; *Calamo*, calm or rest, or relaxing, χάλασμα. *Cau* is cable, and is derived from κᾶλως. *Escaume*, thole-pin, σκαλμὸς; the cord which binds the oar to

the thole-pin, *Estrop*— Greek, στρόφος. *Gangui*, net, is γαγγάμη. *Madrago*, great fishing enclosure net, is μάνδρα; *nau*, a ship, ναυς. A sand island, in Provençal *tes*, is in Greek θις; *bourgin*, a net, βροχις. *Eissaugo* is both a drag-net and also a fishing-boat, which draws it along in the sea, from the Greek σαγήνη. The Roman fishermen called it *Verriculum*, from *verro*, to sweep (the depths of the sea).[1]

[1] The word σαγήνη occurs in the Gospel of St. Matthew xiv. 47-51: "Again the kingdom of heaven is like unto a net (a sweeping net, dragged along) that was cast into the sea, *and gathered of every kind*: which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away. So shall it be at the end of the world: the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

CHAPTER LIII.

THE WICKED HOST.

"Dins lou ceu—lou soulieu couchant li nivoulas,
Trounavo coume un rei dins la sedo pourpalo ;
Per li draiou risent, a traves li pradas,
Anavian, lis iue plen de plour, la caro palo."

—*A. Glaize.*

You must know that the fairy king, with Carle and Jan, his treasurer and chancellor, sometimes wanders through the olive woods of the Maritime Alps in order to see how matters are going on.

One evening they had entered into a lonely auberge to take their supper, and when they had finished the fairy king said to Jan, his treasurer,

"Pago, Jan !"[1]

"N'ai pa 'n sou,"[2] said Treasurer Jan.

"Pago, Carle," then cried he.

"I have not a sou," replied poor Carle.

Then the king put his hand into his pocket, and took out a beautiful purse full of *louvidor*.[3] He paid one to the host, and then the three went their way—disappearing through the olive trees and fig trees which grew around the lonely auberge.

[1] Pay, John. [2] I have not a sou. [3] *Louis d'ors.*

My friend Roumanille is responsible for this legend, of which we may say, *si non e vero e ben trovato*.

Scarcely had they been hidden from sight when the host said to his wife,

"As vist aquelo bourso? Oh, aquelo bello bourso, oh, queto bello bourso! Rèn que louvidor, de louvidor en or! Se i' anave leva?"[1]

"Diéu t' en garde, miserable!"[2] replied his wife, trembling.

"Ah, well, don't you mind, wife. Aquel or trelusènt me fai boumbi lou sang.[3] I go to stop them, and then in a few moments, do you see, wife, *nosto fourtuna es facho!*—our fortune is made!"

With this observation the wicked host took a short cut, and ran as fast as he could to the place where the roads crossed, and as the fairy king came up, attended by his two companions, the host, with his knife in his hand, leaped forth, and with a loud voice cried out—

"*Arrestas! la bourso o la vida!*"—Halt! your purse or your life!"

But lo! in one moment the fairy king touched him with his hand and changed him into a large black donkey. In one moment he found himself transmuted into a haltered, shaggy, black donkey, with a saddle on his back.

"Go on!" said the fairy king—and the black, shaggy, haltered donkey did go on, and the king, Carle, and Jan, each mounted him in turn when they felt tired.

It was towards morning when a poor miller, bearing a large sack of wheat, came towards them, looking very tired and weary, for the load hurt his back very much.

"Mai paure ome, pecaire! But, poor fellow, alas! why do

[1] Hast thou seen that purse? Oh, that fair purse, oh, that fine purse! Nothing but louis d'ors—louis d'ors in gold. If I had only stolen it.

[2] May God preserve from doing so, miserable man!

[3] That shining gold has made my blood run mad.

you thus weary yourself carrying that great sack? Why don't you buy a donkey to bear it for you, and not hurt your back like that?"

"Certo," replied the poor miller; "avès proun resoun—truly, you are quite right. Mai, coume voulès faire; but what are you to do, quand avès ges d'argènt, when you have no money?"

"Would you wish, brave man, that I should lend you this donkey of mine?"

The miller put his sack down, looked approvingly at the black donkey, who pricked up his ears.

"Well, sir," he replied, "he is a fine animal, no doubt of it; but you would charge too much for his hire perhaps, and I am a very poor man"—and he gave a deep sigh.

"Vous lou lougaren pèr set an,"[1] said the fairy king. "Every day you must put a sou into a purse, and at the end of the seven years you shall pay me that amount, and then we shall be quits."

"Poudes pas estre mai resounable, moussu."[2]

"But look you," cried the fairy king; "I must warn you of one thing. This donkey eats nothing. He is nourished altogether by the eyes. Every time, then, that he brays, just take your stick and lay it well upon him. N'es pas besoun d'autro pitançe."[3]

"Aco sufis, brave ome"—that's enough, good sir—cried the

[1] I will hire him to you for seven years.

[2] You could not be more reasonable, sir.

[3] You have no need of other provisions. The word *pitanso* means in the Languedocian Provençal, literally, meat eaten with bread. The word *Pitansa*, or *coumpaneja*, means to eat much bread with a little meat; and the word *Pitancie* means the office of a religious, who in the monastery is appointed to distribute the meat, bread, etc., at the repast. Hence is derived our word *Pittance*.

miller; and, plucking his beard, he went off gaily, leading the black donkey and singing—

"*Pacho,*
Facho,
Cènt escut per la desfacho!"[1]

and so he led him to his mill.

But ah! poor donkey, what a seven years' time you had of it! Every moment that you opened your mouth to bray—to denote how hungry you were—that self-same instant the miller took his stick and laid it upon your shoulders.

At last the seven years had expired, and the fairy king, true to his compact, came to the mill to claim his donkey from the miller, who had become now very comfortable, because that the services of his steed cost him nothing, while he laboured very hard for him.

"I have come to look for my black donkey," said the fairy king, "and also to receive the amount of his hire."

"Moun bon rèn de plus juste, my good sir, nothing can be more just," replied the miller, and with that he paid *sus l' ounglo* down on the nail, the sum which he had agreed to. The fairy king, accompanied by Carle and Jan, walked away with the black donkey, and arrived at last at the *aubergo*, where they had supped on that memorable evening.

The hostess was standing at the door, under the shade of the great gnarled fig-tree, which spread its long branches all around. The place looked deserted and neglected, she seemed to wonder almost at any one coming to halt at her aubergo—the very dog at the door was scarcely disposed to wag his tail. It was evident that things were not going on well there.

[1] The bargain's made—
A hundred crowns if 'tis betrayed.

"Bonjour, la fremo!" cried the fairy king, belèu nous conneisses plus? Es nous-àutri que passerian, i' a sèt an—vous rapelas pas? Mememen qu'en sourtènt, a la crousiero nous arrestèron![1]

The poor *oustesso* (hostess) began to cry. "Ha," she said, "is it you, *vous doune lou bon vèspre*—may you be given a fine evening; but ah, brave sirs, since the very evening that you stopped for supper *eici dins moun louyis* here in my house, seven years ago, I have known nothing but misfortune. Scarcely any one ever comes to my aubergo now; *moun ome*, my man too has disappeared."

"*Voste ome*, your husband," said the fairy king, "*es aqui sus la porto*, is there outside the gate."

The *oustesso* ran out and leaped into the arms of her husband, to whom the fairy king had restored his proper form again.

Then the fairy king advanced and said to the host—

"Eh! ben, te servira la leiçoun que t'ai douna? Saras bravo aro?[2]

"Oh sir," he cried, "forgive me! forgive me!"—*perdounas—me—perdounas—me!*"

"Here, take this purse—it is," said the fairy king, "the money which you have earned during your seven years of penance, and, hark you, see that you make good use of it; for to gain money that will prosper with you, you must work for it, and not rob it." And so saying, the fairy king, with Jan and Carle, walked away through the olive woods.

[1] Good day, good wife; perhaps you don't know us. It is we who passed seven years ago—you don't remember? Even that, in our going away, they stopped us at the cross.

[2] Well, will this lesson serve you which I have given you? Will you be well conducted again?

CHAPTER LIV.

HORORRS OF MONTE CARLO.

"Durbènt vosto gento fenèstro
Madamisello, lou matin
Escoutas la cansoun campèstro
Dis aucèu de voste jardin."
Teodor Aubanel.

I HAVE never seen Monaco with its titanic, bare, sun-bleached mountain rising behind its old palace, and its fortressed mouldering walls with aloes growing alongside, and tartanes with huge-spliced yards rising high in air, moored in the blue Mediterranean that laves its ancient promontory mistral beaten. I have never seen this bare, barren reef-like ridge of mountains without feeling that they were emblematical of the desolation which the plague-spot at Monte Carlo had brought upon its fair peninsula.

"Son Monaco sopra un scoglio
Non semino e non raccoglio,
E pur mangiare voglio!"[1]

The old motto of the Grimaldis territory seems to have received a verification more sadly true in the last few years, since the gambling-house at Monte Carlo, kept by the *sociètè anonyme des Bains de Mer de Monaco*, has sprung into baleful existence.

[1] Monaco I upon the reef
I sow not, gather not one sheaf,
Yet eat I must to find relief.

Honoré V., sovereign prince of Roquebruno, Monaco, and Mentoni, had deeply studied the science of taxation. Living himself at Paris, he made one Monsieur Chappan his chancellor, and gave him the exclusive right of importing wheat into the three towns. He also gave him the sole privilege of grinding corn through his territory.

Chappan used to import the refuse grain of Genoa and Marseilles, and would make very inferior bread, which, notwithstanding, all the prince's subjects were bound to eat. The English traveller would have to leave at the entrance of Monaco the bread that was made at Nice.

The poor pedestrian from Ventimiglia must carefully give up any stray crusts that his knapsack might afford. Woe betide the Tartane, whose patron had allowed a scrap of foreign bread to linger on board, ere she dropped anchor inside the fort. His ship was confiscated; and if the bakers did not deem the consumption of bread sufficient for each family, as shown upon their weekly registers, the carbineers paid a domiciliary visit to the unfortunate habitations, and, fining and confining, punished the want of appetite of the inhabitants thereof.

Every head of cattle was pompously registered upon stamped paper, and when it died a judicial process had to be gone through by the aforesaid officials, lest it should be supposed that the hapless family had surreptitiously eaten it, to the great detriment of the prince of the three towns.

To Honoré V. succeeded Florestan, who abolished the exclusive right of wheat and bread; but still the other obnoxious customs of the *douane* were maintained. And at last, on the memorable 21st March, 1848, Mentoni declared itself free, as also did Roquebruno. A new flag was devised for their fishing-boats, and the local coasters hauled it to the peak with loud vivas.

About the year that I first knew Monaco, which still continued faithful to its prince, he made an ineffective effort to recover his lapsed towns.

A carriage-and-four dashed into Mentoni containing Prince Florestan. His friends rallied round it. Several women were hired to cry, "Viva, viva!" but the Sardinian carbineers came forward and politely conducted the prince outside Mentoni, and he drove away to Monaco. At the annexation of the charming county of Nice, France gave four millions of francs for Mentoni and Roquebruno.

The Grimaldi race were all extravagant. One of them, when made Ambassador of France to Rome, used to have his carriage horses shod with silver shoes, each attached by a single nail, to show how indifferent he was to the loss of such a trifle.

But the crowning disaster of Monaco was when the present prince sold his rights to M. le Blanc, and when thus Monte Carlo became the centre of ruin to thousands. How strange that a great nation like France consents to this plague-spot demoralising the whole of the beauteous Riviera—this ghastly *tete de chien*, with barren-blighted brow, looking down over the sun-burnt earth watered with the frequent blood of suicides ruined at play in the saloon beneath.

But, stranger still, how any calling themselves Christians, can go to the promenade to hear the music of Monte Carlo, can content themselves with saying, we never gamble—never care to do so. It is well known that hundreds have gone to merely see the gambling table and mark the distorted, agitated faces of the losers or winners who have ended by losing their all, and many of them rushing as suicides into the dread presence of their God.

The Bishop of Gibraltar, I was glad to perceive, had the Christian courage to issue a pastoral to be read in the English

Churches of the Riviera directed against Monte Carlo, and pointing out the danger and sin of even sanctioning such a scene of temptation and guilt by one's presence, under any pretext whatever.

The Rev. Mourant Brock, M.A., the so well known minister of Christ Church, Mentoni, has battled against this dread evil for years with voice and pen. In Nice, a publication is brought out by M. Smyers called *Le Suicide*. M. Smyers is Redacteur au Journal de Nice,[1] and speaks out with great force against the iniquitous proceedings of the nest of gamblers at Monte Carlo. "What can you use for a horse but a curry comb!" he truly observes.

The journals at Nice are supposed to be nearly all under the influence of M. Blanc—the sad suicides are either completely ignored, or else spoken of in the lightest manner. "In twenty-two months," writes a British chaplain, "ending with February of 1875, a total of twelve suicides is directly traceable to Monte Carlo; another person who attempted his own life recovered. I pass over one who had destroyed every vestige of identity, the name on his linen included; of course there are others of which we know nothing."

Since this, during last winter and spring, I myself counted five suicides recorded as having taken place at Monte Carlo. Poison, precipitation from a rock, severing the head by placing the neck on the rail, hanging, shooting one's self, such are some of the means adopted by those unfortunates to destroy themselves. And I hesitate not to affirm that those persons who go to Monte Carlo merely to enjoy the music, or to see the place, are more or less responsible in the sight of God for such an ever-increasing catalogue of horrors.

I would entreat any reader of this book, who may be waver

[1] Rue du Paillon. Maison Simon, Nice.

ing about going to Monte Carlo, to give up the intention of so doing.

A commercial traveller for a Paris house, coming on business to Mentoni, went to Monaco. As usual, he just merely put down a five franc piece—his own money first went—then his employer's money followed—and, at the age of thirty, pistol in clenched hand, he was by his own act sent into eternity.

A French gentleman, who with his wife was stopping in Monaco, purchased a parasol for her which she greatly admired, and that evening he laughingly said, "I will repay myself the two Napoleons which it cost me." At Monte Carlo he accordingly laid down five francs, and departed having that very evening lost twenty thousand pounds.

A German, living in England, had made in business £15,000. Upon his first visit to Monaco, he lost £5000. He paid three visits there in order to retrieve his loss; and, finally, every farthing he had in the world was swept away from him. Having returned to London, he committed forgery, and again tried his fortune at the Monte Carlo table. Returning to Nice one night, he was arrested by a detective furnished with a Lord Mayor's warrant.[1]

The last testimony of one who killed himself, traced with dying hand on a sheet of paper, ran thus—"Monaco, thou wilt yet slay many others."

[1] "The Gambling House at Monte Carlo, Monaco, by a British Chaplain." Nice: Eug Fleurdelys, 5 Avenue de la Gare. 1876.

CHAPTER LV.

THE DYING STUDENT.

Great pleasure, O my Lord, and great desire
Have I, to stand before Thy throne divine,
Where peace and pardon are for ever mine
Through Jesus' merits, which all hope inspire.
And oh! what joy to hear the heavenly choir,
And trumpet sounding for the sleeping dead,
And list these accents, from the Judge outsaid,
Which woe for those and bliss for those require.
For thus, with earnest hope, dear Lord, I sigh—
For written plain upon his pallid brow
Will each one bear the thoughts which hidden lie,
Coiling like serpents round his heart-strings now!
Then on my brow a lettered scroll will tell—
Thy love has sought me and will guard me well!

Fra Guitone—The Knight of St. Mary.

THE room was almost oppressive in its sultry atmosphere, and it was with some difficulty that, coming out of the narrow dark *carriera*, or street—whose antique houses almost touched each other as they bowed forward as though saluting one another—one could at first discern that upon the bed, near the old fire-place, with its huge iron chenêts, or fire-dogs, a young man was lying with his face turned towards the door.

The face—of a snow-white pallor, save when a deep hectic spot glowed upon each cheek—was greatly emaciated; the eyes were lustrous and singularly brilliant; the brown curling hair

of rich silken growth clustered round the broad, intellectual brow; and the worn hand played listlessly with a flower—a crimson rose—that lay upon the quilt.

There is something indescribably affecting in visiting one who is ill unto death, when far from their own fatherland.

The weary alternations of hope and gloom, as the capricious disease assumes varying forms; the strange faces round the bed; the longing for the old home and the loved ones. Truly, it is above all important that at such a season there should be provided for the invalid the kind attendance of the chaplain, who may enter into the chamber of sorrow and tell the glad story of the love of the Crucified One towards the poor weary, afflicted, tempted sufferer.

The old clergyman stood at the bedside and looked down upon the poor, thin, worn face that met his view. He did not say a word, but took a chair, and then held the emaciated hand in his. It was hot and feverish—the blue veins clearly visible in the pale wrist and slender hand. It was evidently not the first visit that he had paid to the sufferer.

"Not much better, as you may perceive," said the sufferer, in a low musical voice, and a sort of half sad, half indifferent smile rose across his lips.

"You doubtless have felt," he resumed, after a short pause, "how, at times, like the refrain of some old melody, some particular verse or sentence will linger in the mind, and you cannot get rid of it. Now, all last night these words were ringing in my brain—'There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.' I looked it out this morning, it is in the sixteenth of Proverbs"—and he pointed out the passage—"and it occurs also in the fourteenth chapter. I have tried that way, and now I see the grim old conqueror, death, fast approaching. Do you remember Pin-

dar's words?—they are golden ones. I have often mused upon them at Trinity—'Αι φροντιδες δευτεραι σοφωτεραι'—'Second thoughts are wiser.' Oh, if I had only listened to these *Phrontides deuterai*, I should not be lying here, a miserable, despicable wretch as I am."

The old clergyman lay back in his chair and did not reply. It may be that he thought it better to allow the excited student to relieve his mind by thus pouring forth self-reproaches.

> "Just such the wretch, who on the wreck
> That drove, when winds could blow it,
> Hapless, had left the shattered deck,
> To find a grave below it.
> Then 'Land' was cried—so more resigned,
> He glowed with joy to hear it—
> How great the anguish of his mind—
> The wreck must sink ere near it."

"Ah!" he cried, "these words are my photograph. When I came to Nice, troubled with this harsh cough, and when I was over-persuaded by that acquaintance, whom I met at the *table d'hote*, to come across to Monte Carlo, just merely to hear the music—little I thought then that the five franc piece which he induced me to lay down upon the table would have proved my utter ruin. Lost—lost—lost!"—and the dying student turned his pale face to the wall.

"You cannot," he resumed, after a pause of a few minutes, "say more to me than I deserve. Oh, if you knew all my exceeding madness. I had scraped together the means to bring me to Nice and to keep me there until the winter and spring should be over, and, like a mad, infatuated lunatic, I listened to the advice of that false friend whom I met at the *table d'hote*, and came out here, only to listen to the music. 'You need not play,' he whispered, with that treacherous smile of his; 'far better not. Men have often lost, often gained too, at the

table. As for myself, I never play.' That was true enough, for I know now that he was a decoy in the pay of the Societé, to allure poor fools like me to their ruin. And so you can guess the rest. Here I am, ruined—doubly ruined—this day," and the dying man groaned bitterly.

The old clergyman endeavoured to soothe his agitated mind.

"Come," he said, "matters are truly very bad, but we must see what can be done in this case. I, at least if I can help it, won't let you go down without stretching forth a hand to grasp you; but one thing you must promise, that you will never enter a gambling-house, or touch a card, or even billiard cue again."

And then the old man opened up the Book which alone can give consolation to the poor, troubled heart, and read the words of Him who has never yet rejected a poor, weary, broken-hearted one who comes to Him for pardon, comfort, aid.

Some days had passed away, and the dying student was evidently growing weaker.

One all absorbing desire seemed to fill his mind. "I have written," he said, "telling her everything. I have written to my sister, and written all to *her*, too," he cried. "Oh, that I could see them both before I die. You must know, sir," he said, "that I was engaged to one whom I so fondly loved, and to win her, I worked day and night beyond my strength.

"I knew I must break down, but there was a final examination which, if I succeeded in, a bright future opened itself to me. Well, I did more than I ever could have expected. I believe that my success was a matter of congratulation. I know that a great deal was said about it; and the day after I broke down completely.

"I remember having read what Henry Martyn exclaimed when he had won the Senior Wranglership at Cambridge—'I

had succeeded in winning the object of my highest ambition, and was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow.'

"Well, I, too, grasped the shadow, but it was, in my case, I had hoped, only the foreshadowing of future happiness; and now when I think of my mad folly——!"

The wind played with the leaves of the trellised vine, and a sweet perfume of mingled violets and acacias was borne into the room.

A felucca was slowly drifting upon the waters that sparkled with myriad darting sparkles of sunlight, and the red-capped fishermen were lowering a net into the sea, while the old battlements of the aged fortress reflected themselves in the blue Mediterranean, and the soft breeze stole in through the open window, and played with the brown silken curling hair of the dying student.

"I have heard it said," he cried at last, restlessly turning towards his visitor, "that the very expectation of seeing one whom we love, will ward off death until the hour of their arrival. If I could but see her, see Alice, but once again before I die."

It was evening, the sun had sunk to rest behind the distant mountain peaks; a few days had elapsed, and the battle of life against death was still continuing. From an open window the sweet strains of music floated on the ear, and a voice was heard singing accompanying the air.

"We are Zion's pilgrims—our weary way we go,
Looking for the shining City and crystal waters' flow;
We are Zion's pilgrims—we are marching for the light,
Marching for the Saviour's presence, and the blest ones clad in white.

We are Zion's pilgrims—though we bear a weary load,
Still the Saviour travels with us, and cheers us on the road;
We are Zion's pilgrims—the City's full in view,
And the bursts of glorious music roll on us its pearl gates through.

We are Zion's pilgrims—we have loved ones above;
They are living in the sunshine of Jesus' tender love,
We are Zion's pilgrims—all on earth we see below,
We count it but as dross for the joy for which we go.

We are Zion's pilgrims—mounting ever higher, higher,
Keeping side by side together for the bliss of heaven's choir,
We are Zion's pilgrims—soon we'll end our doubts and fears,
As we feel the hand of Jesus wipe away our bitter tears.

We are Zion's pilgrims—soon our weary feet shall stand,
And our weary voices ring among the blood-washed band.
We are Zion's pilgrims—we cry with accents low,
Oh, will you not come with us, for we to Zion go?

We are Zion's pilgrims—there's a welcome sure for thee,
Oh! haste with us to Zion; away from darkness flee!
Thy Father's waiting for thee amid the blessed band,
Who are singing—harps are ringing—haste to Emmanuel's land."

The dying student lay with his thin pale face turned towards the window, and his lustrous, wistful eyes, with tears were dimmed as he drank in the words. It seemed strange, too. Could the singer on that still evening have known that a dying man lay across the narrow street? were these words especially intended for him?

"I was supposed to be dying a few years ago in India," said a friend who had been major in a cavalry corps, and who, a couple of years ago, left the service, and is now a faithful minister of the Gospel in his country rectory; "I was then unconverted, and leading a life of pleasure and forgetfulness of God.

"I remember well all night long, these words were ringing through my brain—'Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting.' Never shall I forget the unutterable horror of that night when I thought I was going, a lost sinner, before my God.

"And I remember, when a few years since, when I had found

peace with God, through faith in His dear Son, how, when I was again thought to be dying, I lay, as it were, in a kind of vision, my spirit seemed to float above my body lying below, and I wondered at seeing my dear wife crying so bitterly for me, for I myself was filled with an unutterable joy. But, then, blessed be God, I had found pardon through the blood of the Lamb."

The sound of wheels rolling along the street at a rapid pace was heard, and then, after a few moments' silence, the door opened, and two ladies entered the room. The poor thin hands were stretched forth, and a wild exultant joy gleamed in the sparkling eyes of the dying man. "At last! at last!" he whispered; and as the sad pale faces were bent down towards him, a sudden change seemed to creep over his face. It became ashen grey. He tried to whisper something. He grasped their hands, and wistfully looked towards each in turn. "Joy! joy!" he whispered, with all his little waning strength. "He has forgiven me," and he looked upwards. He tried to raise himself, and they stooped down with tears fast falling. The last kiss was pressed upon his lips, and a glance of tranquil joy shone in his filmy eyes a moment; then he sank back, and one deep sigh told that the spirit had vanished to the spirit land.

The voice of the singer that had been hushed was heard again; it was a strange mournful melody—

When your warfare all is o'er,
And the victory has been won,
Then with Jesus on the shore,
You'll gather one by one,
At beating of tattoo,
When the last post[1] sounds,
When the trump resounds
O'er land and ocean bounds,
At tattoo!

[1] The last post is the last bugle sound recalling the men at night to their barracks.

CHAPTER LVI.

MENTONE.

"Art thou weary? art thou languid?
Art thou sore distrest?
Come to me,' saith One, 'and coming,
Be at rest!'"
—*Dr. Neale, from the Greek of Stephen the Sabaite.*

MENTONE—that is, Cannes without the Esterelles—Mentone—that is, Cannes, with the mountains pushing forward close to the Mediterranean, and only allowing a narrow band for the hotels and villas to cluster close upon.

Mentone still has its ancient tower—its narrow winding streets—its quaint old market-place, with its fruit-sellers seated 'neath huge coloured umbrellas, and its torrent of the Carrëi trickling into the sea 'neath the bridges spanning its orange-girded stream, up whose banks the current of air sweeps along from the chapel-towered mountain.

I undertook duty for the Rev. Mourant Brock, the so highly esteemed chaplain of the old English church, for two Sundays during his absence. The church itself is a plain, unadorned structure, and comfortable inside, being also well adapted for hearing. It sometimes occurs that, despite all the exertions of the Southern chaplain, his church will either prove too cold or too hot for invalids; and it is, in my opinion, a mistake to imitate in the construction of a church in the south the pre-

valent custom of narrow windows, which for the summer months, no doubt, make the atmosphere cool; but as our English congregations are far away in the summer, they need for the winter the light and heat which wider windows would bestow.

How peculiarly essential it is that the chaplain in a Southern place of winter refuge for invalids should be one who not only is earnestly desirous of endeavouring to point the weary, troubled heart to Jesus, but who also can sympathise with the myriad forms of suffering which he is brought in contact with! How inestimable a boon it is for the invalid to thus possess the unspeakable advantage of the ministration of our scriptural Church of England, and to feel that the chaplain, with kind office of sympathy, is ever ready to bring the glad message of that wondrous love of God which passeth knowledge.

There is a villa on the sea shore as you go towards the Pont St. Louis, with an inscription declaring that this was the first edifice built for the accommodation of strangers during the winter; and not far from it, there is one of the most magnificent olive trees that I have met with in the south. The grand old olive tree of Beaulieu, when last I saw it, seemed to be in rather a precarious state—a great portion had been crashed off by a storm—but this tree was symmetry itself. It stands inside the grounds of a villa on the sea shore—the mountains looming behind, and the blue waters in front. Wonderful, in truth, the tenacity of life in the olive—old trees which seem to be only bark, double together and put forth young saplings!

The Prophet Hosea, in an affecting passage where God speaks of His great love for Israel, or for the repentant sinner, thus exclaims: "In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy. I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; for mine anger

is turned away from him. . . . . His branches shall grow, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree" (Hos. xiv. 3–6).

There is a great beauty in the olive—it grows upon you by degrees. These gnarled trunks—these grey leaves—these white flowers, so delicate, which cluster in June when but a stray English traveller will chance to view them! How beautifully Mrs. Hemans has spoken of the olive in one of the saddest hours of our blessed Redeemer's suffering and dread agony!—

> "But thou, pale olive! in thy branches lie
> Far deeper spells than prophet-grove of old
> Might e'er enshrine. I could not hear thee sigh
> To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold
> One shiver of thy leaves' dim silvery green,
> Without sad thoughts and solemn of that scene,
> When, in the garden, the Redeemer prayed—
> When pale stars looked upon His fainting head,
> And angels, ministering in silent dread,
> Trembled, perchance, within thy trembling shade."

The olive was anciently said to spread its roots far and wide, so that in Athens nine feet was the law-prescribed distance between it and another proprietor's ground.[1] There is a pier in course of erection at Mentone, which will form a shelter for its feluccas and square-sail schooners, as also for its fishing-boats. A heavy sea rolls in upon the strand at times; for there are no propitiously-placed islands—such as

[1] Loudon mentions that some olive trees, trained against a wall and protected against frost, produced a crop of berries in 1719 in Camden House, Kensington; and that in Devonshire some olive trees have stood the winter for many years as standards, though without ripening their fruit. It would be well worthy the experiment of importing from Cannes or Nice some well advanced olive plants, and trying to acclimatize them to the south of England or Ireland. The Eucalyptus has recently been successfully grown in a sheltered spot in the Isle of Wight. This tree would prove of essential service in restraining fever. It has already been effectual in the Campagna at Rome.

St. Marguerite and St. Honorat—to break the fury of the Mediterranean waves.

The dialect of Mentone differs much from those of Nice and Cannes, which approach Mentone along the shore of the Riviera, until they are stopped by the rising up at Monaco of another dialect, which is almost the same as that of Genoa, and which similarly arises from the intimate relationship that subsisted between Monaco and Genoa. On the north of Mentoni, among the mountains, the Nice dialect comes in again, mixed with the Piedmontese dialect; and towards Genoa it may be described as Mentonese melting rapidly into Genoese.

A local proverb—

"Ne per Magio, ne per Magiàn,
Non te leva o pelicàn."

Neither for May, nor for warmest May,
Your winter coat should you take away,

may perhaps be useful.

"Se Febraro non febregia,
Mars marsegia."

If February be not cold,
March will pierce the young and old.

Another—

"A volp voe che Setembre,
Anghessa 366 giorne."

The fox would wish
September days 366.

—in allusion to the chase being legal after that month.

The reader may like to see a Mentonese song, the original of which I have extracted from M. J. Bruyn Andrews' "*Essai de Grammaire du Dialecte Mentonais*," a useful little work, and to which I shall append a translation.

OH, SABÈ! BELA SABÈ!

"Oh, Sabè! bela Sabè!
V' invio a ra noassa.
A e noasse non vago pa
Anerai a ra dansa.
Se a ra dansa vo venè
Viestevo tota in bianca.

Ra bela s' en va viesti
D' una coro ciarmanta:
Se ro blu va ben,
O verd ha ra speranza.
A o primo cou de tambour
A bela intra in dansa,
A o segond cou de tambour
A bela tomba moarta!

Oh, Sabè! bela Sabè!
Vourè mori per foarza?
Per foarza non moaro pa
Moaro per' amo voastra!
Se per a mia vo morè
Mi moaro per a voastra!
Se ranca o seu cotè
E s' o pianta ent 'a coasta."[1]

OH, ISABEL! FAIR ISABEL!

Oh, Isabel! fair Isabel!
Dost hear the sound of the wedding bell?
At wedding now I ne'er can be,
But at the dance I'll dance merrily.
Then if to the dance you come to-night,
Array thy form in sunny white.

The maiden fair first hastes away
To deck herself that very day:
If fair she looked in robe of blue,
Thrice fairer now in azure hue.
At the first roll of startling drum,
Into the dance all see her come;
At second roll of yon drum so dread,
They see the maiden fall down dead!

[1] *Coasta*, side; origin of our word coast.

"Oh, Isabel! fair Isabel!
Who did this deed 'fore all men tell!"
"Alas! none did this deed to me—
I die—I die for love to thee!"
"Then if you died for love of me,
Soon will I die for love of thee!"
He bent, he fell, close by her side—
Kissed her cold lips, and gently died.

I have altered the manner of his end, which is more dismal in the original, as he dies by his own poniard. Who would expect such a mournful refrain on the sunny shore of Mentone!

The first time that I saw Mentone was in 1855, and still I have a vivid recollection of the pleasant little hotel, but, alas, a very doleful one, of the serenade of frogs which lasted through the night. It has wonderfully changed since that period; then it was almost unknown to English and American health-seekers; now it has become an English colony. Sheltered from the northern winds by the lofty mountains, whose peaks, crowned with winter snows, fringe the view. From among the lower heights, shaded by orange and lemon groves, and gnarled olives, one graceful mountain advances, as it were, insensibly into the sea, and expires gently at the base of the ancient fort.

Upon this promontory, issuing from the blue waters, the old Mentone town mirrors itself in the deep, with two curving bays at either side like a hawk's wings, and villas dotting the shore line with gardens filled with rare flowers and shrubs.

My first night at Mentone was memorable for a pleasant stroll along the corso, shaded by noble plantain trees, and fringed by mountain peaks, rising with many a glorious shade of richest purpling colours against the evening sky. The still waters slumbered on the shore, and from the distant feluccas glimmering lights were seen, while from the belfry of St. Michel the silvery bells rang forth.

The citron grows abundantly int his favoured region, whereas

in Cannes, it only occurs occasionally, more frequently at Nice, and still more so at Monaco; but Mentone seems its favoured abode. Forty millions of this fruit form an average yearly crop.

Paul Joanne tells us that such is the fertility of the soil here that, upon one occasion, a stranger coming to pay a visit to a Mentonese stuck his cane into the ground, and when going away forgot it. Some days afterwards he went to reclaim it, but what was his amazement to find that his cane was already putting forth leaves and young branches. This little tree, which has grown considerably since, he tells us, is to be seen still in the Rue Saint Michel.

The same writer states that the *Verdami*, or summer citrons, the only species which endures a long voyage, gives to Mentone a marked advantage over Sicily, and almost all other lemon-producing countries. The citron harvest lasts at Mentone from the 1st of January to the 31st of December. Women bear down large baskets filled with the fruit, stepping down the rock stairs cut in the mountain side, or composed of huge stones, difficult enough to descend without such a load borne upon the head, when deposited in the magazines near the port, then the carefully-collected citrons, wrapped each in tissue paper, are arranged in boxes.

There are three kinds of boxes—the Lyonnaises, the Flandrines, and the Messinoisès. The latter destined for the American market; the second for the north of Europe; and the first for France. About five hundred citrons are in each of the latter boxes; four hundred and twenty in the European; and three hundred and sixty in the American boxes. About the month of May, American ships anchor in the road of Mentone, and boats bear off some ten millions of citrons, in some three thousand boxes, to them. The price of citrons varies from twelve to seventy francs per thousand.

The lemon, or citron, gives its cultivators constant employment. From the moment that the bare rock is blasted out for stones to build terraces with, and that the earth is laboriously carried up in baskets and thrown upon the excavated surfaces, and then walls are constructed to keep the rains from washing away the soil, and the citron tree is planted. Until the third year in which it bears its full crop of fruit, there is always something to be done to the citronnier.

The stranger who wanders through the citron groves will observe around each tree a circular trench filled with fluid manure. If possible, rags of wool, pieces of old cloth, horn scrapings, are deposited around the roots. This trench is made and thus filled every two years.

The gathering the flowers for perfumes—the collection of the crops of fruit, reparation of terraces, loosening soil, blasting fresh rocks, planting violets under the citrons—and then the constant care required by the tree, washing any parts affected by disease; and the almost equal care required by the orange tree will give the proprietor enough to occupy his hands throughout the year.

The Pont St. Louis is now the boundary between France and Italy. In olden days, the Var, with its long wooden bridge and wolf-like stream, separated the countries. Now, you stand upon the one-arched bridge over the ravine, and, looking upward, see the mighty mountain as though cleft in twain by some enchanter's magic-working sword, a spire of isolated rock high in air towering upward in the midst, and a giddy footpath winding along the glistering rocks, the haunt of the Alpine eagle.

A French douanier station—a small post with half a dozen carbines slung up inside over the heads of its inmates, and a chair alongside on which sits a picket calmly surveying the mighty deep before him, or scrutinising the dust-covered

travellers, whose weary steps are heard as they wind round the road beneath the lemon trees.

The Italian doganieri are not visible from the bridge.

Re-entering French soil, as you pass along a carriage is seen with a lady seated inside, and a female searcher carefully examining the carriage for contraband articles.

Mentone is a melancholy place to visit in May. Then all these grand hotels and roomy pensions are closed up, and louvres blistered by the sun drawn across the sea windows. Then a solitary Englishman becomes a curiosity ; the shopkeepers seem to indulge in a perpetual sièsta ; the shops, filled with wooden work selling at fabulous prices, have closed their doors ; no more demands for photographic views ; no more is Vallauris ware in request ; the natives have again resumed dominion, and some 2000 English colonists have all disappeared through the portals of the neat-looking station of the Chemin de fer—their countless trunks and elephantine boxes have all gone.

But there is something very sad in the thought of those who remain behind sleeping in the cemetery. Alas ! how much of love, how much of beauty, how much of high ardent hope, poetical aspiration, manly vigour, wisdom, perchance despair, lies hidden in the sleeping place. Oh grave, how cruel, how inexorable thou art ! And yet, if sometimes one can feel the truth of that inscription carven on a hapless headstone—" You would not weep if you had known how much misery this grave has spared to me."

We can yet exclaim, as we wander through the graves of those who lie here, far from their own land and home—

> " By the grave of the Lord's blessed servant we say,
> Thou hast done now with care and with sorrow,
> This poor faded rosebud, so withered to-day,
> Shall bloom everlasting to-morrow !

CHAPTER LVII.

ORIGIN OF THE PROVENÇAL LANGUAGE.

"Coume lou Rose e la Durènço
Sa voues de luen poudié s' ausi
O ! moun païs, bello Prouvenço
Toun dous parla pòu pas mouri.
J. B. Gaut.

In the year 1850, in a little village of Finisterre, the Abbè B——, one of the most learned divines of the Roman Catholic Church in France, and who was a Southron himself, was appointed as curè. When he began his ministrations, he perceived that his little flock uniformly absented themselves from the sermon, which he always preached in the purest French. The curè began to ponder over the matter. He soon perceived that his flock used a Norman dialect when speaking among themselves, and that if he wished to benefit them, or have any influence over them, he must learn to speak their patois.

Day after day the Abbè took lessons from his old Norman housekeeper in the art of speaking Norman, and soon he progressed so far as to be able to converse in it. At last he was able to preach in the dialect, and one day his Bishop came to visit him to inquire how it was that he had wrought such a miracle as to fill his church at sermon time. "Simply your Grandeur," responded the Abbè, "by learning so to speak to them that they could understand me."

In France, M. Coqueret de Montbret counted in 87 departments 85 dialects.

But in speaking of the Provençal language, we must remember that we are dealing with an ancient and independent tongue, which itself is divided into many dialects, and which deserves to be studied, not only on account of the many poets who have adorned it in the past, or the band of *Felibres*, whose writings beautify it in our age, but likewise that, if you wish to travel pleasantly through the south of France, through Catalonia, or along the Riviera, some acquaintance with the idiom of the people will amply reward your toil, and may enable you to do a little good among these swarthy Provençal speaking races. To use the words of J. B. Gaut addressed to Mistral:—

Prouvenço, o pais dei troubaire,
Lou gai-sabé reverdira:
Deja milo nouvèn cantaire
Dison lou bèu tems que vendra.
Lou mounde vèi la reneissènço:
Lei Troubadour van reflouri . . .
O moun païs, bello Prouvenço,
Toun dous parla pòu pas mouri!

Let us, therefore, inquire into the origin of this grand old Provençal language, whose reviving flowers already gem the sweet Southron plains.

Julius Cæsar, in his "Commentaries," says—"All Gaul is divided into three parts, of which the Belgæ inhabit one, the Aquitani another, and the third, those who in their own language are termed Celts, but in ours, Galli; all these differ in language, institutions, and laws from each other." The Aquitani inhabited all that country which is bounded on one side by the Garonne, on another by the Pyrenees, and on the third by the ocean. The Celts dwelt chiefly between the Garonne and the Seine; and the Belgæ, whom Cæsar describes as the

bravest of all, were concentrated between the Rhine, the Seine, and the sea. Strabo mentions that the Aquitani and the Galli differed completely in language, and that the former resembled the Iberians, or Spaniards, both in bodily appearance and in language.

In the wild valleys of the Western Pyrenees, the tongue of the Aquitani still survives in the Basque language, and the Cantabrian (Euskara) dialect. In Bretagne the Celts have still their ancient idiom spoken under the name of Breton.

It would appear that the language of the Belgæ, which had the great preponderance in Gaul, and which would seem to be that commonly known as Gallic, has entirely disappeared. It lingered after the conquest of Gaul, about sixty years before the Christian era, till about the fifth century. In the life of Saint Martin, by Sulpicius Severus, which is under the form of a dialogue, the Aquitani ask of a Gaul, who had been a witness of them, a history of the miracles and life of the Saint.

He confessed his reluctance to speak in Latin before men of so refined a taste as his auditors. "Then," cried one of them, "speak Celtic, or, if you like it better, Gallic, provided only that you speak of Martin."

Here, then, we have a proof that these Aquitani understood not only Latin, but also Celtic and Gallic, and here we have indications of the Latin being the refined tongue of the day.

But long antecedently to the Roman conquest of Gaul, the Phocean Greeks who colonised Marseilles and its surrounding districts, had introduced the Greek Ionic into Gaul. Great was the influence of Marseilles in the sunny south. Between the rushing Rhone and the wooded Pyrenees influences of its civilization and of its language extended.

At the present day, in lower Provençe, and even amid the cliffs of the Alps, frequented in summer by the Provençal

herdsmen, are villages where bread is named *arto*, from the Greek word ἄρτος.

César de Nostredamus [1] tells us that, in the village of Pennes, perched upon the crest of a rock of great height, about three leagues from Marseilles, a little marble tablet, about two feet square, above the gate of an ancient temple, is to be seen that it appears the goddess Cybele was formerly worshipped in this edifice. The inscription thus ran—

> "Matris Deum Magnæ Ideæ Palatinæ, ejusque M.
> Religionis ad Panormian. . . Januarius."

The men and women of this village wore the Greek dress, and had their language, fashion of countenance, and even the colour of their face the same—whence Nostredamus infers that these were evidently of Greek origin.

We need not be surprised at this account of the historian of Provençe, for in certain villages of southern Italy the Greek language was spoken till the fifteenth century.

But long before the Greeks of Samos had colonised Marseilles, Agde, Narbonne, and had covered these sunny shores with the grey olive, the purpling vine, the aloe, and the orange tree, the Phœnicians had already settled along the coasts of the Mediterranean—they had opened up broad roads, had explored mines, had filled the harbours of Gaul with their mercantile and war galleys; and had, sixteen centuries before our era, impressed the knowledge of their arts upon the rude inhabitants of Gaul.

It is a fact, that after the Roman conquest, the Latin spread universally among the Gauls. "If you would wish to make a fortune out of your eloquence," cries Juvenal, "go into Gaul;"

[1] Cesar de Nostraneus was son of the celebrated Provençal soothsayer and astrologer, Michal de Nostradamus. He died in 1629. He wrote a history of Provence and its poets.

but then we must remember that the Latin spoken by the people of Rome was unlike, in many respects, the refined Latin of the authors and poets of the Augustan age. Indeed, some have looked upon the language spoken by the ancient warrior Roman people, as almost a dialect of the Latin, and believe that the Italian is the immediate continuation of this dialect.[1] The dialects of Latium had contributed their share in subjecting the Latin words to contractions which sometimes recall those which the Romance tongues themselves afterwards effected on the same language.

But if the Latin spoken popularly in Italy was in some respects dissimilar to the classical language of the learned, when this idiom took possession of Gaul, it soon experienced the corrupting force of the various idioms which we have already spoken of; and while in the standard authors of the day the written classic Latin occupied the libraries of the wealthy, a new language was rapidly developing itself, when the old Latin, already acted upon and feeling the influence of the Greek language of southern Italy—which was so planted by colonists of that race as to be called "Greater Greece," and by these kindred dialects of Latium—now found itself infused by the Greek Ionic of Marseilles and Narbonne, enriched by Phœnician words and phrases, of which it had already experience, and almost

[1] Manzoni, in "The Betrothed," in the dread scene in which he places his unfortunate hero in the plague-stricken Milan, speaks thus of a bakery in the *Corsia de Servi*:—"There was, and is still, a bakery called by the name *El Prestin di Scanc*—a compound of such barbarous words in the Milanese, that it is impossible to discover their etymology from any rule of the language." Now, these words which Manzoni thus cannot decipher, in the Milanese dialect mean "The Baker's Shop of the Crutches," and are thus compounded—

Prestin is the shop where bread is baked and sold, and is derived from the Latin *Pistrinum*.

Scanscia is a crutch or helping-staff, and is the same as the Spanish *Canço*.

swept in a wild, oversurging flood from its grammatical banks and barriers by the inrushing rivers of the dialects of Aquitani —Belgæ and Celts.

The Latin language, thus modified, became the Rustic Latin, or, at a later period, the Romance Language, which consisted of several dialects, of which the northern was called the French, or Romance of the North, or Langue d'oil; the southern the Provençal, or Romance of the South, or Langue d'oc, and of which the Italian, the Spanish, Catalan, and Portuguese, are varieties, as well as the Romansch of the upper and Romansch of the lower Enghadine, and the Ladin of the Groden and Enneberg valleys of the Tyrol; and also the rougher Wallachian tongue or Barbaro Romano, and the old tongue of the Vaudois.

Singular it is that, in the beauteous harbour of Rio de Janeiro, when the hardy mariners of Bayonne arrive, they are able at once to converse freely with the swarthy inhabitants of the city, so great is the affinity of the Portuguese with the Bernese dialect.[1] The language which we shall now speak of we shall call the Provençal. It is that which is spoken from the end of the Comté of Nice to the rushing waters of the Ebro, alike by the sunburnt Nizzard, the chivalrous Gascon, the dark-eyed Provençal, and the swarthy Catalan. In terming it Provençal, we speak, it is true, rather inaccurately. The Troubadours used call it "La lengua Romana" or "Romance." The Spanish and Italian authors invariably name it either "Lemosina" or "Langue d'Auvergne," these great counties being the most renowned for their illustrious Troubadours—Bertrand de Born, Bertrand de Ventadour, Daniel d'Arnaud. These grand Limousins have thus given to the language the name of their fatherland. Still, we prefer the name Provençal, or call it if you will, "La langue d'oc," or,

[1] Les Troubadours, par Eugéne Baret.

more properly, "La langue Romane," only premising this, that we do not merely speak of the Provençal dialect or language of Provençe proper itself, under this name, but rather make this name, as it were, the type of the others.

We have, then, a Provençal dialect of Marseilles and one of Avignon; a Languedocian dialect, a Gascon dialect, a Catalan dialect, a Nizzard dialect, to enumerate some of the more important branches of this great language; but then we remember that every county, every city, has a different dialect; that at Montpelier they as easily distinguish by the accent the inhabitant of Lunel, Ganges, or Beziers, as a Norman would be known, or a Gascon at Paris, by his accent; that just as it is a true maxim that to speak French well you must have no accent; so it is true that to speak Provençal well, it is exactly the contrary, for you must have many accents.

It is not to be wondered at that the Provençal should exhibit in its etymology and syntax evidences of much and varied neglect. When we remember that for six hundred years this noble Provençal or Romance language has been comparatively neglected, that it has had no fixed rules or principles to guide it, that it has been uncared for by the upper classes, and though sweet and soft as the Italian, and sonorous as the Spanish, is still under a ban, as it were, amid the refined, and loved only by the people. When we call these circumstances to mind, it is evident we can only speak generally in a limited space of this language, which is in truth a grouping of many different dialects. Saint Beuve says—"I mean by the term 'Patois,' either an old language which has met with misfortunes, or a new language which has yet its future to make; truly the Provençal comes under the former category, although the term 'Patois,' derived from *Patavinitê*, which was the reproachful term that was addressed to Titus Livy, because he

was a native of Pavia, and they pretended that his style had a flavour of his birth-place—we may at once say is not fitting for the great Provençal tongue, more than it would suit either its French, Spanish, or Italian sisters.

M. Fauriel has discovered some three thousand words in the Provençal, which are not derived from the Latin; the greater proportion of these cannot be referred to any known language; they may probably belong to the lost language of Gaul, or to the Phœnician tongue. In Provençe proper, amid the inhabitants of the sea-coast, a multitude of words derived from the Greek are used; and in the written Provençal of the troubadour, the number of such words is greatly increased. The Greek Δειπνέω is the written Provençal *Dipnar*, from whence comes the Languedocian "*Dinado*" dinner, as in the phrase "*Aven agu uno grando dinado*"—We have had a great dinner.

The Greek πέλαγος—the sea, finds itself in the Provençal "Pelagre."

The "στύλον" of the Greek, as in the Apocalypse. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God," (Rev. iii. 12) meets us in the Provençal "stilo," "pillar or column."

The Languedocian "*memoi*," "violet," recalls the Greek *Ion*; but it would only weary the reader to make a long list of such Greek derivatives, of the Ionic dialect of Samos and Phocea especially, which lovingly lingers in the Provençal tongue.

Very many "Breton" words are to be found in the Provençal also: thus *maboul*, "my child," is used in both Breton and Provençal, and it is identically the Irish *ma bouchal*, "my boy."

The Basque and the written Provençal use "serra" for an indented mountain crest.

"*Bresca*" stands for "honey" in each language.

"*Asko*" is "much or many."

"*Biz*," "black, sombre, dark."

The Provençal contains a great number of words, which are also to be found in the Scottish Gaelic and in the Irish. It has been thought that the lost language of Gaul, the third of its tongue of which no representative exists, was really almost identical with the Irish and Scotch languages.

The influence of the Arabic upon the Provençal is still easily discernible from the large number of words which the former language has lent to the latter.

In truth, the close vicinity for so many centuries of the Spanish Arabs and their conquest of Narbonne, could not but have re-acted upon the Provençal.

The Phœnicians are recalled, even to this day, by the swarthy Provençal mariner floating in his swift tartane beneath the white crest of Mount Garlaban, for this wondrous ancient people have thus named its lofty peak *Gabaa-laban*, "White Mountain," as it is in Hebrew.[1]

[1] It is singular that the Sicilian language claims to be the daughter not only of the Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Latin, French, German, Spanish languages, but also of the English. The Sicilian *baddu* coming from the English ball; Sicilian *seiroppu* comes from our syrup; which, again, probably is derived from the Turkish *scarab*, wine. Sicilian proverbs are very expressive. "*Ogni strata spuntava a la marina*"—Every road leads to the sea.

Lu vinu è mastru di lingua Francisi—Wine is the teacher of French; for the Sicilians say of a drunkard, he speaks French, English, German, Arabic, etc,, because he cannot be understood.

The Sicilian *ristin* comes from our restive. Their *stampa* is derived from our stamp.

La gioja is Sicilian for a precious stone, coming from the Turkish *giovahir*.

The Milanese dialect is also a very singular one.

What a sarcastic proverb is the aphorism—

Chi tœu miee con nient
Finna a la mort seu sent.

A great difficulty in philological identification in Provençal names of places, is the habit of the upper classes gallicising them. Thus, at Aix, the people say, "*La tourre de la Queirié*," from the Romance *cairia*, a fortification, which is evidently a Phœnician derivative; but the gentry turn it into "*La tour* de *Cœsar*," "Cæsar's Tower." The old Moabitish language reproduces itself in the "kir," the "Kir-Moab," stronghold or citadel of Moab (קִיד־מוֹאָב), through the Phœnician[1] medium in the *Cairia*, euphonised *Queirié*, "citadel or fortress."

There can scarcely be any doubt that the Phœnician language and the Syro-Chaldee were almost identical, the latter being a dialect of the ancient Hebrew; indeed, the Hebrew, Arabic, and Syro-Chaldee are only one language divided into

He who takes a wife with nothing
Will end his sense in death—

which serves the exact opposite of the Italian proverb—

Dov' entra la dote quindi esce la liberta.

Where the dowry enters, then liberty leaves.

[1] Carthagena, or New Carthage, was founded by the Phœnicians in Spain. In the ruins of its amphitheatre remnants of its ancient founders are constantly found; especially many little idols of bronze, which seem to be images of Apis or Serapis, with inscriptions carven in well formed Greek characters, but in an unknown language.

One is given by Don Josef Antonio Conde, of the Royal Library at Madrid, which I insert. No one has as yet succeeded in giving the meaning of it. It forms, with the scene in the Pœnulo of Plautus, the chief material which we have for the identification of that ancient language.

ΓΛ—ΑΡ. ΠΕ—ΔΟ. ΘΥΛΧΔΡ. ΑΜΥΓΟ.
ΠCΟΓΡ. ΟΝCΔΕ. ΑΓΔΟ. ΝΕΓΡ.
ΥΓΟΛ. ΟΝΕ. CΠΕΔΥ.

The first word GL-AR is, I should think, the Provençal Glare, *i.e.*, Lar, or household demon. The word NEΓP is apparently the name of a man, perhaps Niger—black; but the rest is all an enigma, which I leave for others to decipher.

dialects. Josephus, in his book against Apion, and Eusebius, in his Preparacion Evangelica, treating of the Hebrew, say—"γλωσσαν μὲν φοίνσσαν ἀπὸ στομάτων ἀφιέντες"—"They let fall the Phœnician speech from their mouth."

The Siro-Palestinian poet, Meleager Gadarene, in an epitaph which he wrote for his sepulchre, concludes it thus:—

"Αδδ ἐι μὲν Σύρος ἐσσι ΣΕΛΟΜ, ἑιδ ουν συγε φοινιξ
ΑΥΔΟΝΙC, ει δ ελλην ΧΑΙΡΕ τοδ αυτὸ Φρασσν."[1]

If thou art Sirian, say *Selom*—שלם.
If Phœnician, *Houdoni*—חו אדרבו.
If a Greek, say *Kaire*.

All this is the same. The שלרמ of the Syrians, the חר ארוני, "Hau-Adoni," or "Avo-Doni," is "Ave Domine Mi" of the Phœnicians and Carthagenians, as is noted in the well-known Pœnulo of Plautus, and the Greek Χαιρε is "Hail."

[1] See for much valuable information in the notes, the "Description de Espana de Xerif Aledris," in Arabic, with translation in Spanish, by Don Josef Antonio Conde, of the Royal Library, Madrid—a work which, written by an ancient Spanish Moor, possesses much interest upon questions of Spanish topography.

CHAPTER LVIII.

PROVENÇAL LITERATURE OF THE PAST—ITS PREDISPOSING INFLUENCES.

Like to some stately aged elm, whose trunk wreathed with the green leaves and purpling clusters of the vine, has battled the storms of centuries, and from whose decaying crest has sprung up high in air a noble scion bearing aloft its vigorous branches and fresh froudage, so the ancient Latin of the victor people has given us this grand Provençal idiom.

Let us for a moment glance now at a most remarkable phenomenon in the history of this language. We find in the twelfth century the whole of Limousin, Gascony, Auvergne, Rodez, Languedoc and Provençe proper, pervaded by a simultaneous poetic fervour; and from the Catalan to the Genoese, all the people speaking the *Langue d' Oc*, listening with delight to the strains of the Troubadours, who not only sung in the language of the people, but fixed it grammatically, and made a uniform *written* Provençal, so that as formerly there was the classical written Latin, the language of the learned, and the vulgar Latin spoken by the people: Now we find a Literary Provençal and also a popular idiom in use among the commonalty.

The poetry of the Troubadours we find to have been preceded by verses sometimes written in the Provençal, sometimes in

Latin,[1] sometimes in a strange medley of both languages, of the latter the following is a specimen:—

Cum la reïna l' entén
Si—'l respon tan piamen
Aco sia au so talen.
O beata fæmina
Cujus Ventris sarcina
Mundi tollét ærumná

Cum la reïna l' auvit
Si l' amet e si u jauvit
Aco sia au so chausit.
Illi laus et gloriá,
Honor virtus gratiá
Decus et victoriá, *etc.*

In a rare work, "Fabliaux et Contes des Poètes François Des xi., xii., xiii., xiv., *et* xv. Siècles Par Barbazan," a very singular mixed French and Latin poem occurs. It is marked *Manuscrit de Notre Dame, No.* 2. It is the mournful reflection of a prodigal who has engaged in a life of sin, and who finds that, when his money is at an end, his friends have vanished also. We will give a translation and an extract from the original[1]:—

When I say unto myself, poor wretch, what is to do,
I think that I have friends, friends, I will go to you.
His face at once each turns, looks upwards to the skies,
And seems as tho' he never on me had laid his eyes;
For he who has no money won't trust friends if he be wise.
Aye those who in my rich estate were friendly unto me,
When now I am a pauper my enemies I see.
Both Clerics and the Laics they all have left me quite,
They cry whene'er I meet them, 'Begone from out my sight.'
'Begone you wretched beggar, to stop here you've no right.'"

The original is—

Lors dis à moi, *miser, quid* faciam?
Je croi I' ai des amis, ad *ipsos fugiam:*
Le visage au derriere me tornent *quispiam,*

[1] See "*De Los Trovadores en Espana por Don Manuel mila y Fontando.*"

Sanblant font qu' il n' ont pas vers moi *noticiam :*
Qui n' a pecuniam, *surgat eat que viam.*
Cil qui en ma richece m' estoient *amici*
Me sont en ma poverte *facti inimici,*
Et me sont tuit contraire tant clerc *quam laici,*
Cant devant ax me voient, *dicunt, fuge* d' ici :
Vade procul d' ici, *pauper,* tu u' as que faire ici.

The Latin hymns which were composed by the Christians, and sung in worship in the first ages of our era, and the dominating influence of the Greek language,[1] in which the earliest preachers of the Gospel of Peace proclaimed their glad message of salvation through faith in a crucified Redeemer to those inhabitants of Gaul who spoke its refined dialect,[2]—these two languages had a considerable share in predisposing the people for the strange appearance of the Troubadours.

Nor can the Arab conquests of Spain, their possession of the oak forests of Narbonne, and the palm-shaded fountains of the Alhambra, for well nigh eight hundred years, be denied a wondrous influence in the predisposing causes of this great poetic renaissance. In fact, the expulsion of the Arabs from Spain was almost as wonderful as if to-morrow the descendants of the Normans were to be driven from England, or the English, or, in a lesser degree, the Scottish settlers from Ireland after so many centuries of occupation. Before the era of the first Troubadour many chivalrous poems existed in the Provençal. On the Spanish side of the Pyrenees many beautiful old ballads fired the warriors' hearts in their struggles against the Moor.

One is taken from the "Romancero General," a picture

[1] Varo calls the people of Marseilles "Trilingues," because they spoke three languages commonly, viz, the Greek, the Latin, the Gaulish. Marseilles was universally known as "The New Athens."

[2] Joseph Scaliger counts more than a thousand words derived from the Greek, in the Provençal of a single province of the south of France.

from the battle field, over which an aged Spanish knight is riding and searching where the slain lie densest for the dead body of his only son :—

Oh weary is the sparkliug wine,
Oh weary is the bread,
And weary is the old oak tree,
That lifts alone its head ;
And weary is the hapless knight
That rides so lonely by ;
But weaiier still the woman's heart
Whose only son must die !

Through the burning sand he is riding fast,
From the mountain peak a shade is cast,
There gleams the flash of the Arab spear
From the ramparts guarding the valley drear—
The Arab tongue, so swift and well,
He speaks to yon lonely sentinel !

"I pray thee, Moor, tell the truth to me,
A stranger lance didst thou passing see ?
A noble knight
With armour white ?
If captive he groans in yon dungeon old,
I'll give for his ransom his weight in gold ;
But if he be slain, I humbly pray,
His corse thou wilt give me this weary day :
The soulless frame is of little worth,
Yet I fain would lay it in Christian earth."

"Now, give me some sign that I may know
This knight thou seekest, with toil and woe ?
Oh swift the speed of his chestnut steed,
His armour white in the summer light,
He bears a scar across his brow !
Alas, that knight is lying low !
Ride into yon meadow, you'll find him there,
The brook ripples through his long silk hair !
Seven strokes of a lance have pierced his shield,
Seven times his charger resought the field ;
Both steed and knight are cold and dead,
In yon field by the blood of heroes red."

Mournful painting of the dread tragedies of many a long year, and yet remarkable for the chivalrous courtesies of the day, who cannot realise the picture over which the poet so skilfully drops the veil—the aged father bending wildly 'neath these Moorish battlements over the dead body of his warrior son.

The influence, also, of the Bards attached to every clan in Gaul, as in Ireland or Scotland, must be apparent as serving to refine the mind of the rude retainers of these old chieftains. Their songs and war chants—their strains accompanied by the harp—their honoured position in the fortresses of these ancient nobles—were also calculated to raise up after them imitators who, though they might not attain to their honours, yet acquired something of their poetic spirit.

And there was another predisposing cause to the appearance of this strange Provençal poetic literature. I mean the intermingling of the Hebrew race with the nations of southern Europe.

There are two errors which have kept back the full perception of the importance of the influence exerted by the Jews upon the languages of the south and their literature. The first is a belief that the spirit of commerce alone possessed the Hebrew mind; the second, that all the manuscripts which their learned *Rabanim* have written are composed in Hebrew. So far from this, many most valuable treatises are to be found written by the Hebrew doctors in the Castilian [1] of the day.

The Hebrew-Spanish in which the Jews of Spain conversed together, and which was used in the worship of their synagogues,

[1] Rabbi Athias wrote in Spanish a very remarkable work, "Tesoro de preceptos," *etc.* Aben Esra, surnamed "The Wise," a great Hebrew Rabbi of Spain, a marvellous linguist, is supposed to have invented the division of the Heavens by means of the Equator. He wrote many works, and, travelled much, died at Rhodes in 1174.

is a remarkably sonorous idiom, and possesses the Hebrew power of expressing much in a few words.

Abraham Usque, a learned Portuguese Jew, translated the Old Testament into this language—this is the celebrated Bible of Ferrara—being dedicated when it was printed to Renēe of France, Duchess of Ferrara, in the year 1553. Although in manuscript, it was used by the Spanish Jews long before their expulsion by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492.

Without receiving as a fact the opinion of the learned Hebrew Emmanuel Aboab, who, in the 26th chapter of his work called *Nomologia*, in the passage commencing thus, "*Segun lo que escriben diversos autores, asi Hebreos, como de otras naciones*," etc. According to that which different authors, as well Hebrew as of other nations, have written in the time that Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, conquered the Jews, and thrice led them away captive, there were many Hebrews among them who came to Spain, either because Nebuchadnezzar sent them thither as a colony, or that he gave them to Hispan, king of Spain, for his services in aiding him in the conquest of Judea as some say, from that time came our nation and dwelt in Spain.

It is certain, however, that Spain[1] at a very early period received many Hebrews. Strabo, living at the time of Augustus Cæsar, speaking of Cyrene, says, "There are four classes of men in the city of Cyrene,—citizens, labourers, strangers, and Jews—and these four hierarchies are found in all the cities. It

[1] The Jews call Spain ספרד, which in the Masoretic pronunciation is *Sefarad*, this word occurs in the 20th verse of Obadiah's prophecy, "And the captivity of Jerusalem which *is* in Sepharad, shall possess the cities of the south." It may be remarked that this word Sepharad is in the Greek εσπερίδα Hesperide, from the star Hesperus, which, as Strabo says, seems to pass the night over these western lands (of Spain). The name even of this star, εσπερος, is Phœnician, and is derived from שפיר *Sfir*, "beautiful." The Arabs call this star *Kukeb Algarvi*, "Star of the West."

would not be easy, he adds, to find a place in all the earth where this nation (the Jewish), once received, does not prevail. Egypt, Cyrene, have admitted its religion, and maintain great congregations of Jews."

Philo, speaking of Jerusalem (he lived in the time of Caius, before the destruction of the Holy City), says, "It is not only the metropolis of Judea, but also of many provinces, in which are colonies of the Jews, as Egypt, Phœnicia, Syria, Cilicia, Bithynia, the Euxine sea shores and finally, in all the fertile and abundant cities of Asia, Africa, and Europe."

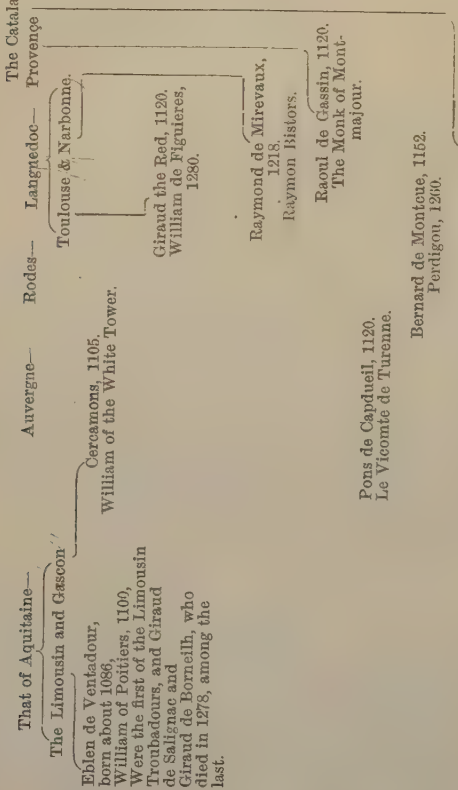
It is beyond question that, after the destruction of Jerusalem, vast numbers of Jews flocked to Spain, the 29th canon of the Iberian Council, held A.D. 300-1, begins thus, "*Amonostese a los duenos de las haciendas*," etc., "We warn the proprietors of farms that they are not to permit the Jews to bless the fruits which God has given them, that they may not frustrate our benediction." This shows the persecution which even at this age they had felt in Spain.

This Jewish race, acting as the bankers of the nations of the south, engaged in vast commercial enterprises, received at king's palaces, supplying funds for war, versed in all the sciences of the Arabs, skilled in language and literature, thoroughly permeated by the glorious Hebrew poetry of their own sacred prophets, using and fashioning even for themselves a Hebrew Spanish, not in vogue amid the people around. These Hebrews, going through the great free cities of the day, Genoa, Barcelona, Venice, Florence, Marseilles, in their constant traffic, could not have failed in leaving a strong impress upon the languages which were current round them, and thus predisposed these idioms to the strange phenomenon of the outburst of the poetry of the Troubadours.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE TROUBADOURS.

We might divide the Provençal Troubadours into different schools—


That of Aquitaine—
The Limousin and Gascon
Eblen de Ventadour, born about 1086.
William of Poitiers, 1100, Were the first of the Limousin Troubadours, and Giraud de Salignac and Giraud de Borneilh, who died in 1278, among the last.
Auvergne—
Cercamons, 1105.
William of the White Tower.
Rodes—
Languedoc—
Toulouse & Narbonne.
Giraud the Red, 1120.
William de Figueires, 1280.
Provence
Raymond de Mirevaux, 1218.
Raymon Bistors.
Raoul de Cassin, 1120.
The Monk of Montmajour.
The Catalan
Pons de Capdueil, 1120.
Le Vicomte de Turenne.
Bernard de Montcue, 1152.
Perdigon, 1260.
Catalan School,
Alphonso II., King of Aragon.
Raymond Vidal de Besalu.
Pierre III.
Amanco des Escas.

We have thus indicated the first and latest of the troubadours of these schools respectively.

The Languedocian language in the word *Troubadou*, "easy to be discovered," points to the origin of Trobadour, or Troubaire, which, in the same tongue, means Finder, Inventor, and thence Poet. The French Trouver, to find, is in the Provençal *Troubar;* in Languedocian Trouba. It is uncertain what is the root of this word.

But in order to gain an accurate idea of the state of southern Europe at the time of the first appearance of these knightly poets, we must remember that there was no France at the commencement of the twelfth century. The Counts of Anjou and Champagne, the Dukes of Normandy and Brittany, exercised sovereign sway to the north of the Loire. The Duke of Aquitaine, the Counts of Toulouse, Provençe, Rodez, Vienne, and Auvergne, were lords of the fair provinces to the south of the same river. These cared but little for the king, who held his court by the banks of the Seine.

In Spain there was no Spanish kingdom universal, two thirds of the land were held by the Arabs of the south. The little kingdoms of Navarre, Castille, Aragon, and the Earldom of Barcelona, were still struggling against the incessant attacks of the Moors.

The Marquis of Montferrat, the Lord of Malespina, and Marquis of Est, exercised sovereign sway in northern Italy. Wandering about from court to court of all these Princes we find the Troubadours everywhere welcomed with enthusiasm, and often made to sojourn for years together in the royal palace. When few except the clerics knew how to read, these *Uomini di Corte*, or "men of the court," as the most ancient Italian documents style them, must have been a great source of entertainment.

That many of these Troubadours acted in a manner which eclipsed the wildest feats of the knight of La Mancha is beyond

a doubt. Pierre Vidal of Toulouse, a celebrated Troubadour forming an attachment for a lady of Carcassone, who was called La Louve de Penantier, ordered for the future that he himself should be denominated Le Loup, or The Wolf, in honour of her, and, having clothed himself in wolf-skins, he went into the mountains and was set upon by the shepherds and their mastiffs at his own request. In fact, so thoroughly did the dogs perform their master's wishes, that he was at last carried home for dead, and was cared for by the lady who had been the origin of this mad freak. When his master Raimond, Count of Toulouse, died, we find him, to show his grief, cutting off the ears and tails of his horses!

Tragic the fate of William Cabestang, a noble of Roussillon, who, being poor, served Raimond Lord of Castel-Roussillon, whose tower still remains at Roussillon, as page. His Lord, infuriated against the Troubadour, assassinated him! and then absolutely had his heart dressed in the manner of venison, and at dinner set it before Dame Marguerita, his own wife. She partook of it, and, leaping from his seat, he held before her eyes the head of Cabestang, "Behold him whose heart you have eaten," he cried. She fainted away, but soon recovering, cried, "Yes, barbarian, I have found this meat so exquisite that, lest I should forget the taste of it, I will never eat any other." Raimond drew his sword and rushed to slay her, she flew from him, and leaping from the balcony was killed by the fall!

The following poem by Marcobus speaks of the second crusade, and the mournful state of the country at the time:—

Sitting by the orchard fountain, 'neath the shade of almond tree,
When the birds were sweetly ringing their woodland minstrelsy,
On the green grass carpet strewn with flowers of snowy white,
A lovely maiden weeping, through the branches caught my sight.

Comes this gentle maiden hither, at the breaking of the day,
To hear the wild birds sing and see the fawns at play?
Ah, no! I see her weeping, and bending o'er the stream,
And her face is pale with sorrow in the sunlight's lurid gleam.

'O Thou Lord of Love and Light, have pity upon me,
For the sorrows that I suffer are of great and sore degree:
Across the sea the valiant host to Thy city's walls have gone,
And for my noble Louis I weep and wail alone.

'Oh, King of France, so cruel! to part my love from me—
To fill this heart with anguish, that once from woe was free.'
While thus she cried, lamenting, I was standing 'neath the shade,
And by the brooklet's margin, I whispered to the maid:

'The fairest face will wither 'neath the wild tears' overflow—
The colour of the rose will soon be as the snow.
Oh, maiden, be not faithless!—He who made each lovely flower,
Will fill thy heart with gladness by His almighty power.'

'Yes,' she cried, 'oh loving Saviour, have pity upon me!
Thou hast pity on the wretched—behold my misery!
And send him back rejoicing, with me for aye to stay,
The one I love so dearly—who has gone so far away.'

Thus she wept, and thus she said, while silently drew near
The wearied steps of pilgrim, by the crystal waters clear:
'Oh, maiden, sadly weeping, why dost thou wail and moan?'
'Because my own dear true love unto the wars has gone.'

Then up like wild fawn springing, she was clasped unto his heart—
'Oh Louis! oh my Louis! thou hast come ne'er more to part.'
And then they knelt together, while praises rise on high
To Him who ever answers, when those who trust Him cry.

The early history of the Troubadours is clouded with much mystery. The chief, if not the only, history of them is the work in manuscript of the "Monk of the Isles of Gold"—a religious, who lived in the Isles of Hyeres, thus probably denominated because of the glittering appearance which the

sands of these lovely isles present, through the abundance of mica sparkling in the sunlight which is interspersed through them.

This monk—sprung of the noble house of Cibo of Genoa and also a contemporary of Petrarch, having died in 1407—having lived the wild, romantic, chivalric life of the age, and having become disgusted with the world, he entered the monastery of St. Honorat de Lerins; and being possessed of a far greater share of learning than those around, he was appointed librarian of the convent, which was at that time reckoned the finest in Europe—being enriched with numerous rare and beautiful manuscripts, presented to it by the kings of Sicily, Naples, and Counts of Provençe.

While examining these manuscripts, Cibo discovered a biographical history of the Troubadours, and a collection of their works, which manuscript had been formerly compiled by Don Hermenteres d'Orgon, sprung from an ancient Provençal house, by command of Alphonso II., King of Aragon and Count of Provençe, who was himself enrolled (1162–1196) among the ranks of the Troubadours.

The Monk of the Isles of Gold, who was skilled in copying and illuminating manuscripts, made a fair copy of this work, and sent it to Louis II., Count of Provençe. Then every year, in spring and autumn, accompanied by another monk, he used to retire (according to Nostradamus) to a little hermitage in the Isles of Hyères, where his monastery had a chapel attached to it—and whence he derived his name of "Monk of the Isles of Gold"—and there listening to the song of the birds, intermingled with the plashing of the still waters, as their snow white foam crests, 'neath the golden orange trees and fan-leaved palms, rippled round the glittering rocks—there he painted with exquisite skill vignettes of the lovely scenery

around, which he inserted in the manuscripts which he wrote and illuminated. One of these, a *Livre d'Heures*, was given by him to Iolande of Aragon, mother of the famous King René—a manuscript most beautifully painted, and which Nostradamus afterwards looked through with much admiration and delight. The Monk of the Isles of Gold passed away in the year 1407 in his quiet monastery. His work was taken up by Hughs de Saint Césare, a noble Provençal, who also from a knight became a monk at Mont Majour d'Arles. A troubadour himself, he revised and enlarged the manuscripts of the Monk of the Isles of Gold, and sent his work to King René, who himself transcribed his manuscript with his own hand, and added the lives of many illustrious Provençal poets to it. Jean de Nostradamus expressly says that "he had seen and read in the archives of the Count de Sault two large tomes containing the lives and poetry of the Provençal bards. The lives in *red* characters, the poetry in *black* characters, being illuminated in azure and gold, and containing lives to the number of more than eighty, of both men and women."

The same author says that he had in his possession the copies of the manuscripts of the Monk of the Isles of Gold and of Saint Césari, which manuscripts were stolen from him during the civil war of 1562; and similar copies were to be found in the libraries of many noble houses of Provençe, and in the convents.

It would be utterly impossible to dwell adequately in a short space upon the poetry of the Troubadours—nor would it, in truth, be desirable. It is at times like picking up a diamond which has fallen in the mire, to extract some of the beautiful thoughts which linger in their works, amid much that is coarse and unrefined—to apply no harsher name.

In their pages the dead past of the South arises to life again

—troubadour and knight, crusader and maiden, grey fortress and Saracen, Hebrew and soldier mingle.

Many of them have lashed with no unsparing hand the corruptions of the Church of Rome, and have pleaded the cause of the suffering saints of God—the martyred Albigenses of Toulouse—with much of earnest sympathy.

CHAPTER LX.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST THE ALBIGENSES.

A VERY ancient manuscript poem in the Bibliotheque du Roi has been brought to light by M. Fauriel.[1] It contains some ten or twelve thousand lines of twelve, thirteen, or fourteen syllables, the lines rhyming in couplets, and each terminated by a short line of six or seven syllables; as for instance—

> Ditz Arnaud de Camendja gent avem expleitat!
> Oimais podem anar, car tant es delhivrat,
> Qu' intra sen l' Apostolis.
> L' Apostolis sen intra dei palatz en un ort,
> Per defenre sa ira, e peure deport.

The short line is ordinarily taken up again, and incorporated in the beginning of the next line—as in the above extract is seen in "*sen l' Apostolis*," becoming next "*L' Apostolis sen*,"—this metrical form precisely that of the Karlovingian epic romances, is intended not for readers, but for the benefit of those who should hear this poem, called by its anonymous author *gesta* or *canzo*—read or chanted aloud.

In this spirited poem we have a troubadour, evidently of Toulouse, describing with vivid colours the mournful and monstrous crusades begun by the Church of Rome against the Albigenses, or, more strictly, the sad cruelties which hap-

[1] See "Histoire de la Poesie Provençale par M. Fauriel." Vol. III., pp. 145-179.

pened and the horrors perpetrated upon these faithful martyrs of the Lord Jesus from 1209 to 1219, by the armies of Rome, headed by Simon de Montfort.

Referring to this dread persecution, Mistral, in his *Calendau*, thus invokes the *amo de moun païs*, or soul of his fatherland :—

Tu que dardaies, manifesto,
E dins sa lengo e dins sa gesto :
Quand li baroun Picard, Alemand, Bourgingnon
Sarravon Toulouso e Beu-caire,
Tu que' empurères de tout caire
Contro li negre cavaucaire
Lis ome de marsino e li fieu d' Avignoun.

Per la grandour di remembrango
Tu que nous sauves l' esperango ;
Tu que dins la jouinessa, e plus caud e plus beu,
Mau-grat la mort e l'aclapaire,
Fas regreia lou sang de paire
Tu qu' ispirant li dous troubaire,
Fas piei mistraleja la voues de Mirabèu.

Cnr lis oundado seculàri
E si tempesto e sis eglàri
Au bèu mescla li pople, escafa li confin,
La terro maire, la naturo,
Nourris toujour sa pourtaduro
Dou meme la : sa pousso duro
Toujour a l'oulivié dounara l'oli fin.

Amo de-longo renadivo,
Amo jouiouso e fièro e vivo,
Qu' endihes dins lou brut dou Rose e dou Rousau !
Amo di seuvo armoniouso
E di calanco souleiouso,
De la patrio amo piouso,
T' apelle ! encarno-te dins mi vers prouvençau !

Thou whose valour manifest
Is in tongue and deed confest.
When the Picard, German host,

With Burgundian, grasped the coast
Of Toulouse, and Beaucaire won ;
Thou who kindled with thy fire
Gainst the black rider's furious ire,
Màrseille's men, Avignon's son.

By each brilliaut souvenir,
And the hope thou guardest dear ;
Thou still art young, chivalrous, bright,
Despite of death, grave-digger, shroud,
Thou sweepest back the father's blood,
Thou who didst fire the accents loud
Of Mirabeau, and minstrel knight.

For the wild waves of century
And tempest blast and misery ;
Peoples may mingle, lines efface,
But nature and the mother earth
Will cherish those she bore in birth,
With the same milk will feed her race,
And olives with olive oil e'er grace.

Soul of my country ever new,
Joyous and fiery, gallant, true ;
Who laughest in the waves of Rhone,
Upstirred by Rousau [1] on his throne,
Soul of the pine's wood harmony,
And of each sun-creek of the sea ;
Soul of my fatherland's dear shrine,
Inspire Provençal verses mine !

The songs of the Troubadours had stirred the very heart of the peoples of the south. In fact, from the Gascon to the Alpine mountains, from the fishermen of the Loire to the Ebro, there was among all the speakers of the Langue d'Oc a deeply cherished bond of union at the very time of Simon de Montfort's crusade, stirred up by the Church of Rome against the Albigenses, when he thus led his vast northern army,

[1] *Lou Rousau, Rouau, or Rau,* is a wind which sweeps from the Rhone a west wind for the Provençals.

against the Scripture-loving southrons, and later still against the pious worshippers who owned the Count of Toulouse as their ruler.

What a great southron nation might have been formed had not this fierce persecution arisen against the pure worshippers of the sunny Provençal shores; a slaughter which signalised itself by the massacre of over a million of human beings, whose only offence was that they dared to read the Holy Scriptures, and worship God according to His own prescribed way. "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth,"[1] saith our blessed Lord, to the woman of Samaria.

It is interesting in the thirteenth century to see Languedoc and the fairest parts of the south of France in open revolt against the fearful errors of the Church of Rome. A great proportion of the population had cordially embraced the doctrines of the Albigenses, and side by side with the Waldenses were protesting for the faith once delivered to the saints.

Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse, having been excommunicated, the Cistercian monks preached a crusade against his unfortunate subjects. Arnald, a Cistercian abbot, being the legate of the Pope, was appointed director of the war, and the ferocious Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, assumed command of the forces.

The horrors which these afflicted Albigenses endured for years were simply beyond description. Thousands upon thousands, because they would not renounce dependence alone upon the atoning blood of Jesus for pardon, and because they rejected the novel superstitions introduced into the Church, now wear the martyr's crown with joy.

[1] St. John iv. 24.

Describing one of the sieges of Toulouse, the poet in the manuscript above mentioned paints the field of Montolieu, close by one of the gates of the city, where the two armies frequently encountered each other :—

Oh garden that is blooming in the field of Montolieu ;
Oh flow'rets that arise with bright and varied hue ;
Ye are crimsoned by the blood of the slain,
While through mercy or despair,
Floating upward through the air,
Or to Heaven or to woe,
The spirits ever go
From your plain !

There is a touching scene where the Count of Toulouse appears before the Pope and pleads his own cause :—

When the Court is complete, great in Rome is the fame of it—
The lord Pope and Prelates, Bishops, Abbés, and Priors,
Priest and Cardinal also, Counts and Viscounts were present,
There, too, Toulouse's Earl, with his dear and brave offspring,
Who from England swept recently through France with celerity,
Now stands in Rome, the city of destiny,
Noble the youth, wise too and manly,
Raimond the hardy, Arnaud de Villamur,
Brave Count de Foix, other lords of great valour—
There they stood ready, for the right cause to plead now.

The Count de Foix pleads his master's cause :—

The brave Count, my master, the lord of such vast domains,
Himself and his lands to thy mercy has given :
To thee, Provence, Toulouse, and Montauban,
Yes, all these he has rendered—What hast thou given them ?
The fire and the torture, the gibbet and cruel death !
For thou hast delivered them to vilest of mortal men,
To Simon of Montfort, who garrotted and hanged them,
Who destroyed them, outraging them all, without ceasing—
All who, their hope on thee have reposed,
Have perished ; or dying, shriek forth their reproaches !
And I, even I, obeying thy summons then,

My Castle of Foix, grand fortress, I've rendered :
That castle, so strong by itself, 'tis defendable,
Wine and bread, cheese and meat, all food there abounded.
There water, sweet and clear, from the hanging rock e'er descended.
Thee I have given my bravest knights, coats of bright armour :
No foe in this wide world e'er could have seized them.
Thy Legate, the Cardinal, knows 'tis truth ; let him speak now
All I have given ; now, if all back be not given me,
Never a man there lives whom I will credit !
Never a promise made I can believe more !

Let us only glance at another scene :—

Then Raimond of Rocafols cried with a loud voice—
'Seigneur true Pope, have pity and mercy
On a poor orphan, a child sad and abandoned !
Child of Beziers', brave Viscount, delivered to Montfort,
Who caused him to perish ; alas, rank and nobility,
All, all have fallen, when such brave knights suffer !
Since my father is dead—his son disinherited !
Restore him his lands—restore him his dignity—
If lord Pope thou wilt not do so on a fixed day, and near too—
I do now cite thee for restitution and justice
To the great hour of judgment, when you and I, standing
'Fore the bar of GOD's judgment, there shall be judged !'

This so vividly-painted scene occurs in the Council of the Lateran, held by Innocent III. at Rome, where Raimond VI. and the other dispossessed lords, whose domains had been given to Simon de Montfort, at the Council of Montpellier, by the Pope's legates, appeared in person to plead their cause. Great must have been the spread of pure Gospel truth in the south of France at this era, when, to crush it out, fire and sword, the gibbet and torture, were sent by Rome through all the vast dominions of the Count of Toulouse, extending from the Rhone to the Pyrenees.

The young Count of Toulouse returned from Rome by sea from Genoa to Marseilles, and accompanied by his father, Count de Foix and other knights, as soon as he had entered the harbour, from all parts of Provençe the knights and barons and

the people flocked to his standard, rising *en masse* against Simon de Montfort. This was to testify the sympathy of Provençe for the cruelly oppressed peoples on the other side of the Rhone. The young Count at once heading the army thus raised, laid siege to Beaucaire, on the right bank of the Rhone, a very strong fortress situated upon a steep cliff, inaccessible on all sides, and in which de Montfort had a strong garrison. Meantime that ferocious Earl flew to the succour of his leaguered garrison, and the Count of Toulouse was thus enclosed between Beaucaire and his approaching forces. The poem dwells upon this siege very minutely:—

The Count of Montfort at once assembled his allies:
All those in his pay or his hire, hastened onward,
Swift he marched with them, by road or by field path,
They rode night and day, through sunshine and storm;
The chateau of Beaucaire ere long towered before them—
They galloped, spears flashing, o'er sands of the deep Rhone—
Sir Guy and Sir Aimery, Sir Alaric and Roger,
Leading on their battalions, were first to arrive there—
Loud the trumpets resounded to call in the loitrers,
Then de Montfort the chateau and its high walls regarded,
The belfreys, the warders, the steep rocks in turn,
The soldiers of Beaucaire were all under arms—
His men on the battlements cheered as they saw him,
Aloft from the grand tower his lion flag floated—
Black with wrath grew his face, as the sea 'neath a thunder cloud—
'Ho, ye cannoniers, swiftly roar forth with your culverins!
Plant now your white tents, level these olive trees!
Away with these vines, and these snowy white orchards!'
Behold now de Montfort, Beaucaire's towers before him,
Sieged within, sieged without, knights and warriors are striving—
See the war in which fraud and right are contending—
But the LORD knoweth well on which side is the best right!
HE knows whom to aid, with HIS might to defend!

De Montfort is repulsed, and was finally slain in 1218 at the siege of Toulouse, which had heroically revolted against him.

His remains were borne to Carcassone and buried there, and the poet historian thus relates and comments upon it:—

Straight then to Carcassone they brought him to burial—
The monks of Nazaire read the death office o'er him—
His epitaph calls him a saint and a martyr;
Most certain to rise at the great resurrection;
To live and to flourish in the joy everlasting;
To wear a bright crown in the land of the blessed:
As for me, I believe, and most firmly repeat it,
If the SAVIOUR'S blest kingdom be ever the guerdon
Of those, who have murdered, and blood in red torrents
Of HIS saints, have poured forth, and souls caused to perish,
Men have burnt, and brave knights have sent to destruction,
Robbed castles and pride have encouraged to flourish,
Have extinguished all good, caused to prosper all evil,
Slain women, and children, tho' weeping, have butchered—
Then most surely, de Montfort, resplendent in heaven,
A bright crown of glory will bear evermore!

CHAPTER LXI.

THE TROUBADOUR IN CATALONIA.

It is deeply interesting to consider, even briefly, the rise of the Provençal school of Troubadours and poetry in Spain. We cannot but very rapidly glance at the Catalan Troubadours—the subject would require a large volume.

In the year 1113, Raimond Berenger II., Count of Barcelona, married Douce, daughter and co-heiress of Gilbert, Count of Provençe. Berenger already, through his grandmother Ermisende, exercised dominion over Bearne, Carcassonne, and Narbonne. Many troubadours and Provençal knights attended the Lady Douce to the Catalan Court, and thus the Provençal literature and language swept through the land. When Aragon was added to the kingdom of Catalonia, the Troubadours and their poetry were naturalised there also.

The Catalan language is different from the other *Neo-Latin* tongues in the structure of its sentences. The Provençal, the Castilian, the Italian invert the order of the words, following the Latin custom; but the Catalan adopts the German construction. James I., speaking of his father, says: "Havia la regina Dona Sancha filla de l'emperador de Castella presa per mulier," which much resembles the German formation of sentences. It affects brevity and simplicity. While the Cas-

tilian uses *Hombre* (man), the Catalan has *Hom; Mundo* is *Mon*, &c.[1]

The following is a portion of the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel in the Catalan language:—

1. Que nos perturbia vostre cor. Crehen en Deu, y crehen també en mi.

2. En la casa de mou Pare hi ha moltas habitacions; si non fos axi jous ho hauria dit. Puig vaig á preparar lo lloch pera vosaltres.

3. Quant men hauré anat y hauré preparat lo lloch pera vosaltres, tornare, yus pendré ab mi, peraque alla ahont so Io; estiquen també vosaltres.

6. Jesús li respon!
Io so lo cami,
y la veritat,
y la vida.
Ninqú ve al Pare
sinó per me.

1. Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me.

2. In my Father's house there are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you.

3. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to myself; that where I am, ye may be also.

6. Jesus answered him:
I am the way,
and the truth,
and the life.
No one cometh unto the Father but by me.

Don Mila de Fontanals, Professor at the University of Barcelona, has compiled a "Recuiel de Chants Populaires Catalans." We may give a very old poem from his collection. It is called—

EL MARINERO.

"A la bora de la mar—n' hi ha una doucella
Que broda d' un mocador—la flor mes bella.
Quant ne fou a mitx brodat—li falta seda
Veu veni un berganti y diu—'Oh de la vela!
Mariner, bon mariner—qu' en portau seda?'
'Vermelleta la vuy yo—qu'es mes fineta,
Vermelleta la vuy yo—qu'es per la reyna.'
'Entra dintre de la nau—triareu d' ella.'
Quant fou dintre de la nau—la nau feu vela.

[1] See "Essai sur l'Histoire de la Litterature Catalan, par Canbolin," p. 19.

Marine's posa a cantar—canso novella,
Ab lo cant del mariner—s' ha adormideta,
Ab lo soroll de la mar—ella 's desperta,
Quant se desperta 's troba—lluny de sa terra.
'Mariner, bon mariner, portaume en terra,
Qu'els ayres de la mar—me donan pena.'
"Aisco si que no ho fare—qu' heu de ser meba.'
'De tres germanas que som—so la mes bella.
La una es casada ab an duc—l'altre es contesa,
Y yo pobreta de mi—so marinera;
La una en te vestit d'or—l'altre de seda,
Y el meu pobreta de mi—n' es d' estamena.'
'No n' es d' estamena, no—que n' es de seda,
No 'n son marinera, no—qu' en sereu reyna.
Que yo so lo fill del rey—de Inglaterra,
Y set anys que vatse pel mon—per vos doncella?"

Which we would thus render:—

THE MARINER.

By the sand of the sea-shore, sat a maiden fair to see,
A handkerchief she 'broidered, with a wild flower prettily;
When half the work was ended, no more of silk has she,
Sails past a brigantine—"Ho! seaman, list to me!
Ho! mariner! good mariner; hast silk among thy store?"
"Is it white or red you wish it, oh, maiden, on the shore?"
"Vermilion, sir, I wish it, the finest ever seen;
Vermilion, sir, I wish it: I am working for the queen."

"Come enter then within my ship, there is plenty silk for thee."
But when she stood within the ship, its sails were spread for sea;
At singing of the seaman's song, the maid was hushed in sleep;
At washing of the wild sea waves, she woke and sore did weep.
When wakened, wild she cried, "Oh, courteous mariner!
Oh, far am I from home! oh, land me, much I fear
These wild sea winds that moan so loudly over me."
"No more away you go, for you are my own," laughed he.

"Three sisters fair, and yet I am fairest of the three;
One is wed unto a duke, and one to count of high degree:
And I, poor I, alas! a sailor's bride must be.
The one is decked with gold, and she with silk so fair,
And I, alas! poor I, a woollen robe must wear."

"No woollen robe thou'lt wear, nor even silken sheen;
No seaman's wife art thou, but England's royal Queen!
For I am now the son of England's King so grand,
These seven years I sought for thee throughout this southron land!"

But space would fail to dwell on Ausias March, who has won the name of the Catalan Petrarch. Nor can we linger on Juan de Rocabertis' sweet strains, or on the chronicles of Miguel Carbonelle, and the works of Ramon Muntaner.

The hundreds of Catalan and Provençal troubadours who have left records of their genius, and impressed and fixed the Provençal, could not preserve it from the withering influence of neglect for centuries. The crusades against the Albigenses first accelerated the decline of the Provençal. Then followed the bull of Innocent IV., who denominated it as heretical, and forbade its use by students. Then war was waged against the books written in it; and when Charles of Anjou became sovereign of Provençe, he introduced the French language into his courts and territories.

Like to the exquisitely carven marble Roman eagles, discovered in the ruins of Nismes, the heads alone are missing, supposed to have been struck off by the Goths in their ruthless demolition of Roman emblems; so the grand old Provençal, marred and mutilated, still remains to tell of the trophies which its poet knights achieved in days of yore.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE PROVENÇAL TROUBADOURS OF THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.

Once more has the grand old Provençal elm shot forth green branches; the last hundred years have witnessed a wondrous renaissance of the language. In the seventeenth century Pierre Goudouli had written some sweet sonnets, telling of the violet of March which brings us back the spring; and Daubasse, a maker of combs, who could neither read nor write, had composed some Provençal poems which were very popular. Upon one occasion, while walking with the Duke de Biron, whom he loved extremely, a wood-ranger brought to the Marshal a poor peasant, who had stolen a faggot of sticks; Daubasse, who saw that necessity and want had led him to steal, undertook to plead his cause, and improvised the following appeal:—

Field Marshal, at once, by a glance you may see,
This peasant's afflicted with great misery.
Look at him in front, regard him behind;
Scarce a vestige of clothing upon him you'll find.
No hat on his head, no shoes on his feet,
The worm called hunger, his sad heart doth eat.
Still no pardon, my lord, for him do I ask;
To punish him rather, should now be your task.
One only ambition I fain would inspire,
That the wood he has stolen, have the same weight as those
Green leaves which crown you so fair to the sight,
The trophies you've won in many a fight.

In the eighteenth century, Despourrins has composed in the dialect of Bearn some touching little songs; and the Abbé Fabre, Prion-curat de Cellanova, has written his singular, mock heroic, "Siege of Cadarousse,"[1] and *Lou Tresor de substancioun* in the Provençal of Languedoc.

The first of these poems describes Avignon as being in a state of famine, when Doria, the Pope's vice-legate, having learned that Cadarousse was full of provisions, sent off a detachment of twenty men to ask for 4000 sacks of barley and wheat. An old blacksmith, named Lafenillade, goes forth to meet these soldiers, and asks them their business beneath the walls, and, finally, the citizens of Caderousse attack them and put them to flight.

Doria, enraged, declares war, each corporation of citizens, under its trade banners, hastens to the contest—General Pantalon heads them—they arrive before Cadarousse.

A great contest takes place, prodigies of valour are performed, when suddenly, in the midst of the combat, appears a beautiful maiden, Françoun, the daughter of General Lafenillade. Pantalon is so dazzled with her beauty that he follows her inside Cadarousse, there is married to her, and, taking her behind him on his charger, leads Françoun in triumph to Avignon, attended by waggons containing a great quantity of wheat, which the people of Cadarousse have given as a gift.

> "Adoun despleguerouu banieyra.
> Françoun partiquet la dernieyrr
> En croupa darries Pantaloun,
> E regagneren Avignoun."

We will only give one scene from the *Premiè Cant*, it describes the detachment setting out from Avignon:—

[1] Récul d' Uvras Patoizas de Mu Fabre; Tom Premié. A. Mounpéye. 1818.

" La brigada sequet leou presta ;
Partissoun, un fifre à la testa,
Chacun soun fusil sus lou col
E' munes d'un grand parasol !

Quand a Cadaroussa estounada
Fagueroun douna la chamade.
Lou fifre, en ye siblan un air,
Metet touta la vila en l' air.
Un, que devistet l' esconada
Cridet-que faire ! quinta armada
Campa davant nostras parets !
Aqui dessus tout s'esfrayet
Vite l' alarma se sounet,
E sans sounja de se defendre
Parlaroun dejà de se rendre !

Yeou creze, bon foi ! que ses fols,
Coussi ! que quaonques parasols
Devoun fayre rendre una vila ?
Diquet un vieillard plea de bila :
Pardine, infourmas-vous aoumens
Deque voloun aquelas jeus . . .
An siblat . . . mais amay on sible,
On n' es pas pourtau pus terrible
Se voulez, yeou me cargaray
De saoupre ce que fan alay ! *etc.*

' Forward, then, the light brigade !
On, quick march !—a fife at head—
Shoulder your muskets !' On they go,
Huge umbrellas in a row,
When at Cadarousse at last,
They beat the Chamades lively blast,
The fifer whistling his shrill air,
Puts the whole city in despair !
One who beholds these heroes, then
Cries out, ' Alas ! hosts of armed men
Encamp beneath our city's wall !'
Terror on each at once doth fall :
Quick the alarm is beaten loud—
One sentiment through all the crowd.
No one was there to cry, ' Defend her !'
But all shrieked out at once, ' Surrender !'

'Are ye all then become such droles,
Because, forsooth, some parasols
Would cry, 'Messieurs, your city render!'
'Ye cowardly sirs, Would ye surrender!'
Cried an old man of bilious seeming.
'At least let's know, without more dreaming,
What mean these people down below?'
'But they have whistled!'—'Yes, I know;
But whistle low, or whistle shrill,
Whistling is not so awful still!
I'll go at once, if so it please you,
To ask them why they come to teaze you!'

'Oh, very well, good Lafeuillade!'
With a loud voice the people said:
'You who have never known fear,
Go see wherefore they whistle clear.
But we, be sure, will keep an eye
On you—lest danger should come nigh.
For the least signal that you make,
Our guns shall loud the echoes wake!'

The aged blacksmith, quite brave-hearted,
Upon his embassage departed;
But first embraced his wife Louise—
Then changed his garments at his ease:
New coat—new bonnet—apron white—
Then past the grand gate marches quite.

'Hold, Messieurs!'—to the brigade—
'Cadarousse's sons are much dismayed:
What meau you by this strange proceeding?
Where is your General? For the leading
Commander is the man to settle
Affairs like this, 'mong men of mettle!'

This strange poem is very interesting in its long and heroic chants of the proceedings of both parties. The *Tresor dê Substancion* has its scene laid in the village of Castelnau, near the place where the ancient city of Substancion was built—of which there now remains no vestige. Workmen, when digging, have occasionally found there Roman medals

and coins. Among the peasants, it is currently reported, that upon the Eve of St. John, at the stroke of midnight, an enormous rock, which rises by the side of the village, alongside the river, suddenly is cleft in two; and that whosoever is there brave enough, may enter in, and find enormous treasures inside.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE TROUBADOURS OF OUR DAY.

The present century has, however, seen the most wondrous renaissance of the language and literature of Provençal song. In fact, the twelfth century seems to have had a parallel in our day, in the rise of so many illustrious Troubadours and Trouvaires in the tongue of Oc—far eclipsing the progress of the sons of the tongue of Oil—X de Bezieres; Peyrottes, in his "Lament of the Leper" and "Chant du Poitrinaire;" Vidal, coiffeur and bard; Auguste Tendon; Clemençe de Marsiho (Marseilles); W. Bonaparte Wyse, son of Sir Thomas Wyse and the Princess Letitia Bonaparte, daughter of Prince Lucien, born at Waterford, and a marvellous master of the Provençal, in which language he has published a very interesting volume of poems marked by real poetic fire—"*Li Parpaioun Blu*"—"The Blue Butterflies"—and who is one of the most distinguished of the Provençal *Felibrege*, and as such has been greeted by Victor Hugo, Miceu Saboly, and Crousillat of Seloun, where Nostradmus, the celebrated astrologer, lies buried. Jan de la tour magno?—where shall we stop?

But amid all the poets, either ancient or modern, who have sung in the Provençal idiom, two great names rise up, like glittering stars, in the poetic horizon—Jacques Jasmin, of Agen, the coiffeur poet of Gascony; and the Chevalier Frederic

Mistral, the author of Mirelle and Calendau. The fame of these two Felibres is not alone Provençal; it is European.

Jasmin, in his touching "Mous Soubenis," has given us the story of his life—his early struggles—his consciousness of genius, and yet the irresistible force that ever seemed bearing him backward from all hope of success.

Charles Nodier comprises his opinion of this exquisite poem in the following sentence—"Poème enchanteur, merveille ingénieuse de gaité, de sensibilité et de passion!" We will give an extract or two—[1]

"And yet, despite these sunny gleams of mirth,
I was a dreamer from my very birth;
The one word 'school,' with terror would I hear,
As fall the bell-chimes on the mourner's ear.
That one word, spoken from the spinning wheel,
From mother's lips, my senses seemed to reel,
Tears sought my eyes; alas! I nothing knew,
But sadder thoughts across my young heart flew.
When fair day came, perchance a glittering sou
Would find its way into my little store;
With joy I ran, to mother handed o'er
The little coin, while she with sighs would say,
'My child, you come most *apropos* to-day.'
Ah! how these words transfixed my very heart—
I kissed her lips, yet smiling would depart."

The Jasmins were very poor. From time immemorial all the aged ones of his race had died in the hospital—a dread of such being his own destiny oppressed his earlier years. On another occasion, having displeased the Abbè who gave him instruction, and whom he assisted in his duties, he is punished justly—

[1] Jasmin's poems have been collected under the following title—"Las Papillotos de Jacques Jasmin, Maitre ès Jeux-Floraux," etc. Las Papillotos, literally "curl papers"—a reference to the author's profession as coiffeur.

" 'Go back to thy room, let it serve as a prison ;
To-day and to-morrow no dinner you'll see.'
The Abbe cries out, with wrath he has risen,
'A dry crust, young sir, is the fittest for thee !'

I remember it well—the clock just was sounding ?
I was hungry and faint, still no viands for me ;
Over sad thus I listened to tidings astounding—
The clock at the moment was pealing forth—three !

All the night ærial forms in the darkness were gleaming,
With sweet mournful faces, they looked down below !
Such vision before ne'er had hungry child dreaming,
With mind and heart faint with a burden of woe.

[1] In the morning awakening, the sunshine was splendid,
The heaven reflected in my prison its blue :
They say that with sleep all fierce hunger is ended ;
Alas ! in my case, that remark was not true !

Not a morsel of bread, though I sought, could I find now—
In the neighbouring kitchen, what a bustle begins ;
Through the key-hole sweet odours, with longing, I mind now ;
How happy he must be, who such breakfast wins !

'Tis carnival time, now all the world rejoices,
My eyes burn wolfish ; hush ! what means yonder door ?
Then up like a squirrel, midst the uproar of voices,
I climb on three chairs piled high on the floor.

In this quaint little closet, with rapture beholding,
Four large labelled crocks, now so joyous I see.
What mind I the dinner bell's monitant scolding,
Hurrah ! I have found a fit dinner for me.

---

[1] In the Gascon Provençal it is thus :—

" Aufin, sey rebeillat, et lou jour es superbe :
Del ciel dins ma prizon se refleto l' azur.
'Qui dron minjo,' dit lou prouverbe ;
Lou prouverbe n' es qu' un mentur
Car de moun appetit dejà senti l' attaquo—

'Qui dron minjar,' 'He who sleeps eats,' whence is derived our word, *Drone*, as applied to an indolent being."

Something luscious, yet black, on my head now is gliding,
It flows on my lips and it touches my tongue :
Confection of quinces—oh ! what horrors betiding—
Who gropes in the lock, and the door has back swung ?
Oh terror ! oh horror ! he the door backward flings ;
'Tis the Abbe ! who now my full pardon brings !

Didst thou e'er see, and doubtless didst admire,
That painting called, 'The Lion Florentine' ?
He bounds upon a lovely, helpless child—
But hush ! with eye that glances with wild fire—
Will mother thus her little one resign ?
Ah no ! you see her there with accents wild,
She hurls herself against the lion's tawny crest !
What recks she then the monster's lurid ire—
'My child ! my child !' and clasps it to her breast—
While safe—unharmed—it laugheth in its rest !

Thus like to that mother, with one eager bound,
The canon darts on—his teeth chattering sound,
'My jam ! wretch, my jam !' here the likeness has ended,
For the jam crock's contents down my throat have descended !
'Away ! wretch, away ! for this second offence
Expulsion—no pardon—is my lip's sentence !'
He seizes the chair—he shakes it—I fall—
The jam pot his head strikes—'Help ! help !' hear him call.
Reinforcements arrive, loud clatter their feet,
And I, helpless wretch, am thrown into the street !
'Tis carnival time—while half dead I stray :
The revellers coming—see me black—in their way :
''Tis a masque ! 'tis a masque !' they cry with a shout—
''Tis an Ethiop monster—of that there's no doubt !''

The scene is very pathetically painted when Jasmin arrives at home and finds his mother and family wanting bread, and when his mother goes out, and returns with a few loaves in place of her wedding ring.

"The Blind Maiden of Castèl-Cuille," and his inimitable Françonnette, are, however, the master-pieces of Jasmin's art. Metrical versions of the Souvenirs and these two great poems have been given by the writer in a recent work,[1] as

[1] "La Debonâdo." James Nisbet & Co., London.

well as the exquisite ballad, "*Lou medeci des Paoures*," which tells of two maidens meeting one another on the road to Agen—one whose father is ill of fever; the other whose mother was saved from death, humanly speaking, by M. Durand, a kind physician of that city. She recommends her weeping friend to seek his aid, assuring her that her poverty would be no barrier to her home receiving his kindest attention. The two girls hasten on with renewed hope, and the scene is strikingly painted when crossing the river they enter Agen.

We will give the conclusion :—

Into the city then, by the Pont Long—
What means this crowd of men, where's M. Durand?
Close by Rue des Jacobins.
Hush! let's ask this weeping man:
'Tis some soul releast
From its corporeal thrall.
Sadly, sadly, ring
Words the mourners sing.
Can it be?
Yes, 'tis the De Profundis!
Oh, these tears how they come!
Oh, my father at home!
'We seek M. Durand, where dwells M. Durand?'
Ladies, M. Durand? there is M. Durand!
Behold! behold! yon corse so cold!
There is M. Durand!

Here comes M. Durand! oh death, thy cruel wrong!
He that was so brave and strong—alas! alas! M. Durand!
Dead on his narow bier, wept and wailed by pauper's tear.
Candles shining bright and clear:
Here comes M. Durand!
There mid that myriad crowd, uttering cries of anguish lou
Pressing round his face and shroud,
With grief woe-laden.
There mid the friends who come, unto his long last home,
Dwelling till day of doom,
Weepeth each maiden!

Happy M. Durand!
Blessed M. Durand!
Saved by thy Saviour's grace,
Seeing His blessed face,
Dwelleth M. Durand!
Weep not, ye mourning throng! listing the angel's song,
Done, aye, with grief and wrong,
Liveth M. Durand!
Happy M. Durand!
Blessed M. Durand!

Who cannot but realise the sad gloom upon the poor child's heart, as she turns away from the tomb, of which in Jasmin's words on another occasion, we might say—"Non trobi rés qu' un clot . . . lou capéli de fleus!"[1] How different the position of the weary one who comes to the great Physician, JESUS. "He is able also to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."—Hebrews vii. 25.

Jasmin lies himself in the picturesque old church-yard of Agen, in the tomb of a friend. The "Burns" of the south of France, shrined in the hearts of the people, his sweet poems will live as long as the Provençal language holds its sway. I have, using Longfellow's words, called him after the Scottish bard, but he might be looked upon as the Wordsworth of Gascony. After making a pilgrimage from Bayonne to Agen, I found that Jasmin had passed away, but, in his pretty house, Madame Jasmin showed me the gold crown which the poet had been presented with by his native city, and the various distinctions which he had won, and the many versions of his poems in different languages, including a copy of his poems sent by Longfellow himself to the bard. By the side of the gold crown she kindly placed the version of Françonnette, which I had brought, as homage to the poet. I walked through Jasmin's

[1] I find only a tomb—I wreathe it with flowers!

garden and drunk in the perfume of the roses which the poet so loved while living. Some of these withered roses, plucked by Madame Jasmin, still exist far from their native shore in my desk. Some of Jasmin's noblest poems the readers will find rendered into English metre in my La Debonâdo, published by James Nisbet & Co.

The *Felibrige* Provençal, which reckons among its adherents the troubadours and trovaires of our day, the many poets who in this age have written in their native dialects, will prove of incalculable service in refining and fixing these grand old idioms of the sunny south. The *Felibrige* possesses, too, a literary organ in the annual "Armana Prouvençau," published by Roumanille, himself a poet, in Avignon.

The "Consistori di Jo Florau," of Barcelona, have done much in Catalonia, in awakening the poetic talent dormant there. Poetic fetes, in which the *Felibres* meet together, and sing their sweetest songs, recall, amid the roses of Provençe, the days of the great King Renèe.

But the greatest of the Provençal poets living in our day is the Chevalier Frederick Mistral. His great poems, Mirelle and Calendau, have won for him a name, that the greatest of the troubadours of days gone past might well have envied.

Born on the 8th September, 1830, in a rustic habitation in the village of Millane (Bouches du Rhone), and not far from the environs of Arles, Mistral studied the classics in the Lyceum of Avignon, and went through the *cours de droit* at Aix, in Provençe. In these official schools, he was profoundly struck by the tone of contempt which the professors used in speaking of the manner and traditions of Provençe; and mourned over the interdict which was suspended over the Provençal language. Mistral, with youthful enthusiasm, vowed to dedicate his energies to the restoration of that language, so dear to him, as

being the music of his childhood songs, and the language of his home.

Fervent enthusiasm for the beauties of the Provençal landscapes, and the beauty of many an ancient Provençal custom, in which in daily life he found again the pictures of patriarchal simplicity of Homer, and the vivid scenery of Virgil, realised to the life, first impelled his mind to the conception of his noble Mirèio (Mirelle), which was published at Avignon in 1858, and at once met with an immense success. Lamartine dedicated eighty pages of his "Entretiens Litteraires" to the study of and warm admiration of Mirelle: and thus, through the appearance of Mirelle, Provençal literature regained a sympathy and popularity which not even Mistral himself had dared to dream.

In 1867 Calendau appeared in twelve chants, and was duly followed by many lyrical poems, which appeared in the columns of the "Armana Prouvençau," Mistral devoting his indomitable energies to the conservation of the language; formed the association, very numerous now, of "Felibres," or friends of and poets in the Provençal languages.

One great work has been long engaged in by Mistral—an exhaustive dictionary, in two volumes, of the Provençal dialects, an immense labour, but one of love. Its publication, delayed through the war, may ere long be hoped for. Such a dictionary may be expected to be final.

It would be almost impossible to give an idea of Frederick Mistral's power of word painting, without venturing upon longer extracts than would be suitable for the scope of the present work. In the second chant of Calendau, the following picture of the Esteroun, a river of the Maritime Alps and one of the tributaries of the Var, shows with what attention the poet has studied nature. We will give a short extract from the passage

commencing "Tau qu'un chamou, de roco en roco Cour l'Esteroun : "—

Leaping like chamois from the dizzy rock,
Bounds each wild wave'et of the Esteron,
Grappling the wild oak with its frantic shock,
And then, impatient, massing up anon
All its wild waters 'neath some barrier stone ;
Then in wild cataract stream its waters flow,
And, snow-white, moisten the green vale below.

In the first Chant, page 14, of the same poem,[1] there is a noble passage ; amid so many brilliant stars, the following has a grand lustre of its own :—

O malo astrado que mi ligo !

O, evil star ! that chains my longing heart,
Cried the fair maiden, with swift rushing tears.
Away, away, from homes of wealth depart,
Poor and alone, yet free from doubting fears—
Poor and alone ; yet here we shall be free !
Can the white falcon soaring o'er the sea,
With the foul raven in its haunts agree ?

The conclusion of Calendau presents a magnificent painting of the fire, kindled amid the pines and jungle of Mount Gebal by the wicked bandit Count Severan, in his desperate effort to murder Esterelle and her brave defender Calendal, who has kept the musketeers at bay by hurling down rocks and stones upon them :—

The passage commences thus :—

Vers l'estelado escuresino
Uno es fraiouso tubassino
S'aubouro quatecant, mai enoro que la nuie——

"Unto the star-lit sky
Leapt up the coal-black cloud—
More dark than night on high
Hangs that dread mountain shroud !
While, sighing, on the mistral came,
And fanned the darkness into flame !

[1] Calendau, Pouèmo Nouveu : Avignon, 1867.

Before that moaning blast
The wild flames caught each pine
From branch to branch they've past,
Serpentine—trunks entwine:
The stars above are dimmed to sight
Before their glittering sparklets bright!
A surging wave of fire,
Still fiercer than the rest,
Moves on, with mad desire,
To climb the mountain crest—
Scorching the adders[1] as they stray
Frantic, along its burning way."

Calendau and Esterelle are now surrounded by a raging sea of fire, which girds the mountain crest where they are taking refuge from their foes. The flames glitter as the mistral begins to roar among the burning forest trees—Calendau begins to despair—when, from the distant village of Cassis, they hear with delight the faint sounds of the tocsin borne onward by the wind, and soon the united bands of the villagers hasten to their rescue; while the bandits redouble their efforts to storm the last hiding-place of Esterelle and her defender, as they stand *au nis de la serp*—in the serpent's nest—in despair.

"A thousand serpents ope their hissing throat!
When borne on hot winds, from the vale below,
Sudden, clear sounds the church bell's distant note,
Wailing its tones as upward now they flow.
Calendal's heart with joy is filled again:
Sweet bells of Cassis—he has known thy strain!
Sound on, sound on, each silvery chiming bell!
Rush forth, ye people, at each wailing sound!
He who in danger rests has loved you well—
Speed on! speed on! with many a lightning bound—
Upward, with eager haste, they all aspire,
Beneath the pines encircled by the fire!

[1] Adders—literally, *Lis Anguelo-de-garrigo*, or bush eels. The Provençals, following the euphonism of the ancient Greeks, give pleasing names to terrible or sinister objects. Thus, they say *La longo* for the serpent; *Catalan* for devil; *Lou noble* for the boar. Thus the Irish peasantry call the fairies the "good people."

Sound on, ye blessed bells!—sound on!
The crest of Gebal's circled by the flame—
All the green leaves are shrivelled now and gone!
While on the bandit host infuriate came:
Seeking with savage wrath their aim to gain,
Ere Cassis' eager sons their rescue shall obtain."

Suddenly a loud crash is heard, and then a fearful cry rings on the ear! A tall pinaster falls burning from the cliff, and bears down beneath it, fastening him to the earth, Count Severan, leader of the bandits—he dies pouring forth his impious blasphemies. And now the loud cheers of the advancing villagers are heard—the lovers are saved—the rising sunbeams lighten up their pallid faces, as they stand, hand in hand, upon the blackened crest of Gebal.

We will not enter upon the consideration of Mistral's grand poem, *Mirelle*. The reader is referred to a very interesting and able metrical translation of it by H. Crichton,[1] which displays great poetic power in what was a very difficult task; and also to G. H. Grant's prose translation,[2] a very interesting and skilfully done work. I insert an able version, which the Chevalier Mistral has kindly favoured me with, of that noble hymn,

ROCK OF AGES.	PROVENÇAL. LOU ROUCAS DI SIECLE.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,	Divin Roucas, per iéu fendu,
Let me hide myself in Thee;	Laisso que iéu m'escounde en tu.
Let the water and the blood,	Soul, lou sang de ta blessaduro;
From Thy riven side which flowed,	Dieu! pòu lava ma couchaduro;
Be of sin the double cure—	Toun angouisso es ma garisoun,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power!	E ta mort, acò's ma rançoun.
Not the labour of my hand	Mis plours e mis esfors soun van,
Can fulfil Thy law's demand—	Car jamai l'obro de mi man.
Could my zeal no respite know,	Noun pòu accumpli ta lèi santo;
Could my tears for ever flow,	Un zèle que l'infèr espanto
All for sin could not atone—	Noun pôu rèime lou pecador;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!	Benisse moun Sauvador!

[1] Mirelle; a Pastoral Epic of Provence, translated by H. Crichton. Macmillan & Co., 1868.

[2] Published by Roumanille, Avignon, 1867.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling—
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Weary, fly to Thee for rest;
Vile, I to the Fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages! cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Dins mi man noun aduse ren:
Embrasse la crous moun soul ben
Se iéu siéu misèri, sourniero;
Ai en tu puissanço, lauriero;
Per mi besoun ai proun de tu,
Mi repausant su ta vertu.

Tant que viéurai dins esto lieu
Quand la mort barrara mis ues,
Quand toun tribunau redoutable,
Fera tresana lou coupable,
Divin Roucas, per iéu fendu
Laisso que déu m'escounde en tu

FRENCH.

LE ROCHER DES SIECLES.

Divin, Rocher, brisé pour moi,
Laisse-moi me cacher en toi.
Jésus, le sang de ta blessure
Peut seul effacer ma souillure;
Ton angoisse est ma guérison,
Ta mort, le prix de mon pardon.

Mes pleurs et mes efforts sont vains,
Car jamais l'œuvre de mes mains
Ne peut accomplir ta loi sainte;
Un zèle inspiré par la crainte
Ne peut racheter le pécheur;
Je te bénis mon Rédempteur!

Dans m es mains je n'apporte rien;
J'embrasse la croix mon seul bien;
Si je suis ténèbres, misère,
En toi j'ai puissance, lumière;
Tu suffis à tous mes besoins,
Je me repose sur tes soins.

Tant que je respire en ces lieux,
Quand la mort, fermera mes yeux,
Quand ton tribunal redoutable
Fera tressaillir un coupable,
Divin Rocher, brisé pour moi,
Laisse-moi me cacher en toi!

ROCCIA DE' SECOLI.

Esodo xvii. 6. 1 Cor. x. 4.

Roccia de' secoli—schiusa per me,
Fa che nascondermi—io possa in Te.
L' acqua e 'l sangue che zampillano
Da' tuoi fianchi lacerati
Su me piovano, e sien duplice
Medicina a' miei peccati,
E per sempre ne sbandiscano
La sozzura ed il poter.

Tutto il travaglio—Della mia mano
Tue leggi adempiere—vorrebbe invano
Del mio zelo infaticabile
Sia pur l'opra ognor fervente;
Da quest' occhi amare lagrime
Sgorghin pure eternamente . . .
Non potrian mie colpe tergere:
Tu, sol tu mi puoi salvar.

Abbietto e povero—nulla in man reco;
In croce stringermi—io sol vo' teco.
Nudo affato a te rivolgermi,
O Gesù, perchè mi vesta:
La tua grazia imploro e supplico,
Sol conforto che mi resta. [lavami,
Lordo, al fonte io volo, . . . ah!
Och' io muojo, o Redentor.

O duri il rapido—soffio vitale,
O i rai m' ottenebri—sonno mortale;
Quando sciolta andrà quest' anima
Verso un mondo sconosciuto
Per mirarti del giudizio
Sopra il trono in ciel seduto.
Roccia de' secoli—schiusa per me,
Deh! fa che nascondermi—io possa in te.[1]

[1] M. Mistral's version was made from the French translation of the Baron Chaband de Latour, which I had sent to him, and which is given

We will conclude this sketch of modern Provençal literature with a list of the "Felibres" who look upon Mistral as their chief, or as their confrere.

Joseph Roumanille was born at Saint Remy, in Provençe, situated but seven kilometres from Mistral's native village of Maillane, and is now some fifty-six years of age. Roumanille, who is a *Libraire-Editeur* at Avignon, has taken a great part in the resurrection of the Provençal literature. In 1847 he published a collection of his poems, under the title of "*Li Margarideto*"—The Pearls; also, a collection in prose and verse, called *Lis Oubretto*, or "Minor Works."

Roumanille is exceedingly popular as a poet, and writes prose with great power also. He is the editor of "L'Armana Prouvençau," which contains some of the rarest gems of the modern troubadours, and has attained to a circulation of 10,000 copies, besides having done good service in the conservation of the Provençal tongue. Roumanille is the Jasmin of Avignon.

Theodore Aubanel, of Avignon, bookseller and printer, is about forty-six years old; has published a volume of rare poetry—"*La Miougrano Entre-duberto*"—"The Opening Pomegranate"—besides some dramas. Some have said that Aubanel recalls in these something of the sublimity of Shakespeare.

Anselme Matthieu has published a sparkling volume, *La Farandoulo*. He is about forty-seven, was born in a village of Vaucluse, and is as remarkable for his urbanity of manner and genial disposition, as for his sweet melodious versification. He

above. The Italian version was made by my friend, Comte Tasca, the celebrated Italian poet, and was used by me while labouring among the Sardinian soldiers in 1855. The reader will see an interesting narrative of the effect of these versions in "Real Pictures of Clerical Life in Ireland." Published by James Nisbet & Co.

is the very prince of hotel landlords, as you will soon perceive if you sojourn in his most comfortable house at Avignon, where all the Felibrige resort.

Antoinette de Beaucaire, who died aged twenty-five years, is the author of a charming volume entitled *Li Velugo*—"The Sparklets"—which was published at Avignon in 1863.

La Felibresse du Coulon wrote *Lis Amouro de Ribas*—"Mulberries from the Ravines"—which appeared at Avignon 1865.

Mademoiselle Roso Gras, since married to the above-mentioned poet, Roumanille, has also won a name among Provençal *Felibresses.*

Louis Roumieux, born at Nimes (Gard), Vice-Consul of Spain at Beaucaire, has published *La Rampelado*—"The Beat to Arms."

Marius Bourrelly, of Marseilles, has translated La Fontaine's Fables into the Provencal.

Alban Arnavielle, of Alais (Gard), in his *Cants de l'Aubo*—"Songs of the Dawn"—has shown a vigorous style.

Adolphe Dumas, since dead, has written several touching poems.

The literary circles of Provençe have been startled by the wondrous knowledge of the Provençal, and by the chaste, sweet style displayed by W. Buonaparte Wyse in his "Blue Butterflies." There is a noble thought in his sweet poem, "Souvenir of a Walk on the Banks of the Rhone." The poet gazes upon the rapidly flowing stream, as it bears along with it the icy masses floating on its surface, and cries—

> "But my spirit sang to me,—
> Oh, would that all thy days, which hurry to the everlasting sea,
> Might before the glance of Heaven glide serenely, one by one,
> White and orderly as these are, which defile before the sun."

Many other names—such as Antoine Crousillat, who is a

strict Provençal "Purist" as well as poet. Alphonse Tavan, the peasant, a pathetic and simple poet. Alphonse Michel, juge de paix at Eyguières (Bouches de Rhone), author of *Du Flasquet*, The Flask, as well as R. Marcelin, might be enumerated; in fact, almost every vine-surrounded village of the south can boast its poet.

I will translate a simple touching poem by an anonymous Provençal author, called by the name of *Plang*, or Lament, as a specimen of the progress which the southern poesy is making amid the fiery Provençals.

LAMENT.

Thou all-loving Father, how sadly I pray
The days of the past to my heart might return;
For the dear happy hours of the long summer day,
And the friends of the past, so wistful I yearn.
Will the moment ere come when, like bird on the wing,
Once more I'll fly back, and in liberty sing?

In the house of my father how happy I heard,
From the red wheat uprising, the song of the bird,
The chant of the thrush as it poured out its lay,
Then fled to its nest 'neath the hawthorn spray.
Dear ones that I love—ah! I bade you adieu,
But the eyes of my heart are still looking to you!

Ah! how often at night I hear in my dream
The rippling so sweet of the crystalline stream;
The joy of my home, never wearied my heart;
Oh, why then could I from its portals depart?
Alas! thought dear father, 'twill make his life fair,
To carve out his lot in the city of care.

Ah! how my heart wept as I saw pass away
The house of my people on that cruel day;
Its smiling fields vanish as I rode sad along,
Where—where—in this city amid all the throng
Can I find a dear mother my heart to console,
Or brother, or sister, so dear to my soul?

Farewell, elm shadows! weeping willow, farewell!
Farewell, ye sweet linnets, that wild notes outswell!

Ye murmurs of river, and thrushes' wild strain ;
Ye friends I lament for, with sorrow and pain ;
Alas ! ye loved ones, I have whispered adieu,
But the eyes of my heart are still looking to you !

The city of fogs and smoke clouds so drear
I love not ; my heart cannot bear to rest here.
Oh, house of my father, shall I e'er see again
Thy red tiles, sun-flashing amid the green plains ?
The loved ones once more clasp with joy to my heart,
And never again from the old house depart ?

There's a Father's House still, tho' I never see more
The home I have left by the river's sweet shore ;
There's a mansion above which I hope soon to gain,
When I'm done with my sorrow and this wild aching pain,
I hear His voice whisper from the Heaven so blue,
My child, it is waiting—yes, waiting for you.

Soon I'll leave this dark city for Zion on high,
These mist clouds below for the amethyst sky ;
The wild bird's sweet note for the angel song's strain ;
The sorrow below, for the land of no pain ;
From my Father's House I never shall roam,
But tearless e'er dwell in my Father's blest home.

CHAPTER LXIV.

PROVENÇAL WORD HUNTING.

"Dal ciabot, ch 'a m 'à vdu nasse,
Dop vint ani i son lontan,
E a s' è ancora nen placasse
La Vendètta d' i sovran.
I guadagno con sudour
L' esistenza del doulour :
Voui ch' i sente la pietà,
Consolè 'o pover 'esilia !"[1]
—*El Pover Esilia.*

THUS writes Angelo Brofferio in his "Canzoni Piemontesi," published at Turin, 1868.

Brofferio, the fiery *avvocato*, had enrolled many of the young men of Turin when the Revolution of 1830 had burst forth in Paris; and imbued deeply with ancient Greek and Roman literature, these young men—who may be called the first "Young Italians"—endeavoured to change the Sardinian monarchy, without having exactly made up their minds as to

[1] "From the home which saw my birth,
After twenty years, I am far away;
And still has not been appeased
The vengeance of my sovereign.
I gain with toil profound
The existence of grief.
O ye who feel pity,
Console the poor exile !"
—*The Poor Exile.*

what form of Government should succeed it. A portfolio, accidentally forgotten in an *albergo* of the Colle di Tenda by one of the conspirators, which contained some names and proclamations, fell into the hands of the Carbineers, and Brofferio was arrested.

La Taddei, the brilliant Improvisatrice of Naples, met with Brofferio, and said—"You will only succeed in making people laugh if you write in Piedmontese—it will be impossible with your miserable jargon to move a tear." The day after, Brofferio composed in this dialect the touching poem, "The Poor Exile."

The true poet can compose a poem in any language; for, as Schhleicher well observes, man only thinks in one language, and that the one which he receives in his parental home, whose germs he imbibes when lying in his mother's arms.

The Piedmontese dialect was long looked upon as the most dissonant of all spoken in Italy. It is so extraordinarily concise, and its expressions are so vigorous, that it resembles almost the mountain rocks of its own snow-crowned Alps.

But just as the skilled master builder can construct a noble edifice with the most rugged and grotesque stones, so Angelo Brofferio caused this dissonant Piedmontese to whisper strains of music.

But we must not forget that our present subject is not the Piedmontese, but the Provençal. There are many Provençal words in the English language; and, if time and space permitted, it would be an interesting study to make a list of them. But at present I will only instance a few of them.

The word *sole* is the Languedocian *solo*—sole of the foot.

Embacouna is salt, like a ham or bacon.

Trasso, of little value, is our familiar word Trash.

Fringo, a band of stuff or wool taken from a larger piece, is Fringe.

Graoula, to growl, or roll the voice—spoken of cats mewing.

Embasta, to beat a mule—our word Baste.

Engarlanda, adorned with a garland.

Clerc, *Clerjé*, or *Clerghé*, Clergy.

Bedel, our Bedel.

Camel, our Camel.

Desentera, to disenter a body.

Dezavantaja, to lose one's equilibrium; hence Disadvantage.

Patatos is Languedocian for potatoes.

Presta is our Priest.

Rascala is to shave the head; hence Rascal.

In the Nizzard dialect, *Mestressa* is our Mistress; *leal* is loyal; *estable* is a stable; *bren* is bran; *legible*, legible.

Listo, in Languedocian, is a band of linen; hence List.

The Languedocian *carbouncle* is our Anthrax or Carbuncle.

Our English Cat is identical with Provençal *Cat*.

The Languedocian *Arenta* is to rent a farm.

The same language gives us *Aire*, our Air, mien, resemblance.

Chancel (Languedocian) is the Chancel or Sanctuary.

Crestiana, to baptize; hence christening; and thence *Descrestiana* is to deny one's baptism—to apostatize.

Elle is a cane; hence Ell.

Empala, to palisade; hence Empale.

Escapa is to escape, from accident or sickness.

Jingla is to beat with a whip.

Ai-lasso! alas!

Hoste, keeper of a tavern; *Hostessa*, his wife.

Nouza is to tie or bind; hence Noose.

Palada is the Latin *Palatum;* our Palate.

Passa-ten is to prescribe; hence Pastime, in irony.

Pastis, a great Pie, or pastry.

Rancura is a quarrel, difference, complaint—Rancour.

Refresca, to refresh; *Rioto*, a quarrel—our Riot.

Rousset, russet colour; *Remembranço*, remembrance.

Houstaou is House.

Tacho or *Tacau*, a nail for a boot—Tack.

La Tasto is a little vial of oil, sent to taste it ere buying; *Tasto* being the tasting, or trial of oil.

Terino, a Tureen; properly basin.

Trespassa, to leap over a ditch.

Val is a vale; *Vala*, a brook between two hills.

Zest is the outer part of the orange peel; hence Zest.

Es entre lou zest è lou zest, a Languedocian expression for, He is between two minds.

Zephir is the Languedocian pet term for the mistral, or fierce Nor-nor-wester, otherwise *Maistraou*, or *Majistraou*.

Yacht, a vessel propelled by oars and sails.

Tenta is Ink; Hence English, tint of ink.

Revenge, in Provençal, is our Revenge.

The old game of Hurley, played by two bodies of men armed with crooked sticks and beating a ball, is so called from the ancient French word *Behourl* (kind of stick). The term Jet-black applied to a horse is derived from the ancient French *noir-get*, or very black, as contradistinguished to *noir malteint*, which is a black horse rather brownish in hue. It is very remarkable, if we pass from the English to the Irish language, that the ancient idiom of the Vaudois is entirely different from that in which the celebrated "Noble Lesson" was written, and of which Gebelin thus speaks, "*On regne un idiom peu connu, et meprise des personnes, qui font cependant profession d'etre juges en fait de langues; cet idiom est le Vaudois.*"

About a century and a half ago, Chamberlayn published the Lord's Prayer in this Vaudois idiom among the collection which he made of that prayer in most of the European and

Eastern languages, and it is singular that it has been found that this ancient Waldensian idiom is really closely akin to the Irish :—

Waldensian.	Irish.
1. Our narme ata air neamb'.	Ar nathair ata ar neamh.
2. Beanich[1] atanim.	Naomhthar hamin.
3. Gu diga do riogda.	Tigeadh do rioghachd.
4. Gu denta du hoill, air talm' in mar ta ar neamb.	Deunnar do thoil ar at ttalamh mar do nithear ar neamh.
5. Tabbar dim an nuigh or naran limb' ail.	Ar naran laethamhail tabhair dhuinn a niu.
6. Agus mai d'unie ar fiach, amhail near marmhid ar fiacha.	Agus maith dhuinn ar bhf iacha, mar mhaitmidne dar bhfeitheamhnuibh fein.
7. Na leig si'n amb' aribh[2] ach soarsa shin on.	Agus na leig sinn a cathughadh achd saor inn o olc.
8. Olc or sletsa rioghta comhta agus gloir gu sibhiri. Amen.	Oir is leachd fein an rioghachd, agus an cumhachd, agus an glòir go siòrruighe. Amen.

The Abbé M'Geoghegan believes that Christianity had extended into Ireland before A.D. 398.

It appears certain that at this date the celebrated Irish monarch, named Nial of the Nine Hostages, was shot by an arrow on the banks of the Loire, while leading a band of his followers through that region. His nephew and successor, Dathi, was killed by lightning in the Alps in 398. His body was brought back to Ireland and laid in the royal sepulchre of Cruachan, in Connaught; and the Abbé M'Geoghegan adds, that many of his followers, being thus left without a leader, dispersed and settled in the valleys of Piedmont.

The Abbé adds, that he was himself informed by the

[1] *Beanich*, or "blessed," is nearly equivalent to *Naomthar*—"hallowed" in Irish. *Gu*, or *Go*, is a particle belonging to the mood employed, which may be used or not. T in Irish sounds like D, so *Tigeadh* sounds like *diga*. *Thoil* is pronounced accurately *Hoil—Th* being an aspirate only.

[2] *Amb' aribh*, into death; literally, a state of torpor. *A catugad*, into temptation.

Marquis de Sales, that, in a very ancient book among the archives preserved in his castle, it was recorded that Dathi had stopped in that very castle on the occasion of his ill-fated expedition.

Strange that it would seem thus, that the Vaudois themselves are descended from the Irish race. This would, in truth, give them a new claim upon our sympathy.

These Irish bands, in all probability, had followed the Romans into Gaul after their abandonment of Britain.

In fact, the Irish Celt would have been able to make his way at that era through Gaul, and to understand the language spoken in very many portions thereof.

In the dialect of Nice I have of Celtic words a list, which includes such words as—

Nizzard, *Caules*, from Celtic, *Caul*, a cabbage.

,,	*Cancan*,	,,	*Kankan*, the cancan dance.
,,	*Cat*,	,,	*Cat*, a cat.
,,	*Càl*,	,,	*Cal*, a ruined hut.
,,	*Fourn*,	,,	*Fourn*, kiln.
,,	*Flac*,	,,	*Flac*, a flask.
,,	*Fuol*,	,,	*Fol*, a foolish person.
,,	*Lampea*,	,,	*Lampe*, a lamp.
,,	*Ma*,	,,	*Mam*, mother.
,,	*Mar*,	,,	*Mar*, the sea.
,,	*Pa*,	,,	*Pa*, father.
,,	*Scudella*,	,,	*Scudella*, a porringer.
,,	*Sabat*,	,,	*Sabut*, witch dance.
,,	*Taula*,	,,	*Taula*, a table.
,,	*Taigl*	,,	*Tail*, a trench, cutting.
,,	*Virar*,	,,	*Vira*, to turn.
,,	*Vergie*,	,,	*Vergez*, orchard.
,,	*Ziccota*,	,,	*Zicotta*, to shake the head.

Nizzard,	*Alp*, from	Celtic,	*Alp*, a mountain.
,,	*Baile*,	,,	*Bayle*, a bailiff.
,,	*Aiga*,	,,	*Aigar*, water.
,,	*Fanga*,	,,	*Fanga*, mire.
,,	*Estoffa*,	,,	*Estoff*, stuff.
,,	*Espia*,	,,	*Espia*, a spy.
,,	*Escot*	,,	*Escot*, reckoning, score.
,,	*Dum*,	,,	*Dum*, a title Don.
,,	*Drole*,	,,	*Drole*, pleasant.
,,	*Dol*,	,,	*Dol*, deceit.
,,	*Drut*,	,,	*Drut*, well smoked.
,,	*Gril*,	,,	*Gril*, a grating.
,,	*Habil*,	,,	*Habil*, able, skilful.
,,	*Hamgard*,	,,	*Hamgard*, a shed.
,,	*Klap*,	,,	*Klap*, a cup.
,,	*Legha*,	,,	*Legha*, a league.
,,	*Menut*,	,,	*Menut*, very much smaller.

And about twenty other words are identical in Nizzard and Celtic.

In the Nizzard Provençal there are some words which are nearly disused now, but which are singular enough.

Barbarota is a little black-winged species of *Coleoptera*, called *Cafard* by the French from the Arabic *Caphar*, a Christian renegade, and so a hypocrite, bigot—these being accustomed to dress in black according to popular estimation.

In the same dialect, *Aïira*, means "now," at this hour, directly. *Es alla moda d' aïira*—it is the present fashion.

Broumec is bait thrown into the sea to attract small fish.

Bouna is a sweetmeat given to children.

Cadiera is an iron or wooden arm-chair.

Canebe is hemp.

Conassa is a calabash.

Couiffa is the good old-fashioned female round bonnet.

Camascle is an iron chain, from which hangs a large cauldron.

Demamat means weaned.

Rara, or *Draira*, is a narrow path—*una soupa rara* is a clear soup—*achella estoffa es rara*, that stuff has no substance.

Escotisson is a pic-nic.

Enplastrat is besmeared with lime.

Garac is fallow land.

Genouigliatori is a *Prie Dieu* chair.

A Giaba is gratis.

Lesca de pan is a slice of bread.

Mattanza faire is to capture thunnies in the net and kill them when caught.

Es de la meme mers, he is of the same nature or race.

Mers comes from Italian ; *merce* is merchandise.

Pegoun is a cobbler, from *Pega*, cobbler's wax.

Ieu preferi lo pegoun a un escrivan mentur e flatur perchè es plus util a la sossieta. I prefer the cobbler to a false flattering writer, for he is more useful to society.

The Ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome preach in the dialect of Nice. In the valley of the Paglion, the great torrent of Nice, as well as in those of Roya, Bevera, Vesuvié, and Tinea, and Bevera, the dialect is much intermingled with the Piedmontese, and in the Nervia valley the language is a mixture of the ancient Ligurian idiom with the Piedmontese. Some twenty years ago in all these mountain valleys, the people, living mid the chestnut and larch trees that shade the sultry cliffs, spoke not a word of French.

And as in the communes situated in French jurisdiction all the laws, *arrêts*, *ordonnances*, etc, were published in French, these poor people could scarcely be expected to be much skilled in legal knowledge.

There are many words alike in Aragonese and Nice dialects.

Monge is Aragonese and Nizzard for Monaco.

Mossu, sir, in both tongues.

Doze is twelve in each tongue.

Fraire is brother.

Riguezza is riches.

Obra is work.

Nuostre is our.

Trabajar is to work.

Frescura is fresh.

Razôn is reason.

Es, he is.

Trabai is work.

Treize is thirteen.

Nôu is new.

And a great number of other words are alike in both languages.

The Provençal is very rich in names for mountains, etc. The word *Aup* or *Alp* has, as diminutive, *Aupiho*, or little Alp, and *Aupihoun*, smaller still, little Alplet; *Mountagno* is a chain of mountains; *Mount*, an isolated mountain; *Colo* is a mountain; *Côu*, neck of the mountain; the Languedocian *Puech* or *Pech* is a mountain or peak also; *Puget* is a little peak; *Serriero* is a dentelated mountain crest, resembling the edge of a saw; *Serre*, point of a peak; *Vabre*, a ravine; *Aguhio* is an obelisk shaped cliff; *Peno*, a rock resembling a rampart; *Rancaredo* is a chain of rocks; *Pas* or *bre* is a defile between steep rocks; *Cengle*, the brow or corner of a cliff; *Caumo*, a rock on top of a mountain; *Adrè*, a southern mountain slope—the village of Adrets in the Esterelles thence probably derives its name; *Avers* is a northern slope; *Auturo*, a high place; *Baisso*, a low place; *Angonisso*, a defile, or narrow strait; *Costo*, sea-side, or

coast; *Piech-Aourous*, a windy mountain; *Valengo* or *Valergo* is a little valley; *Valoun*, a dale or dell; *Caser* or *Bancau*, *estanco*, are terms for the wall which supports a terrain or plot of ground on a steep declivity; *Desbaus*, *caraven*, a precipice: *Garagai*, *Ragas*, an abyss, or steep gulf—hence *Ragatz*, in Switzerland, is in all likelihood so termed; *Vau* or *Valado* is a valley; *Toumple*, or *gourg*, is a water gulf; *Coupo*, a crater; *Cafourno*, a cavern; *Gaudre* is a torrent; *Valat*, a ravine; *Rieu*, a brook; *Fon*, a fountain; *La Mar*, the Mediterranean; *La Mar dóu ponent*, the ocean or sea of the west; *Mountiho* is a sand hill; *Crau*, a plain filled with shingle or large pebbles; *Draio*, a country path; *Palun*, a marsh; *Tes*, a sand island.

Clar is a little lake; *Conco*, a basin or gulf of the sea.

Calanque is a creek formed by rocks; *Se* or *Seco* is a reef of rocks; *Estang*, a sea-water lake.

Barraioun, a submarine sandbank.

Pinèdo, in Languedocian, is a pine forest.

Pièch, *Agu*, in same language, is a pointed mountain.

Oundado is a wave of the sea.

Maizo is house in Languedocian.

Luzéto, or *Luzerno*, sometimes called *Bobaou Luzen*, or *La Poulido*—beautiful—is Languedocian for the brilliant glow-worm of Provençe; *Magna* is the silkworm.

Lustro, Languedocian for oyster.

Janado, the fires lighted on St. John's eve.

Iranjé, Languedocian for an orange.

Caousse, Languedocian, a high mountain.

Souleou, sun; *Sourelhada*, a sunstroke.

The month of March at Cannes is considered peculiarly dangerous, as being liable to give sunstroke. This may probably arise from visitors exposing themselves to the sun, not suppos-

ing that at that time of the year its rays could harm them. The Provençals call a peasant who aspires to be a gentleman, *Passa-Paisan.*

Pantai is a dream in Languedocian.

Leys Pautaylhares signifies, in Provençal, those who often dream during the night. The term comes from the Greek *Phantasma*—a fantastic vision.

Paour'home, in Languedocian, is my friend, my comrade.

Arke, in Languedocian, is the rainbow.

Arabout is grotto or vault.

A translation of the Holy Scriptures in the sweet idiom of the south, is a work earnestly to be desired. What Chateaubriand asserts of our noble English version—that it fixed the Anglo-Saxon language—is true. Such a work would not only conserve the language, but it would afford a sure guide to the sunburnt Provençal to those glorious lands which his own beautiful Provençe, with all its summer sunshine resting shores, is but the shadow of.

The south of France has also an especial claim upon our sympathy as being the fatherland of French Protestantism. From thence swept on those fiery Huguenot chevaliers, who bore their conquering banner on many a hard-fought battle-field. There lived—there died—many a noble witness for the simplicity of the faith as it is in Jesus. There died many a rejoicing martyr, testifying to the loving presence, even in bitterness of death, of Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood. There, even now, thousands of French Protestants remain, to whom the Provençal language is dear. Marseilles alone has ten thousand French Protestants living in its narrow streets; Calvisson (Gard), 2,300 Protestants; Bordeaux, 4,200 of the Reformed Faith; La Salle (Gard), 2,200 Protestants living in it. A version of the Holy

Word in the Provençal remains yet to be achieved. May that time soon arrive, when the grand old Provençal race will learn to love and trust in Jesus alone, as the only Saviour given unto fallen and lost man.

It will be interesting to compare the 10th verse of the 19th chapter of St. Luke's Gospel in Catalan and other dialects.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

Catalan Provençal.	Perqué lo Fill del home ha vingut á buscar, y salvar lo que estava perdut.
Romanch of the Lower Eughadine.	Perche 'l figl del crastian ais gnii per tscherchar, e per salvar quai ch' eira pers.
Romanese of the Oberland.	Parchei il figl dil carstiaun ei vegnius, par anqurir a far salv quei ca fova pers.
Piedmontese.	Perche 'l Fieul de l'om a l è venù a sërcheé e a salvé lou ch' a l era pers.
Provençal.	Car lo fils doou home es vengut, cercar et sauvar aquel qu' era perdut.
Spanish Basque.	Tergatic Guizonareu semea etorri da gaedu zana billatzera eta salvatzera.
French Basque.	Ecen guiçonareu Semea ethorri da galdua cenareu bilhateerat eta salbatcerat.
Breton.	Rag Mab an Den a zo deuet evit clask ha savetei ar pez a oa collet.

Romano, spoken by the Zincales of Spain or Gypsey dialect.	Presas o Chabal e manu abillo a orotar, y á berabar or so sinaba chibado á najabar.

The following extract from the 55th chapter of Isaiah is given from the Hebrew-Spanish, spoken by the Jews in Spain, and used in their worship in the synagogues centuries before their expulsion by Ferdinand and Isabella :—

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy, and eat : yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread ? and your labour for that which satisfieth not ? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me : hear, and your soul shall live ; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts : and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

Spanish-Hebrew language—

O todo sequioso, andad à aquas, y el que no à el plata andad comprad y comed y andad comprad sin plata y sin precio vino y lecha.

Por que pesades plata no por pan y vuestro trabajo no por hartura, oyendo oyd à mi, y comed bien y deleytarscha en deleyte vuestra alma.

Inclinad vuestra oreja y audad á mi, oyd y biviza vuestra

alma, y tejarè à vos firmamento perpetuo, mercedes de David las fieles. Dexe malo su carrera, y varon de tortura sies pensamientos, y torne à A. y apiadarloha, y à nuestro Dio que muchiguarà para perdonar.

Que no mis pensamientos vuestros pensamientos, y no vuestra carreras mis carreras, dicho de A. . . . Que assi como se enaltecieron cielos mas que tierra, assi so enaltecieron mis carreras mas que vuestras carreras, y mis pensamientos mas que vuestras pensamientos.

Note.—I insert here two verses from Colonel Franca's Mentonese version of St. John's Gospel, which I trust shortly to be in a position to publish, as the first in a series of Provençal Gospels, and for which, as they are meant for gratuitous distribution, I would hope for kind co-operation :—

" Da même manièra che Mouse elevà rou serpent n' ov desert, carchè rou Figl de r'ome sia tamben elevà. A fin che chiunque crée in ello noun perischa, ma che aighe ra vita eterna."

" As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up : That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."—St. John iii. 14, 15.

CHAPTER LXV.

THREE PROVENÇAL POETS OF OUR DAY.

" Ame mai estre auceu de champ
Qu' auceu de gabiolo.[1]

—*Mistral.*

" I WAS born at Maillane in the year of grace 1830, upon the eighth day of September," so writes the great Provençal poet Mistral. Maillane, or, as it is in Provençal, Maiano, is a village of some fifteen hundred inhabitants, situated in the country of Arles, in the midst of a vast plain, bordered towards the south by the blue Alps.

My father, who was a widower, remarried at the mature age of fifty-five, and I have often heard how he first met with my mother.

One year, at St. John's day,[2] Meste Frances Mistral was standing in the midst of his wheat fields, which a crowd of reapers were attacking with the scythe—a swarm of gleaners were gathering the ears which escaped the rakes.

Master Francis, my father, remarked a fair maiden who remained behind the other gleaners, as though she was half

[1] I would sooner be bird in the field so free
Than bird shut up in the aviary.

[2] Master Francis.

ashamed of being seen gleaning. He advanced towards her, and said, "Mignoto, de quan sies? Coume te dison?[1]

She replied, blushing, "Sieu la fiho d'Estève Poulinet, lou Maire de Maiano. Me dison Delaïdo."[2]

"How!" said my father, "the daughter of the Mayor of Maillane gleaning in the field?"

"Mèstre Frances," she replied, "my father has a large family, six girls and two boys, and, although we want for nothing, still, if we require any little ornament, he says to us, 'Now, children, you must glean in the fields, and thus make the money for yourselves.'"

Six months afterwards Mèstre Frances and Delaïdo were married; and I, when I saw the light in the farmhouse, in due time went through all the pleasant days of childhood, then of boyhood, amid the happy labours of seed sowing, sheep shearing, the vintage, the olive gathering, the silk worms, the treading out the corn, and the harvest,—while my father, tall, stately, dignified, yet kind, moved among his labourers and directed all.

At eventide it delighted him much to sit by the blazing fagots on the hearth and tell us tales of the reign of terror, when, during the Revolution, he had dug a pit, and had hidden there many a poor proscribed fugitive. Then my mother would sing the sweet old Provençal songs, "La Bello Margoutoun—L'Auceu engabia—Lou Pater de Calendo"—ballads and stories would be sung or told by her, while I drank in with delight the wild legends of Provençe.

Then my father, who was a man of firm, noble faith, would pray with us all, and would read for us the Gospel of our dear

[1] My pet, whence are you? What is thy name?

[2] I am the daughter of Stephen Poulinet, the Mayor of Maillane; they call me Delaïdo.

Lord Jesus; and, if he ever heard any complaints made of the tempest wind, or, "di glavas de plueio," or the torrents of rain, he would say, "He who is above knows well what He does and what is best for us."

His table was ever open to all—his purse was often drained by the wants of others.

When he came to die, as the whole household wept around his bed, he said to me, "Frederi—que tems fai?"[1] I replied, "Plou, moun paire." "Ah ben—se plou, fai bèn tèms pèr li semençò,"[2] and rendered up his soul to GOD.

You won't wonder, then, at my writing in Mirelle this verse:—

> "Coume au mas, coume au tems de
> Moun paire, ai! ai! ai![3]

I was sent to Avignon to school when I was only ten years of age by my father, and when I was fifteen years old I first met young Roumanille, who was chosen as a professor in the academy. He had already commenced to make poems in the Provençal language, and he read me, day after day, stanzas of his "Lebre di Margarideto." These sweet poems were as the first streaks of the dawn of the Provençal eastern sun dawn. Wandering along "lou ribeirerés dou Rose," the shore of the Rhone, with the young poet, I, who as yet had never read the cantos of the noble Gascon bard, Jasmin, was penetrated by the sweet and yet simple beauty of the poems of Roumanille, and thus began our lasting friendship of thirty years.

At Aix I studied law in company with Anselme Mathieu, and there we relieved the dryness of the Pandicts and the Civil Code with many a dream of poetry.

At last I returned home with my diploma, and hung my

[1] Frederick, what kind of weather is it? "It rains, father."
[2] Well, if it rains, it is fine weather for sowing.
[3] Like as it was in the farmhouse, in my father's time, alas!

raubo d'avocat (lawyer's gown) upon a hawthorn tree; while from that year—1851—I gave myself up to Provençal poetry.

We established the *Armana* under the editorship of Roumanille; and, thanks to the Provençal blood which flows so quickly in the veins of the people of the *Miejour*—our sunny south—Reviews were founded for the encouragement of the study of our ancient language. The cities vied with each other in giving fêtes and prizes to the Felibre. Nor did the dread cliffs of the Pyrenees prevent Catalans and Provençals from visiting and fraternizing with each other.[1]

Mistral speaks of Anselme Mathieu and his birth-place, Chateau-Neuf-du-Pape; and gives us some interesting glimpses of that pleasant village which rises near the Rhone, looking towards the south, on the slope of a little mountain hill. The ancient chateau of the Popes of Avignon towers over Anselme's birth-place—where the summer day saw the chase of hare and partridge alternate the ecclesiastical duties of the wearers of the triple crown.

Towards the sun rising the tracery of the blue peaks of the Gigundas appears; and, lost amid the clouds, the enormous mass of Mount Ventour uprears itself. Beneath, the mighty Rhone, which speeds along to meet the brown Durance, and cloud-encrowned Alps, close in the picture.

Around, Lou Comtat Veneissin spreads its plains—land of the sun and of the wind—land of Guillaume des Baux, princely and warrior trouvaire, who at Orange loved to live, and made it home and centre of Gai-sabé.

And there, too, is Vaqueiras—where, from beneath these blue mountain peaks, Raimbaud came to be Jonglar at the court held in Orange, and who, adventurous, wandered, sing-

[1] See the preface to *Lis Isclo D' Or*, per Frederi Mistral. Avignon: 1876.

ing his poems from chateau to chateau, as far as Mont Ferrat, and thence accompanied the Marquis de Montferrat on the fourth crusade, and aided in conquering the kingdom of Salonica, and in carving out for himself by his sword a Principality in the East, from whose foe-surrounded borders he thus sung—

"Emperadors e ducs e reis,
N'aven fachs, e castels garnitz,
Prop dels Turcs e dels Arabiz!"[1]

Farther off, in yonder darkness at the base of a steep rock, is the valley of Vaucluse, where Petrarch still haunts the spot, and many a remembrance of the bard lingers in the Provençal mind.

Chateau-neuf is surrounded with noble vines—vines that require no stakes—noble vines crowned with olive trees, and the soil overspread by enormous masses of flinty rock, ascending gradually towards the village, with walls of roughly heaped up stones intersecting its red, sun-burnt slopes.

Lou Claus de la Nerto—such is the name of the most famous vineyard of that country; and the people of Chateau-neuf are termed *Li Cigalie* (the grasshoppers); because from beneath the shade of the holm-oaks that deck the knolls of their mountain side, innumerable grasshoppers cause the air to resound with their incessant chirpings.

There, in the old habitation of the Mathieu family, the Provençal Felibre sometimes meet together; and while the famed hunter Constantine, his brother, brings in the brace of hares, nine or ten *bartavello* (red partridge), and four or five *counien* (conies, rabbits), which he has succeeded in procuring after hours of beating the oak-wood coppices—then, while the

[1] We have made Emperors, Dukes, Kings,
And have fortified castles,
Near to the Turks and Arabians.

spit is being turned before the vine faggots blazing on the hearth, all the poets in turn unite in reciting some chanson which they have hammered out upon their poetic anvil; until at last Madame Catherine, the young wife of the Chasseur Constantine, has borne in the aromatic meats, which she sets before her guests.

Anselme Mathieu has painted his Fleur-de-Rhone—Margai—Lino—Lilette in the mode of his native country, all wearing the simple *Catalano*. The *Catalano* is a little white cap, as white as snow, which scarcely covers *lou tignoun*, the chignon; it has no ornament, but two linen bandlets, which, instead of fastening it, more generally are left to flutter in the summer wind.

This *Catalano* our painters love to represent their peasant maidens using.

Laurens de Carpentras, Grivolas of Avignon, Baptiste Reboul of Chateau-Neuf, have found it an elegance which their best pictures reproduce. And the famed portrait of Laura in the *Museon Avignounen* represents her wearing the self-same *Catalano*.

This *Catalano* is with the red bonnet or *lou bounet Catalan* of our fishermen, one, Mistral says, of the last souvenirs of our country which remains to it of the ancient Counts of Barcelona, the far-famed Raymond-Berenger family, which reigned for many a year in Provençe, and to whom we owe also the three noble black-graped vines—*L'espagnen*, *Le Mourvéde* and *L'Alicant*.[1]

Anselme Mathieu, I trust, will find yet some nobler subjects for his great musical power than those of La Farandoulo.

Roumanille, says M. de Pontmartin, is the founder of the colony of Provençal poets—the Peter the hermit of this poetic crusade. It is to him that the honour belongs of having

[1] *L'espagnen*, the Spanish grape; *Mourvéde*, grape of Murviedro; *Alicant*, grape of Alicante.

revived that which appeared dead, and, with one touch of his wand, cut down from the willows of the Rhone, to have caused to flutter forth from the deserted wood, the bright wings of hundreds of sweet linnets and song-thrilling finches. Roumanille needs not, to adorn his poetic crown, to deprive his neighbour of a single floweret.

Roumanille commenced by divesting the Provençal muse of its pseudo-classic tinsel—he sought for and found beneath the rubbish of ages its letters patent of nobility, and then he restored to it its true character. He led back into its living springs that poetry which had wandered away into artificial basins—and regained again the sweet perfume of the olden flowers, by enabling the Provençal plant to become itself again. How nobly, how manfully, has not Roumanille combated against the howling socialism of the town and the village *cabaret*. If Roumanille had written in French—if he had not been a poet of the people, and writing in the language of the people—they would have laughed at his verses, and these sceptics would have been uninfluenced by his scathing poems.

The poetry of Roumanille has, continues Armand de Pontmartin, the simplicity of the peasant and the white purity of ermine. Our Provençal poetry is popular, and among the populace there are many children, "maxima debetur puero reverentia," will ever be its motto. Our Provençal literature will ever, I trust, be pure as well as manly, simple and sincere.

When Roumanille appears at these rustic feasts of poetry, what sparkling eyes greet him, what joyous smiles, as he touches the truest chords of our heart by his sweet, serene, pictures, drawn from the loved country life of his own dear Provençe.

The poet whose imagination is fed upon seducing and highly

coloured ideas o'er which he revels, resembles some glittering vase filled with a rare yet poisonous liquid—a child's hand, a bird's wing, may overturn it, and then the deadly fumes are scattered far and wide. May the Provençal poet ever remain both moral and Christian also.

CHAPTER LXVI.

LA TOUR DE BARBENTANO.[1]

" Aveoninensium præsul Anglicus
de Grimoardis turrem erexit,
Anno Domini MCCCLXV.
(Ancient inscription on the Tower.)

THE Bishop of Avignon, my Lord Grimau,
Has built a tower at Barbentano,
Sea wind it spurns, and Tramontane,
And round it demons rage in vain.
He'll exorcise
The walls that rise
With turrets square
From rocks so bare.
Its front looks to the setting sun,
And over the windows one by one—
Lest demon ever through them may pass—
He carves his mitre over the glass.

The Bishop of Avignon, my Lord Grimau,
A warder has chosen, you must know—
An old style Christian, Jan Jose Mourré,
Who ne'er in his life evil word did say.
Oh, warder, there
Is need of care,
A sad affair
Is drawing near.
Thy child Mourette
Her heart has set
On one who truly loves her well,
For weal, for woe—alas! who can tell

[1] From the Provençal of Frederic Mistral.

The Bishop of Avignon, my Lord Grimau,
What will he think of me? Well, I know,
Should he hear that lover beneath his tower,
Has come at the lonely midnight hour!
Jan Jose Mourré,
Poor wretch, I say,
You won't delay
To march away.
Both keys and good name alike are lost,
And the Papal Florins so nicely crossed.
Upstairs depart! Poor child, Mourette,
I'll guard you safe in the high turret!

The Bishop of Avignon, my Lord Grimau,
His tower has blessed—full well I know;
Yet I my true love, this very night,
Will see beneath in the pale moonlight.
Ascend! ascend!
My own true friend;
That drifting cloud
Will moonlight shroud—
The warder sleeps,
The nightingale weeps.
Up! up! from these battlements indented high,
You will view the stars dancing in azure sky!

The Bishop of Avignon, my Lord Grimau,
Has let ivy grow round the wall below.
A branching ivy, with many a clasp,
The demon seems to have firmed its grasp.
From bough to bough,
Up glides he now;
The ivy shakes—
The ivy breaks
As though it bent in a winter gale,
For even a convent love will assail.
Though it rained pikes and anvils that very night,
Up--up—he mounts, 'neath her eyes' sweet light!

The Bishop of Avignon, my Lord Grimau,
Has built his tower very high, I know—
For you thrice higher I'd cleave the air,
My own Mourette, and would ne'er despair!

Up ! up ! he'll go,
She answers low :
Near and more near,
Her words now cheer.
So true, so brave, he ne'er will stop
Till he grasps her hand at the turret top.
Alas ! a branch breaks—with a hideous shock
Her lover is dashed on the hungry rock !

The Bishop of Avignon, my Lord Grimau,
Has pitied the warder—so tales go.
"I've blessed my tower too well, 'tis clear
That evil has come to his child, I fear."
Oft mine eyes are wet
For poor Mourette,
Whose love's sweet breath
Exhaled in death.
But still in the lonely midnight hour,
They hear her weep in the turret tower ;
And when the moonbeams shine clear and bright,
Her voice rings out in the silent night !

We pass through Barbentano some four miles from Avignon, where are large limestone quarries worked by *Roukié*, as the quarrymen are called, from the *Rouké*, or small rocks, which they blast away. And now Avignon, the famed city of the Rhone, swept by the fierce Mistral and fringed by snow-crowned peaks of distant mountains, receives us.

How different are these small olive trees to the noble giants which meet your gaze in the sunny sheltered slope of Mentone, Nice, Cannet? Montélimar first boasts the olive, and Avignon possesses it abundantly, but is it the same grand old tree as the sheltererd and fanned pendant-branched gnarled trunked *Oulion* which yield their ripe black fruit so abundantly in the *oulivados*, or olive season, to the swarthy *oulivairos* grouped around the tree? It is but a bush, and one which adds but little to the beauty of the landscape.

The old cities of Provençe, Avignon fluttering her falcon;

Arles, which boasts its lion as its device; Draguignan, which shows a huge dragon; Nismes,[1] a crocodile; Bezier, a camel and Tarascoun, the legendary Tarasco, a dragon-shaped monster—are all very interesting to the painter and the archaeologist. My friend Roumanille, or "Lou Cascarlet," as he styles himself often as a *nom de plume*, says, that the people of Tarascoun are very proud of their Tarasco. In fact, they carve him upon church-statues, public edifices, private houses, and the Tarasconese lovingly call it "La Maire grande."

During the first revolution, the people of Arles besieged Tarascon, and absolutely burned their Tarasco! Long time afterwards, each Tarasconese, when he had bade good night to his children, would say, "*Pichot*," little one, repeat this, "Me souvendrai toujour, que lis arléri de'arle, an brula nosto Tarasco!"[2]

There is a singular legend connected with the building of the *Pont dou Gard*, near Nismes, for which also Roumanille is responsible. It represents the builder as having been extremely perplexed by the *Gardounado*, or rapid floods of the Gardoun river, which it crosses with its threefold arcade.

[1] An ancient weight, found at Nismes, gives the armorial device of the city, which Augustus bestowed upon it, as a crocodile chained by his neck to a palm tree, from one of whose fronds a laurel crown hangs over the creature's back. On the other side there is a representation of La Tourmagne, built by Julius Cæsar about A.C. 50, which is supposed to have been intended either as a mausoleum, or as a pharo, or lighthouse, for *land* travellers at night; or by some as a light-house for the embouchure of the Rhone, supposing that then the sea came as far as Nismes.

[2] "I shall always remember that these knaves of Arles have burned our Tarasco." This Tarasco is the effigy of a dreadful monster which once lived on the shore of the Rhone and was possessed of cannibal propensities. Occasionally a procession used to march through Tarascon bearing an enormous Tarasco in triumph. Tarascon lies about thirteen miles from Avignon.

Lou mestre masoun, or Master Mason, one evening wandered in despair along the Gardoun, which had just swept away the bridge arches which he had erected, and we are told that the evil one appeared to him, and promised that he would erect it so securely as to defy the river's wrath, upon the condition only that the first living being that crossed it should be his. The bargain was struck, and that night the Mason went home and told his wife of the unholy compact. "It will be built by the *primo aubo*, first dawn of day, to-morrow," he said. "Fau que un paure marrit se dane pèr lis autre . . . Quau voudra èstre aquéu?"[1] His wife pointed to the hound, which had just come in carrying a live hare in his mouth. "Take it, and to-morrow morning loose it upon the bridge," she cried.

At dawn of day, there was the bridge as it now stands, gleaming in the purpling streaks of morning. But then, also, on the other end of it, stood the evil one, holding a huge black sack open in his hands. Off darted the hare like an arrow towards him, and like a flash of lightning the open sack swallowed him up, but the next moment, a yell of rage was heard, and the evil one hurled himself into a deep gorge, crying out threats as he disappeared. "La lebre, se vèi encaro lou l' ontro lou pont." The hare is seen still carven on the bridge.

It is singular that a pecisely similar tradition is recorded concerning the *Dom Kirch* of Aix la Chapelle, which the curious reader may see in my "La Debonâdo." A corresponding story, which tells a history answering to that of the Avignon Roco-de Dom in next chapter, is related of the *Per Wis* of Aix la Chapelle also, this being, in the local dialect, the name of the Fish Market.

The hare engraven on the bridge is however a mistake, if my

[1] One poor wretch must give himself for the others. Who will wish to be that one?

friend Roumanille will use a powerful glass next time he visits *Lou Pont dou Garde;* he will see that the figure is a Roman garden god, whose name it is unnecessary for me to mention, and which shows the sad demoralisation of the age which saw the erection of the great bridge.

It is on the eastern side, sculptured on one of the Vault stones of the third arch of the second bridge between the *retombées.* This figure has a bell round its neck and is terminated by three tails which make three other Phallus, but of a smaller size than the preceding figure.

The *Maison Carrée* of Nismes, is a magnificent monument of Roman art. It is called there "La Meisoun Carrado." Cardinal Alberoni said of it, that he would like to shut it up in a gold comfit-box *(massapan d' or).* It is said that the *Kaaba,* or sanctuary of the mosque of Mecca, means in Arabic, "Maisoun Carrée,"—"the square house" also.[1]

[1] It seems to me that the Tour Magne—which has been mentioned previously, and which appears to have been about 100 feet in height—might have been intended as a fire signal beacon, so that the other cities might receive warning of any danger from Nismes. It is built in the highest part of the city. Its staircase leads only to the top of the tower, and not into other portions of this pyramidal-shaped structure. This shows that the top alone was intended to be used. Perhaps this may throw some light upon the purpose of the erection of the Round Towers of Ireland. May not a similar object have been theirs?—to warn of danger and seek assistance if necessary. In fact, the ancient representation of the Tower—which shows it as four towers rising consecutively over each other, and gradually diminishing, until at the top a small perforated dome is placed—almost proves such intention of its builders. Two arcades beneath pierce the lowest tower.

Arles dérives its name from the old British words *Ar,* upon; *Laith,* moisture, which last word is same as Hebrew לחנת, *Lauth.* The British *Telen,* a harp, is origin of Toulon.

CHAPTER LXVII.

AT AVIGNON WITH THE FELIBRIGE !

"Esperares enca long-tem ?
'Lou sabe pas ; mai crese ben
Que, davans que m' entourne,
Li bello-de-niue flourirau
E lis estello lusiran
Amoundant per lou sourne."
—*Anselme Mathieu.*

I READ in the *Figaro* that Roumanille the Felibre had delivered his grand oration at Nimes, where eighteen thousand persons had assembled to greet the Felibrige, and welcome Mistral, Aubanel, Mathieu, Buonaparte Wyse, and the band of poets who so nobly uphold the poetic banner of the south.

I was disappointed ; I had come to Avignon expressly to see Roumanille, and yet here, apparently, he was away at Nimes.

We drove off as soon as we reached the station of Avignon to the hotel which Anselme Mathieu keeps, and where he composes those lyrical "Poesies Provençales," such as he has given us in La Farandoulo.

Driving through the quaint old streets of the city of the Popes, at last we rolled into the court-yard of the hotel, and Anselme Mathieu came courteously forward to welcome his guests.

The poet has a peculiarly pleasing expression, singularly frank and open, and, though now in the autumn of life, his handsome features, and eyes lighted up by the fire of genius, prepossess one at once; when I had explained the object of my "romerage," or pilgrimage, and pointed to the portrait of Mistral that was hung over the fireplace, a glow of pleasure suffused Anselme's face, and he welcomed our party most cordially to Avignon.

"You are most fortunate," he cried. "Mistral is here, and Buonaparte Wyse and Roumanille."

I heard his words with great pleasure. The chevalier Mistral I had known by correspondence for years past, since through my Handbook of the Modern Provençal Language, which he had accidentally met with at Hyères, he had known my name, and sent me his grand poem "Calendau," with his portrait.

Mistral's face is a noble one, tall and erect, possessed evidently of great muscular strength, with the deep musical voice that Provençe's sons seem to acquire from nature. Mistral, with eyes of fire and defiant head, is a noble type of manhood. Like to some falcon of Mont Venturi, he has ever seemed to me.

The next moment he stood before us in the quiet little room, and I soon found, from the hearty grasp of his hand, that we were completely at home. "I am sorry though," he said, "that I am this very moment *en route* for home."

A pleasant, hearty voice, as a new arrival entered, told of the approach of W. Buonaparte Wyse, the well-known Felibre, and author of "Li Parpaioun Blu." Tall, erect, with handsome aristocratic features, and an air of cordial dignity, the Franco-Irish poet stood before me, and his fine face glowed with pleasure as he welcomed us to Avignon.

There was a free-masonry about the Felibre, a cordiality of tone which was irresistibly attractive. As for dear Anselme

Mathieu, he would appear and disappear, and again and again welcome us to his house. "Now," he said, "you must come with me, and we will go over to see Joseph Roumanille;" and so we went up the street a short distance, and entered a habitation where the celebrated Libraire-Editeur resides, and where he has composed those so popular poems which have ranked him among the chiefest sons of the Felibrige.

Roumanille is also a fine-looking, fiery southron; his eyes are singularly bright and penetrating; time seems to have laid his hand lightly upon him; and he was, in fact, such a cheerful, joyous, determined-looking son of Avignon, as you might have expected the Editor of the "Armana Provençau" to be.

When Anselme Mathieu had introduced me, I received a warm welcome also from him, and was introduced to Madame Roumanille, who, nèe Rosa Gras, is herself a charming *Felibresse.*

I had the great pleasure of being saluted *Felibre,* and chosen into that grand band, by conclave met at Roumanille's. The grand chancellor, Joseph Roumanille, having also bestowed upon me, in his own handwriting, that wished-for distinction, I departed temporarily from the poet's house, with copies which he bestowed upon me of "Lis Isclo D'or," by Mistral, and "Lis Oubreto," en vers De Roumanille's. The former bearing a valued autograph of Roumanille, "Homage au felibre Duncan Craig et souvenir d'Avignon."

Anselme Mathieu followed cordially with the gift of his "Farandoulo," and Aubanel was not forgetful of me, for soon afterwards, when arrived at home, "La Miougrano Entreduberto" was kindly sent to me by him.

The Palace of the Popes at Avignon—what a scene for imagination to revel in! The voluble lady, who acted as cicerone to our party, swept from hall to hall, swinging her bunch of gigantic keys and chanting forth her story of the buried past.

It is still a barrack, filled with the soldiers of France, and as we lingered in the lofty rooms, faded frescos and fast decaying paintings of ancient saint and bishop met the view.

It looked so strange to see the grand old pillars, which seemed to expand themselves at crest, and gradually melt away into the roof, serving as racks for chassepots, like some ship of war's taunt masts, around which cutlass and musket densely cluster.

It was so curious also to mark, crowded now by soldiers, those stately chambers, through whose vaulted recesses the successive steps of eight Popes had wandered, from the time that Benedict XII. hired Peter Obreri to complete the work in A.D. 1336, until the rival Pope Clement VIII., a hundred years after, held his throne there.

For forty years two different and rival successions of Popes—one at Avignon—one at Rome—exercising jurisdiction!

Where was then the boasted infallibility of the Pope? Which was the infallible, the one of Avignon, or he of Rome?

The immense thickness of the walls struck me with astonishment—some sixteen feet—so as to admit a door and hidden passage in one of the walls themselves. What memories of Petrarch haunt these halls! He had come here obeying the command of Cardinal Colonna, leaving that sweet solitude at Parma of which he thus writes to Guillaume de Pastrengo: "I pass my life in the church or in my garden. I am advancing with quick steps towards death, and yet I do not fear it. Happy will be the day when my soul shall escape from its prison-house of clay that holds it captive now."

Clement VI. welcomed him to Avignon. He has been himself compared as a patron of literature to Leo X., and he took great pleasure in Petrarch's presence at the Palace.

Wandering through the long corridors of this stately Palace, deep remorse and profound melancholy afflicted the poet's soul.

The influence of the Troubadours upon his poetry, and the influence of the manner of life of these same knights-errant of poesy upon his life, can easily be traced. And now, in return —as when, in 1874, tens of thousands assembled in commemoration of the poet to hear Aubanel declaim his memorial ode dedicated to Petrarch—the influence of Petrarch's poetry has been most sensibly felt in the renaissance of the Provençal.

Here, too, Cola Rienza entered as a prisoner, guarded by two soldiers; and shut up in this lonely cell, studied unceasingly the Bible. Here the great Tribune—who, in the death music of Rome's fall, fancied that he had heard the trumpet of her resurrection—dreamed over his fallen greatness. And here the Avignonese besought the Pope that he would spare Rienzi's life, on the ground that Cola Rienzi was a poet also—this people of Avignon, it may be in this, retaining the tradition of the Celtic races, among whom the person of the bard was inviolate.

What shadows of the past at the lonely midnight hour might move through these great *salons!* What mitred bishops—armour-clanking knights—bronzed troubadours—and stalwart men-at-arms!

Methinks one can see again the Tribune Cola Rienzi chained, and looking upwards to the warder, who lowers from above his food within his reach. And in the dim moonlight one can hear again the cries and moans of the unfortunates hurled into the depths of the *glaciere* in 1791, many of them bleeding to death—mingled with the dead, and covered with the blinding showers of quicklime cast in from above by the fiends in human form who had dragged them from their cells. Methinks one can fancy from yonder balcony the Popes pronouncing their blessing upon the hushed multitudes gathered beneath. And one can see again the sneering Rabelais, laughing in his own

dread, sarcastic style at Pope and Cardinal, and priest and philosopher alike; and uttering many a jest against the bells that jingle in the sky, as he walks through the narrow streets of windy Avignon.

A large hall completely filled, as to the floor, with sword bayonets piled up, spoke of preparations for war. And an open window in one of the great chambers gave a charming prospect of the distant Mount Ventour, pre-eminent among the snow-crowned Alps of Dauphiny.

The cliffs of La Roco-de-Domo, rising from the mighty Rhone, in days of old used to be deemed the resort of *Li Masc* (the witches) of all the country round. Here still the *Lou Trau-di-Masco* (the wizard's cave) is shown; and here, when only a few wind-mills were built upon the rocks, the ghastly carnival of *Masc* and *Masco* witches and wizards used hold its dread revels.

The tale is told of a poor deformed man who had come up to the heights of La Roco-de-Dom, while the mistral roared amid the pine trees and rolled round the wind-mill sails, and the moonlight shone around upon the glistering rocks. He fell asleep; and suddenly a strange barbaric strain of music rolled upon his ears, accompanied with wild clashing of cymbals and roll of drums. And as he sat in the shade of a high rock, presently the whole surface of La Roco was covered with black and swarthy faces—high-crowned conical hats, and black, yet rich satins and rustling silks; and anon, amid the crowd of witches and of wizards, grave and much respected citizens of Avignon —ladies of high rank and nobles—men-at-arms, with clanking sabres and gay sashes of silk, and glittering cuirasses and helmets—all dancing amid the dust whirled around by the mistral, and uttering strange sounds of salutation as fresh additions to their number arrived from the slumbering city lying so still in the moonlight beneath.

"Bon Vèspre, Cousin Chin!" "Bono sero, Cousin Cat!" "Bono niue, Coumpaire Loup!" "Coume vai, Misè Limaço!" "Pas mau—pas mau, Cousin Jano!"[1] And so the hideous throng shouted their welcomes, and danced away to the sound of their Saracenic music. Then they began to tune their steps to singing in chorus—

"Dilun, dimars, e demecre tres!
Dilun, dimars, e demecre, tres!"[2]

When, after they had chanted these words many times, the poor deformed man shouted out—

"Dijou, divendre, e dissate, sieis!"[3]

"*Oh, lou brave gibous!*" shrieked the witches. "*Lou brave gibous*—the dear hunchback—has come up here to complete our verse for us! Zou! will make a man of him!" And ere he knew where he was they had danced him round and round; and when he was left panting on the rocks—when the ghostly crew had vanished—he was as straight as a pine!

But there was another deformed who envied his fortune, and who thought that he, too, would get rid of his burden. So the first full moon he stood at the entrance of the Trau-di-Masco, and waited for the hideous dance to begin. Nor had he long to delay. In full dance the demon crew shouted out their chorus—

"Dilun, dimars, e demecre. tres!
Dijou, divendre, e dissate, sieis!"

---

[1] "Good evening, Cousin Dog!" "Good evening, Cousin Cat!" "Good night, Gossip Wolf!" "How are you, Miss Snail?" "Middling—middling, Cousin Jane!" We mark here our own word *cat*, and also Mise or our *Miss*, although before the Revolution, Mise was applied to married women of the *bourgeoise*.

[2] Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday—three!

[3] Thursday, Friday, and Saturday—six!

when he cried out—

"E dimenche, set!"[1]

A shuddering convulsed the evil crew—their faces became darkened in the moonlight.

"Who dares to speak of the Holy Day in these our revels?" shrieked a voice.

Then another responded, "Es lou gibous—lou marrit gibous! Zou! la gibo, la gibo! Gibo davans! Gibo darrière!"[2] And that night the doubly deformed man—with a hump before, as well as one behind—retired to his garret at Avignon to meditate upon the danger of meddling with emissaries of Satan.

[1] And Sunday—seven!

[2] It is the hunchback—the wicked hunchback! Hurrah, see the hump!—the hump! Hump before—hump behind!

CHAPTER LXVIII.

LOU TIAN!

Sweet month of May,
So fresh, so gay,
Hast come again?
Nature awakes:
Soon morning breaks:
In hawthorn glen
The bird's refrain,
Thrills forth its strain.
—*From the Provençal of Aubanel.*

CLEMENT VI. was dying at Avignon in the stately hall of the Pope's palace. When Petrarch heard of his illness, he despatched his domestic with this message to his patron—Remember the epitaph of the Roman Emperor Adrian—

TURBA MEDICORUM PERII.[1]

The Pontiff did not apprehend his meaning, and asked him to write more definitely, and then the poet sent him a letter which excited all the physicians and surgeons of Avignon to an exceeding pitch of animosity against him.

"The message which announced your fever unto me has filled me with affright; but that which makes me really tremble, is to see your bed surrounded with physicians who never agree,

[1] I have perished through the crowd of my physicians.

because the second would feel it disgraceful for him merely to repeat the sentiments of the first speaker.

"Look upon this crowd of doctors as a troop of enemies, and recall to mind the Emperor Adrian's epitaph—'I have perished through the crowd of my physicians.' It is chiefly in this our age that the prediction of old Cato is verified, who announces that 'corruption will be general, when the Greeks shall have transmitted to us their sciences, but more especially their physicians.'

"But since it is decided that you can neither live nor die without them, at least make a choice among them, and let that choice fall, not upon him who shall display the most eloquence and learning, but upon him who shall be most attached to you.

"Forgetting their profession, they have come forth from their thickets to make an irruption into the forests of the poets and the fields of the rhetoricians. More occupied with glittering than with curing, they contend around the sick man's bed, making a salmagundi of Cicero's thoughts and Hippocrates' aphorisms.

"The disease increases; that is little matter, provided that they hear themselves called 'a man who speaks well.' . . . . . Regard as an assassin the physician who has more talk than experience and wisdom. Tell him, like the old man in Plautus, 'Begone with you. You have come hither to cure me, and not to harangue me.' Add to this a good regimen, and, above all, a cheerful spirit, which will never lose courage.'"

No wonder when the Pope read this epistle to his doctors that they displayed their anger. Guy de Chauliac, as their defender, launched a huge pamphlet against the poet.

There is a charming little idyll of Theodore Aubanel's, which I will endeavour to reproduce in our less flexible language. I would hope that these Felibres of Avignon, and Mistral him-

self, will ere long be studied in the original, and not in translation.

It was not a queen and her noble train
Galloping swifty on steeds snow white,
Casting dust on each branch like rain,
As on they sweep in the golden light.

Galloping nobly on palfreys white,
It is not a queen with each lovely dame,
Who with a word or a glance of light,
Will make your cheek pale or red as flame.

'Twas only a child on donkey grey,
And 'tis the first time her face I view ;
Towards Fontane-des-pres she takes her way,
The road is narrow, not meant for two.

" Young sir, I pray, of his hoofs beware ;
He's apt to kick if you come too nigh.
Halt ! Now pass along, but oh, take care,"
And a laughing sparkle leapt from her eye.

Oh ! she was but a child, but she was fair ;
Her robe so simple was all of grey
With a mulberry branch she fanned her hair,
The fairest child that e'er came that way.

" Now what is your name, child—tell to me ?'
" Some call me Rose, but mamma Roset,"
" And the donkey's name ? " she laughed merrily,
" His name, good sir ? it is Blanquet."

" But hast thou brother or sister, sweet,
Waiting for thee in thy cottage home ? "
" The eldest I, when we five do meet,
The youngest as far as the door can roam."

" Dear child, canst read ? to school dost go ? "
" Oh, yes," she smiled, " but my parents w
They're reaping fast in the field below,
Behind the hill ; but I am late."

And the child rode on past the old pine tree,
So fair was she, all care's sting away
She took, as she talked so prettily
For a few short moments upon that day.

Though she was not a queen on her palfrey white,
Who would turn my head with one single word;
But a child riding on in the rosen light,
Who cheered my heart as her voice I heard.

Aubanel reminds us of Wordsworth, and in some of his poems there is an exquisite melody of rhythm, which is pleasant even to those who know not the Provencal that he writes in.

There are two distinctively par eminence grand dishes of Provençe. The one is the *boulla basse*,[1] the other the equally celebrated *lou tian* of Carpentras.

The *tian*, properly speaking, is a large earthen dish, and gives its appellation to that which is cooked in it. You hear of *lou tian de concourdo*—a dish of gourd; *lou tian de sardino*—a dish of sardines; but the true lou tian de Carpentras is a dish of vegetables cooked with whiting or other fish, and seasoned with garlic, pepper, and salt, interspersed with cheese, and plentifully covered with oil, and with numerous hard boiled eggs placed throughout the mass. Then grated bread crowns the dish, and when it leaves the oven it is yellowish gold, and the very acme of a Provençal banquet. The very expression itself has become proverbial; so that when in Provençe one finds themselves in a difficulty, they say *sian au tian*—We are in the pie. When anything is abundant, they say, N' i' a' n brave tian—What a fine tian!

In fact, says Joseph Roumanille, in his own laughing way, the best tian is to be had at Carpentras, and our wits call that city Tianopolis.

[1] In Provençal *Lou Bouiabasso.*

Place a *tian* before a native of Carpentras, who is far from home and half dead of nostalgia, and you will restore health and strength and spirits to him. *Lou tian* is the *ranz de vache* of the true Carpentras.

M. Louis de Laincel says: Six citizens of Carpentras[1] met together in a strange city, and they determined to dine in company at the chief hotel. Each one was to order separately what he wished to be prepared for dinner, and the day and hour drew on.

Seated at table, lo, a domestic entered bearing a huge *tian;* this they eagerly despatched. The bell rang, and the second waiter appeared with a second tian, which soon followed. The third came in with a smoking tian, and duly the fourth, fifth, and sixth waiter brought in as many *tians*, which also were finished. The guests had each thought that there was no dish so good as the national one, and so had each duly ordered it.

What a glorious river is old father Rhone. From the foot of the glacier which bears his name in the Canton du Valois, he sweeps his mighty waters through Leman's lake, and penetrates France, flowing along in wildest savage gorges between the dread escarpments of Jura.

Even at its lowest *etiage*,[2] it rolls along 100 cubic metres of water each second before it enters France. In floods every second it whirls into the sea from ten to twelve thousand cubic mètres. Frightful in truth are its inundations.

Navigable from Parc (Ain) for 497 kilomètres to the Medi-

[1] Carpentras itself can be arrived at in about an hour from Avignon, and from thence Mount Venturi may be reached. Strange legends are told of this giant of the Alps. Upon its snow-crowned cliffs the witches, according to the peasants' belief, hold their wild revels.

[2] Etiage is the technical term for a river's state, when its waters have been greatly reduced either by the heat of summer or by the intense cold of winter freezing and arresting the waters from the mountain springs, which flow into it.

terranean. Since the establishment of the railway, it has lost much of its traffic from Lyons to the sea. Steam vessels of 700 tons navigate its course from Lyons downwards, and as it swirls along 'neath mountain height clothed with purpling vineyards; on past ancient chateau; on murmuring by picturesque village and feudal fortress; on with the snow-girt Alps gleaming white in the distance; on with steamers ploughing its turbid flood; on with white sailed boat, and swarthy fishers floating past; on 'neath grey gnarled olive and holm oak shades, and locust trees overshadowing the arid rocks. It boasts a climate of its own. The Rodanian climate, known by hot summers and cold winters, while the great mountains guard their winter diadem of snow, and the mistral sweepeth fiercely on its waters.

Let Anselme Mathieu sing to us a legend of the Rhone:—

THE CASTLE OF LERS.

" Between the arms of the mighty Rhone,
Pillar-like rises from rocky throne,
Midst poplar and ash, the old tower of Lers--
On the turret high that fronts the Bise
Still you will find of Rohan-soubise
In golden letters the motto fair,
Above the laurels it shines in air.

But the hammer of time that knows no rest,
Alas! has dimmed the Rohan's crest,
Remains of their might but a souvenir;
The ivory, gold,
Have passed away,
The palace is but
A barn to-day--
The greatest glory we see it here,
Before very long will dull appear.

Silent we see the lordly hall,
Nor ladies' footsteps no longer fall,
As they glitter in state on the balcony;
While the knights below wait so fierce to see

Then gallop at speed in wild rivalry.
With lance in rest, and armour bright,
They tilt and charge in the evening light,
While echoes the earth 'neath each charger white !

And with a sweet smile they're paid,
Or word of welcome said,
Like the triumph that they gave
To Arles king so brave,
When the fearful Saracen
He drove from mountain glen,
And with handkerchief of lace,
And with witching smile of grace,
Greeted Count William each[1] fair Chatelaine !

But if ladye fair ne'er comes again,
Nor baron bold from plain,
Nor Chatelaine fair, oh, Castle of Lers,
With thee still rest
Thy poplar's crest,
Like alb so white,
They mantle quite
Thy lordly tower—
At mid-day pour
The radiance bright of heaven's light
Upon the musing troubadour.

Within thy chapel of St. Come
A pilgrim's wandering steps have come—
No Earl, no Duke, of high degree,
A fisher, a peasant, such is he ;
No eagle on high in his cloud-cleft flight—
No king below in his royal might—
Knows more of the joy of liberty !

For, whirled in rapids of mighty Rhone,
'Neath Mistral foundered, a boat has gone
Towards Fena's abyss, when he leaped to save,
And rescued the seamen from hideous grave,

[1] The poet alludes to Guillaume I., King of Arles, and second Earl of Provence, the conqueror of the Moors at the celebrated battle of Traxonit, A.D. 972.

And say to him now, 'If De Rohan's gold
Were found by thee in these turrets old,
How wouldst thou spend the glittering store?'
'In raiment and food for these sailors poor!'"

Such verses as these, I trust, Anselme Mathieu will give us more of.

Theodore Aubanel, when young, had followed the old way of falling in love, and, alas! one day he learned that she who had won his heart had become a Nun.

Seven years he lamented for her, wandering now to Rome, thence to Paris, oft by the peaks of Ventour, or in the wild solitude of La Santo Baumo, he mourned his sad lot. The Alps and the Alpine Mounts of Lis Anpiho were trodden by his steps. Of his sad, yet sweet, lays, Mistral has said:—

"If you have ever wandered in April through the woods, you will remember the hawthorn's perfume, sweet and yet bitter too. You will remember, doubtless, the clear and quick, yet plaintive, notes of the nightingale, when in early May you rest beneath the trees. In June, if you have ever rambled 'neath the battlements of Avignon towards sunset, you must remember the splendour of the Rhone as it sweeps beneath the old bridge of Sant Beneset, like some glittering red robe of noble trans-pierced with many a shining lance, floating and flaming too.—So is Aubanel.

Here is an exquisite gem from Roumanille:—

MOUNTE VOLE MOURI![1]

"In a cottage hid amid apple trees fair
I first saw the dawn of day:
A gardener's son, who toiled there—
In the garden of St. Roumié.

[1] Where I would wish to die.

Of seven poor children I first saw light;
While mother at the head
Of my cradle, spent the lonely night
As I slept in my fever bed.

Around my house the fields are green—
Within are smiles, I know;
But far from its nest, the bird is seen
To thrill out its notes of woe.

Hear my earnest cry, O Father above,
When life's bitterness is o'er;
That my eyes may be closed by Thy hand of love,
In that hour, on my native shore."

There is an old custom called "Le Javelage," which is universal in French farming, and which is pushed to an exceeding height.

When the oats are reaped they are left for a space of time, varying from a week to three weeks—sometimes even longer—until the first rain has moistened them, ere they are stacked.

The theory is, that the sap of the stalk thus passes into the ears and mellows them, maturing the grain. But to gain this advantage a large per centage of the oats themselves are lost upon the fields, or are eaten by the cattle, or damaged by the heat and wind. The *Javelles* are small sheafs, called in the Provençal *Pougnada* and *Gaveou*—the latter word being applied especially to the faggots of cut off vine timber, which are collected in the autumn.

It is manifest that two or three days of Javelage would be much more advantageous than the same number of weeks.

Another strange habit is that known as *L'élagage des arbres*, or the lopping off branches of trees. The *Elaguer*, or wood-lopper, is known by the Provençals as the *Rebroundaire*, and the wood loppings are termed *Rebroundilhas*.

The wood-loppers are distinguished in proportion as they

can climb the trees and use their hatchets. He who can ascend to the very crest, and leave only a single tuft of branches waving in the wind, is deemed to be the best craftsman. And thus the poor tree is injured, which should at most be only lopped about half or two-thirds of its height. The cut-off branches would thus be serviceable for fire-wood, and would not by their absence so much injure the tree—the leaves being the lungs of the tree, and, so to speak, the branches the air-roots.

These church bells sounding so sweetly over the Rhone's turbid stream remind us of a noble passage in "La Campano Mountado,"[1] by Roumanille :—

"A tower,
Shining with silver and with glitt'ring gold,
Raises its walls in Zion's evening hour.
So musical its bells fall on the ear—
Voices and bells unite in land of love :
Voices and bells, and voices—bells untold
Ring out their sweetest music low and clear.
These bells ne'er ring a single wailing note—
There is no sorrow on that blessed shore :
But like to linnets that, from swelling throat,
Rustle their song, and thrill it o'er and o'er,
Hid in their nest, in some wild olive tree—
So bells and voices—voices, bells—agree,
Chiming with cadence sweet above the crystal sea."

And now, sweet Provençal land, farewell. I have endeavoured to enlist the reader's sympathies on behalf of the lan-

[1] The passsage thus begins :—

"Uno tourre,
Trelusento d'or e d'argent
Aubouro aperamount soun mourre
Dins l'eterno Jerusalen——"

guage and literature of a noble race. I have given a sketch of the great awakening of our day, and have brought before him some of the fiery Felibre—the bards and poets of the south.

I trust that many English travellers will yet devote some little time and pains to the study of the grand Provençal idiom, and that under the auspices of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Holy Scriptures in this sonorous old tongue will yet be given to the Provençal peasant.

To him his native language is that of his heart. Will some generous Englishman or American yet bestow this greatest boon—the Word of God in his father tongue—upon the people of Provençe?

Their climate has been made, with the Divine blessing, of service to many an invalid; their sunlight has cheered many a troubled heart. May the pure, clear, unclouded light of God's own infallible truth, as reflected in His Holy Scriptures, yet rise and lighten every cottage 'neath the olives and purpling vines of Provençe.

The traveller may remember, who has passed through Ventimiglia, the steep ascent to the ancient Genoese fortress of Chateau d' Appio. There, upon the brow of a lofty hill, it dominates over the blue sea, and for some eight hundred and fifty years has wrestled with the storms of the Mediterranean. Its aged walls still surround its courts, its flanking turrets yet beat back the mistral; but as you enter the aged precincts, you start back with terror, for an enormous curve has been eaten by the rain and wind into the mountain, and the loam and marl of the foundation slowly but surely is in process of dissolution.

Precipices hollowed by the storm; pillars of earth, fantastic in form, arise around you.

Ere long the strong castle itself—its battlements, its turrets —all must fall into the gulf beneath.

And so it must infallibly and most certainly happen to us all. Our lives, one and each, will vanish away. Alas! have we not each of us, in our time, attended many a funeral procession? Have we not, in turn, buried our joys, our strength, the elasticity of our spirit, the bright hopes, that once seemed as though they would have made of earth below an Arcadia. And may not the mournful, wailing music of the death-wind be already heard by the listening ear, as it comes to play o'er our fevered brow.

May we be found in that hour firmly built upon the everlasting Rock of Ages, Jesus Christ alone, and then we shall with rapturous joy exclaim, "Oh, death! where is thy sting? Oh, grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

As in some great Cathedral near the sea,
When sounds the organ 'mid the silent gloom,
Through chancel, aisle, and o'er the buried knight,
And sculptured dame—with hound beneath their feet.
Anon the music, louder and more shrill—
Barbaric clash and clangour in its strain—
Kindles the soul beneath its lofty peal,
Shaking the dusky air with thunders loud,
Mingling its music with the wild waves' moan;
And then it melts away, till some sweet note
Rings forth an echo from thy ans'wring heart,
And tears fall from thy weary, burning eyes.
That strain has wakened up the past for thee—
So rudest dissonance of life below
Will melt away into angelic song.
All these rough preludes of thy doubts and fears
Will soon become the song of victory,
When on the burnished gold of Zion's street,
Sheltered inside the gate of gleaming pearl,
Singing, with angel harpers, songs of joy,
Him thou wilt follow, who hast died for thee;

And when His hand shall wipe away thy tears,
Thy strain shall die in ecstacy of joy,
And the bright watchers on the city's walls,
With joy redoubled sound forth—"All is well."

THE END.

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